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HARRIS'S HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.

From the North British Review.

*The Highlands of Ethiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," "Portraits of African Game Animals," &c. In three volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

THESE volumes contain an account of Major Harris's journey to the Christian court of Shoa, in Abyssinia, and of what he learned regarding that court and kingdom during a residence of eighteen months. He went thither as the chief of an embassy to the Negoos, or King of Shoa, from the British Government; having been chosen by the Governor-General of India, who had charge of the affair, in consequence of previous experience of his talents and general acquirements. The object of the mission was to establish relations of alliance and commercial intercourse between the two governments and their subjects, and thereby to promote the extinction of the slave trade, the diffusion of legitimate traffic, and the increase of geographical and general knowledge.

The Embassy was despatched from Bombay in April, 1841. Including the *savans* it consisted of ten persons, was attended by a small escort of British soldiers, besides some artisans and servants, and was amply supplied with the stores necessary for conciliating, by gifts or bribes, the chiefs of the barbarous countries through which it was to pass. Every security seems to have been taken for the attainment of its objects. And, accordingly, if we may believe Major Harris, the embassy was successful. A commercial convention was in due time concluded between Great Britain and Shoa. It consisted of sixteen articles. They are not published in these volumes, but Major Harris tells us that "they involved the sacrifice of arbitrary appropriation by the Crown of the property of foreigners dying in the country—the abrogation of the despotie interdiction which had, from time immemorial, precluded the purchase, or display of goods by the subject, and the removal of penal restrictions upon voluntary movement within and beyond the kingdom;" which restrictions, it seems, are a modification of an old national rule, not to permit a stranger who had once entered Abyssinia ever to depart from it. These are certainly great improvements in the laws of the Shoan kingdom; and if the

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convention shall lead to the actual entrance of British traders and British manufacturers among the Shoan people, it will as greatly ameliorate their condition. Major Harris does not say what provision was made for the creation of such actual intercourse between the people of the two governments. The Shoan country is a tempting field for commerce; but its frontiers are between three and four hundred miles distant from the western coast of the Red Sea. The route lies through a country difficult to traverse from its physical peculiarities, and dangerous from the habits and prejudices of its inhabitants. A safe transit must be secured to the trader. Perhaps this was the subject of one of the sixteen articles of the convention. We should have been glad of some information on this point; for one of the first questions which these volumes suggest, regards the practical utility of having a treaty of commerce with the ruler of an inland territory accessible only through countries so little friendly to the traders for whose protection the convention is designed. But to this, and some other inquiries of equal interest, they give no satisfactory answer.

The objects of the Embassy, and its measures, are not, however, the topics to which we mean to devote this paper. Our design is to extract such information as we can condense within a limited space, respecting the people and country visited by Major Harris. On these subjects, his volumes, and the recent journals of the English Church Missionaries, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, afford us much interesting and curious information, and give the first minute account, by modern eye-witnesses, of the southern provinces of the ancient empire of Abyssinia. Neither Bruce the traveller, nor Gobat the missionary, who penetrated farther than any other modern visitors, reached the limits of Shoa. Hence the work of Major Harris opens up what is, to British readers in general, an entirely new country, and depicts a people which, if it cannot be termed new, is only on that account more interesting. Its monarchs claim to be descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. They are the undoubted successors of those Christian Emperors of Ethiopia, who, in the earlier centuries, entered into alliances with the Emperors of Rome, and who, in the sixteenth century, renewed, through the Portuguese, a friendly intercourse with Christian Europe. Since the rupture of that

friendship, their country has been almost altogether concealed from view, or has been seen only, as it were, by glimpses, and when placed at disadvantage. Any tolerable description of it must therefore possess a very peculiar interest, bringing before us, as it does, a people who at once excite the curiosity awakened by utter strangers, impress us with the reverence due to historical antiquity, and move in us the sympathies of brotherhood in religion.

It is difficult to imagine a more attractive subject for a book. But the volumes before us, though in some respects highly interesting, are on the whole very unsatisfactory. Their chief defect is a want of precise information. The proceedings of the embassy are not detailed distinctly, or with that specification of names, time, place and circumstances, by which ordinary journalists give life and authenticity to their narrations. Of the individuals attending it, we learn from a list, that Captain D. Graham was principal assistant, Messrs. Kirk and Impey, surgeons, Dr. Roth, naturalist, &c. But they scarcely appear in the narrative; and neither from it, nor from the vague compliment in the preface, could any reader have the least notion of the great services to the embassy rendered by the Rev. Mr. Krapf. A similar obscurity besets many other topics, and makes the information regarding them most difficult of apprehension. One main cause of this is the style of the author, which will direct words. In the preface, he tells us, never let him tell his story in plain and that, "written in the heart of Abyssinia, amidst manifold interruptions and disadvantages, these pages will be found redolent of no midnight oil." Accordingly, we expected to find an artless, unlabored, and rather rude and blunt narration, betokening an intelligent yet unrhethorical and practical soldier. To our surprise, and disappointment, we found one directly the reverse,—artificial and rhetorical in an unusual degree, as if the author's chief thought had been how to be impressive—to place objects and incidents in the most picturesque positions, and clothe them in the most sonorous diction. Of a work of travels, the style is an inferior quality. Nor should we have made any complaint, if the fault had been on the side of poverty; but, in the opposite fault, there is conveyed one of those claims to literary merit, which we, as critics, are bound either to allow or reject.



The style of these volumes is so turgid and meretricious, as most seriously to detract from their utility, drawing off the attention of the reader from the matters narrated, to fix it on the manner, and frequently obscuring them from his vision in a mist of glittering verbiage.

But we leave this topic, and rather proceed to the more pleasant task of giving our readers a general view of the contents of these volumes. In doing so, we must make a selection among an innumerable crowd of objects and incidents well worthy of notice.

The Embassy sailed from Bombay in April, 1841. A fortnight carried them to Aden in Southern Arabia. Here they left the steamboat, to purchase horses and other necessities for the land journey into the African interior, and also to engage a volunteer escort of European soldiers from the garrison.

The Embassy quitted Aden on the 15th of May, in the Euphrates brig of war, and stood across the Red Sea to the Gulf of Tadjura. They arrived in about two days; and on the morning of the 17th of May found themselves opposite the town or village of that name, beyond which towered above heaps of lava blocks, the lofty peak of Jebel Goodah. Tadjura consists of about two hundred houses, rudely constructed of frames of unhewn timber, arranged in a parabolic arch, and covered with date matting. In these were sheltered some twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a place of considerable traffic; slaves, ivory, gold dust, and spices, being brought in *kafilahs* or caravans from the African interior, and exported at this place; while it admits the Indian and Arabian manufactures, and other articles, for which these are exchanged at the inland marts. Here it behooved the Embassy to disembark, and begin the land journey to the kingdom of Shoa, which is about 350 miles inland. The intermediate country, which is called Adel, is in possession of the Adael, a particular body or confederacy of the Danakil tribes. Tadjura is the seat of their government; and their present ruler, Sultan Mohammad ibn Mohammad, was then resident there. The first thing necessary was to obtain permission to land, and also liberty to proceed into the interior, along with proper guides, and the means of transport. From a very natural jealousy of this unwonted intrusion upon his territories of an armed body of Franks, the Sultan

and his advisers scrupled to accord the desired permission. This occasioned various visits of ceremony and negotiation; and as our readers may desire to look on the chief ruler of a country through which they are to travel for some pages, we extract the author's description of his appearance at one of them.

"A more unprincely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the *marquée*, supported by a long witch-like wand, tendered his hideous, bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterizes a Dankáli shake of the hand. An encourager of the staple manufactures of his own country, his decrepit frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue-checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in keeping with the harmony of dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants. Projecting triangles of leathers graced the toes of his rude sandals; a huge quarto koran, slung over his bent shoulder, rested beneath the left arm, on the hilt of a brass-mounted creese which was girded to his right side: and his illustrious person was farther defended against evil influence by a zone and bandalier thickly studded with mystic amulets and most potent charms, extracted from the Sacred Book. Enfeebled by years, his deeply furrowed countenance, bearing an ebony polish, was fringed by a straggling white beard; and it needed not the science of Lavater to detect, in the indifference of his dull leaden eye, and the puckered corners of his toothless mouth, the lines of cunning, cruelty, and sordid avarice."—Vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

The Danakil Tribes, to which this personage belongs, are the descendants of the Arabs, who many centuries ago after the Abyssinians were expelled from Arabia, overran and colonized the low tract forming a zone between the Red Sea and the Abyssinian Alps. The precise extent of their territory, and their relation to the Abyssinian Emperor for some centuries, seem to be somewhat doubtful. In the 16th century, however, it is known, that under a famous leader called Graan, they overran Abyssinia itself. Graan was slain by a Portuguese, in the service of the Emperor; the progress of the Mahommedans arrested, and their dominion restricted to the plains over which it now extends. Since then, frequent wars have been waged between them and what remains of the once powerful Abyssinian empire. Commanding as they do the direct passage between the Shoa and

kingdom and the East, the Negroes of Shoa has found it necessary to maintain some influence over them; and this being denied to his arms, he has of late sought to obtain it by management and concessions.

Of the character and condition of these tribes, Major Harris gives a portrait which is far from pleasing, even when allowance is made for the foolish exaggeration of his style. We cannot give particulars, but may say briefly, that they are a migratory, pastoral, and slave-dealing people—go always armed—are virulent Mahomedans, and exhibit in their government a rude democracy. There are several confederacies; and of these, the one called Adafel or Debenik-Woema occupies the country between Tadjura and Shoa. This district is, in general, low and level, very barren, quite uncultivated, hot, and scant of water. The Hawash is the chief river; its course is north-east, but the stream is drunk in by the arid soil, and does not reach the sea.

After some days of annoying delay in negotiating with the Sultan, a liberal use of gifts, and quiet submission to various impositions and exactions, permission to advance was conceded, and mules, camels, and camel-drivers obtained for conveying the baggage of the Embassy. Of the kafilah or caravan, Izhak, brother of the Sultan, was named Ras, or commander, and it was accompanied by various persons of consideration among the tribes. The journey to Farri, the frontier town of the province of Efat, in Abyssinia, occupied several weeks. The progress was slow, at least according to European notions; the Mahomedan camel-drivers not caring to quicken their motions, to suit the impatient and imperious humor of the infidels. Frequent pauses, too, were occasioned by the anxiety of the Ras to protect the caravan from wandering robbers, and to conciliate the chiefs of the tribes which they successively met, each of whom expected from the caravan the usual testimony to his power and dignity, and price of its safety, in some substantial gift.

Shortly after setting out, they came to the Bahr Assál, or Great Salt Lake. Its distance from Tadjura by the route, is 42 miles, and is reached through a yawning defile, called Rah Eesah, or, "Road of the Eesahs," a hostile tribe. Lake Assál is situated in latitude  $11^{\circ} 37' 30''$  N., longitude  $42^{\circ} 33' 6''$  E., and is 570 feet below the level of the sea. The approach to it is through mountains rugged and very high,

the immediately preceding station being 1700 feet above the sea level. No fresh water was to be found within a space of sixteen miles on either side, and from this cause, joined to the intolerable heat of the close valleys of a tropical country, the party, in their advance through Rah Eesah, and in the day and night passed beside the lake, suffered terribly, and barely escaped with life. The first sight of the lake from the heights above it, disclosed "an elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cerulean hue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms." As they descended under a fiery sun, through glaring rocks, a close "mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake." The water was so salt as to smart the lips when tasted. Only one solitary bush grew in "this unventilated and diabolical hollow," for the shade of which the camels and mules disputed with the men, and many were obliged to take refuge in "noisome caves," formed by fallen masses of the volcanic rock, and hot as a furnace. Under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, the mercury stood at  $126^{\circ}$  during the entire day—a paralyzing heat, which prevented minute examination of the phenomenon beside them. But Major Harris is of opinion, that it formed at some remote period a continuation of the gulf of Tadjura, and was separated from Goobut el Kheráb, (a curious cove on the sea-shore, with which Bahr Assál is supposed to have a subterranean connexion,) by a stream of lava six miles broad. This now forms the high barrier between them, having on its summits many traces of craters. The lake is evidently undergoing a process of evaporation, and it will probably be in time converted into a dry deposit of salt.

After broiling all day in this "suffocating Pandemonium," the party, whose misery was now augmented by a total want of water, set off by moonlight for the next station, sixteen miles distant. The sufferings of the march were dreadful; there was an incessant cry for water; dogs expired on the road; mules and horses lay down and were abandoned to their fate, and the courage and almost the reason of the men were



about to desert them, when a Bedouin, whom Mohammad Ali had sent forward, returned with a large skinful of water. This being poured over the faces and down the throats of the sufferers, revived every one sufficiently to enable them to "struggle into the camp" at the well of Hanlefanta, where they were more thoroughly recruited. Shortly after, they had sad experience of the barbarism of the country, in a savage murder of three of the escort, by some rovers from distant and hostile tribes, who, stealing into the encampment during darkness, killed their victims as they lay asleep.

The twentieth station of the Embassy was at the pool, in the rugged basaltic valley of Killulloo. Vast numbers of the Adel people were here collected, to water their flocks and herds, and replenish their water-skins, and the long trains incessantly ascending and descending the neighboring slopes, with the wild air and dresses of the people, gave the highest animation to the landscape. The crowd was augmented and the interest deepened, by the arrival of a slave caravan from Shoa, on its road to Tadjura. It consisted of several hundred children of all ages.

"Although the majority of the slaves imported with the caravan from Abyssinia were of tender years, and many of them extremely pretty, they did not excite that interest which might have been anticipated. Children accustomed to sorry fare, and to harsh treatment in their own country, they had very readily adapted themselves to the will of their new masters, whose obvious interest it was to keep them fat and in good spirits. With few exceptions, all were merry and light hearted; recovered from the fatigues of the long march, there was nothing but dancing, singing, and romping; and although many wore an air of melancholy which forms a national characteristic, the little victims to a traffic so opposed to every principle of humanity, might rather have been conjectured to be proceeding on a party of pleasure, than bending their steps for ever from their native land. A very limited number of Shankelas, and a few natives of Zingero excepted, the whole consisted of Christians and heathens from Guragué, whence are obtained the 'red Ethiopians' so much prized in Arabia. Kidnapping has consequently been there carried to an extent so frightful, as to impart the name of the unhappy province as a designation for slaves generally. Nearly all of both sexes, however, had already become passive converts to the Mahomedan faith, and under the encouraging eye of the bigoted drivers, oaths by the false prophet resounded through the camp.—

Nine-tenths were females varying in age from six to thirteen years. Each slave was provided with a croise of water, and had walked the entire distance accomplished from the heart of Africa, with an endurance that in children, especially of such tender years, was truly surprising. A very few only, who had become weary or foot sore, had been mounted on mules or camels, or provided with ox-hide sandals, which in some measure protected their tender feet against the sharp lava boulders. The males, chiefly boys, had been intrusted with the charge of camels, and required no compulsion to render themselves useful; and of the females, some, who boasted personal charms, occupied the position of temporary mistresses. Four large handfulls of parched grain, comprising a mixture of wheat, maize, millet, and grain, formed the daily food of each; and under the charge of the most intelligent, the respective droves slept huddled together on mats spread upon the ground.—Some surly old drivers or wanton youths there were, who appeared to prefer the application of the whip to the more gentle persuasion of words; but in the trifling punishment inflicted, there was nothing to remind the spectator of the horrors of slavery as witnessed in the western world."—Pp. 233, 236, vol. i.

But such appearances of mildness must not deceive us. It is quite possible that in their physical condition, men in that country suffer little by being reduced to slavery. Still it is not the less certain that slavery is hated and dreaded by them as by other human beings. The violence and bloodshed by which the slave-marts are replenished, sufficiently attest this; and Major Harris mentions the very significant fact, that the value of a slave increases in proportion to his distance from home, because the chance of his running away becomes so much less. It seems, then, that men there, as elsewhere, hate being slaves, notwithstanding the mildness of their slavery. But even if it were not felt to be an evil by its victims, it would not be the less a calamity to them. nor would our obligation become one whit the less stringent to root out the horrible trade which keeps a continent in anarchy and degradation.

Travelling onwards to Abyssinia, they got glimpses of its great blue range looming in the distance, and at length fell in with the Hawash. This river rises in the heart of that country, at 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and flows like an artery through the arid Adel plains, its banks green and wooded, till it falls, and is absorbed in lagoons at Aussa. It was passed on rafts with some labor, at a point, the

nominal boundary of Shoa, 2000 feet above the sea, and where the stream was at the time sixty yards broad, rolling a deep volume of turbid water at the rate of three miles an hour, between clayey banks twenty-five feet in height. Its banks were lined with close thickets of underwood, teeming with Guinea fowl, and noble forest trees of tamarisk, and accacia, whose shattered branches bore witness to the presence of the elephant and hippopotamus, while the copse and neighboring swamps were alive with the beasts and birds of Africa. Leaving the Hawash, and passing through a district where they saw fields of extinct craters, (the whole region indeed seems volcanic,) they reached, at their thirty-second station, the foot of the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, at an elevation of 3000 feet, they, for the first time since they had set foot in Africa, drank of pure running water, and enjoyed the delights of an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky. Pitching their tents under some wide spreading trees, on whose branches were gigantic nests, and strange birds of glittering plumage and melodious warble, they saw above them an alluring prospect of the country whither they were journeying—"hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxuriant and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered above mountain in a smiling chaos of disorder, and the soaring peaks of the most romantic range, threw their hoary heads sparkling with a white mantle of hail, far into the cold azure sky." Villages and hamlets embosomed in dark foliage, and rich fields of various hue, colored by the setting sun, completed the enchantment of the scene.

The frontier town of Farri, where caravans are received by the King of Shoa's officers, was but five miles distant. But, to their surprise and mortification, no greeting from the Monarch had yet reached the Embassy. Now, however, they ascertained that this seeming slight was occasioned by a certain Wulasma Mohammad, the hereditary Abogaz of the Moslem population of Argobba or Efat, on the east of Shoa—the holder of an office of ancient standing, of which the duty is to maintain amicable relations between the Adatel and the Abyssinians, and protect the kafilabs coming from Hurrur or Tadjura. Besides being the chief of the Wulasmoch, (for under him are many more over detached provinces,) and having as such the charge of admitting foreigners into the territory of

the Negoos, this Wulasma Mohammad is chief Jailer of Shoa, and in that capacity then held in fetters, and under ground in his stronghold at Goncho, on the summit of a conical hill, three brothers of the Negoos, suffering that perpetual custody to which the custom of Abyssinia dooms the royal kindred.

The Negoos had despatched a body of 300 matchlock men, with orders to meet the Embassy at the Hawash. But this functionary, jealous of this unwonted intrusion into his province, and opposed to European innovation, had sent them back on the pretext that the Embassy could not be heard of. He now gave it a reluctant and insulting greeting; but a fresh message of welcome from the Negoos, with the return of the guard of honor, bringing with them a horse arrayed in royal trappings, at last extracted from the "pompous and overbearing Wulasma" proper civility and politeness. At Dinomalli, an impost of *ten per cent.* on the goods of all caravans is levied; but the luggage of the Embassy was, though with difficulty, passed unopened and free. On July 16th, they reached Farri, whose conical-roofed houses, clustered on the sloping sides of twin-hills, were the first permanent dwellings they had seen since they left the sea-coast.

The camel, hitherto their chief beast of burden, here becomes useless from the steepness of the roads and the increasing coldness of the climate. The baggage was now transferred to the backs of 600 Moslem porters, impressed by royal authority, and carried 3000 feet higher to the town of Alio Amba. It was a cool and lovely morning, and the road, rough and stony, led over hill and dale, now skirting the edge of a precipitous cliff, now descending into a valley, and again winding through shady lanes bordered with flowering hedges. Terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil, showed wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, pease, cotton, and oil plant in luxuriant growth, and on every eminence stood conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the procession passed, the peasant quitted his field labor to gaze at the novel sight, whilst "merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *ziroleet*."

Alio Amba, like the other towns, vil-



lages, and hamlets of a country where terrific rains periodically swell the valleys with impetuous floods, stands on an eminence about five miles from Ankober, the capital of Shoa. Its population is about 2000 of various Mahommedan tribes. The chief market of the country is held here every Friday, at which are seen exposed for sale, honey, cotton, grain, beads, metal, colored thread, glass ware, cotton cloths, coffee, horses, mules, &c. Here resort not only the neighborhood, but natives of the Galla countries, traders from the interior, and caravans from the coast. Adjoining to it is the slave mart of Abd el Rasood, supplied by the kidnappers in the interior. Among the coins current here, in Abyssinia, and in this part of Africa generally, are blocks of black salt, the size of a mower's whetstone, of which the value is about two-pence sterling each.

The Embassy was kept at Alio Amba in very uncomfortable lodgings, much to the annoyance of Major Harris, for some days, during which, we presume, he penned the 38th and 39th chapters of his first volume, in which he takes leave of the people of Adel, by what he calls a "parting tribute of gratitude," but which is as frightful an indictment against a nation as we have ever read. We may quote the running titles of some pages,—“habitual laziness,” “untameable spirit,” “hideous aspect,” “affection for rancid tallow,” “miserly disposition,” “savage propensities,” “vindictive nature,” “boast in blood,” “bigotry and superstition,” “despicable character,” “abhorrence of truth,” “a nation of assassins.” The delay during which Major Harris was venting this objurgatory matter, was rendered the more intolerable from Ankober the capital being within sight, and the Negoos known to be at hand. But etiquette, and state policy, and bad omens, stood in the way of an immediate interview. These, however, at last yielded to the “burning curiosity of the savage;” and, after he had taken up his residence at the palace (so Major Harris calls it) of Machal-wans, adjacent to Alio Amba, Major Harris and his companions were ushered into the presence of Sâhela Selâssie. From the account of the interview we extract the following description of the audience-chamber, and of his Majesty. After mentioning that he had obtained leave to fire a royal salute from three galloper guns, part of the gifts for the King, the author says:—

“The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British Embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colors, and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of Alakas, (priests,) governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst, in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his most Christian Majesty Sâhela Selâssie. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered. The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George the First; and, although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble* belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide, even the Dânakil comparing him to a ‘fine balance of gold.’”—Pp. 410, 411, vol. i.

The author then goes on to tell of the display of the presents, and how the assumed dignity of the barbarian monarch was gradually overcome by surprise and wonder, as rich carpets, Chinese toys, muskets, &c., were, one after another, laid before him; how he and his courtiers admiringly gazed at the escort going through the platoon exercise—were astonished at the unerring precision of the artillery's fire, and looked with reverence upon the ungainly leathern buckets, linstocks, and sponge-staves of the galloper guns, which, before they knew their use, had caused much contemptuous mirth. Next

day the Embassy were sent forward to the capital. Ankober is 8200 feet above the sea. Its latitude is  $9^{\circ} 34' 45''$  N.; longitude  $39^{\circ} 54' 0''$  E. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is described as standing on a singularly shaped mountain, the extreme pinnacle of which—a spire-like cone—is occupied, from the summit to the base, by the palace of the Negroos. This is an ungainly looking building, with stony gable ends, and numerous rows of clay chimney tops, comprehending the houses, store-houses, stables, slaughter-houses, and other offices, for the whole retinue, freemen and slaves, of this potentate, all enclosed and fortified with palisades and barred stockades. The town covers the mountain side, and is a collection of thatched houses of all sizes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, which rise above one another in irregular tiers, intermingled with impending rocks, and connected by narrow lanes and hedgerows. A new house had been prepared for the Embassy. It was of wood, of oblong shape, having a door at each end, a thatched roof, and hide-covered sides, full of interstices, without chimneys, without windows, a floor of mud, and contained only one room, divided by inner walls from two narrow verandahs, set apart for lumber, horses, and cattle. Still it was an unusually favorable specimen of Shoa architecture. Here they deposited their effects, and were shortly afterwards entertained by the festivals that usher in their new year, beginning on 1st September, on which occasion there was a grand review of 10,000 cavalry, and much barbaric pomp displayed.

The passage, which we have thus slightly sketched, from the Adel country to the kingdom of Shoa, presented to our travelers, in closer vicinity than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world, a series of striking contrasts, both physical and moral. For weeks they had been traversing a wide plain. They were now in a land of mountains, which, shooting up abruptly from the long level beneath, were agreeably distinguished from it by their innumerable craggy heights, their profound depths, and long stretches of slopes, and undulating table land. They had been wandering shadowless, under a tropical sun. They were now transported to a climate which, save in the low wooded valleys, which are hot and pestilential, was always temperate, and at times cold, reminding them, by its bracing power, of their northern home. They had seen

vegetable nature withering from drought, and men and animals disputing the possession of every brackish, unsightly, and polluted pool. But now all around were sparkling rivulets of the purest water: they were in a land which, twice every year, was visited by the most copious showers; once by the "rain of bounty," which lasts through February; again, by the "rain of covenant," which, enveloping all things in a white misty shroud, and pouring throughout July, August, and September, causes the annual swelling of the Nile. All through the long tract of the plain, they had found the soil niggard or barren, and, saving on the narrow border of the river Hawash, vegetation scanty, coarse, and stunted. Here it was in the valleys gigantic, while it was beautifully luxuriant on the slopes and table land, the unmanured soil yielding, without exhaustion, to unskilful tillage, two crops in the year. No less striking were the contrasts presented by the inhabitants of the two districts. Below, they were roving tribes, dwelling in moveable tents. By a few steps, they had ascended to a country of towns, and villages, and hamlets, the abodes of a stationary people. Below, was a people bred to war, and constantly in arms; above, a nation, of which the peasantry, though owing military service to their governors, spent the most part of their days in the peaceful labors of industry. Contrary to ordinary experience, they had found warlike shepherds on the plains; and now, as unusually, they found husbandmen on the hills; and while the people below were in demeanor high and haughty, and in disposition fierce and rapacious, an "iron race," such as, according to the poet, is native to the hills—those above displayed, on the other hand, the "gentler genius" which he has assigned to the plains, were profuse in the forms of civility and sycophancy, baring their shoulders to the waist before superiors, and kissing the dust in presence of their king. They had left a community under a government, rude, but equal and free; and of which the chief defect and evil was, that the common will was too weak, and the individual too powerful and independent. But in the mountains was a community of political slaves; men crouching before an hereditary monarch, holding life, rank, and property, at his disposal, awed by the sound of his name, swearing by his life; for his honor and benefit, submitting to taxes on the produce of their labor, restrictions on their industry,



sumptuary laws, and monopolies. And lastly, while all over the plains they had been, as Christians, despised and insulted, and had found Mahomet everywhere revered as the only prophet of God, and the Koran as his law, they had now come among a nation of their own faith—a land of priests and monks, of crosses, churches, and monasteries—a land where every man bore, as a badge of his Christianity, a blue silk cord around his neck, and manifested his zeal for the faith, by refusing to eat or drink with pagan or Mahomedan.

It is this last circumstance—the Christianity of its inhabitants—that invests Shoa and Abyssinia in general, with peculiar interest. The churches of Africa fill a large space in the ancient history of Christendom. But they disappeared from European observation, when the southern shores of the Mediterranean were overrun by the Saracens; and for centuries, western Christendom was entirely ignorant, that behind Egypt and Nubia, there existed a great Christian kingdom. Even still, not a few will hear with surprise, that in that region there are not Christians merely, but a national establishment of Christianity, which dates from the earliest ages.

The Abyssinians trace their Christianity to the Ethiopian eunuch, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles; but authentic history fixes its introduction among them to the beginning of the fourth century, by Frumentius, its first bishop. In the next century, the Christian Church was established in the Abyssinian empire, and seems to have spread far into the heart of Africa. Frumentius derived his episcopal orders from the Patriarch of Alexandria; and the Church which he founded has ever since faithfully kept its allegiance to that apostolic see. When Dioscorus, the Alexandrian Patriarch, was condemned with Eutyches, by the Council of Chalcedon in 451, for denying the human nature to Christ, the Abyssinians rejected the decrees of the Council; and for fifteen centuries the "Aboon," or Patriarch of the Ethiopic Church, has been invariably a Coptic priest, sent from Egypt, and ordained by the Father at Alexandria. Of the state and fortunes of this Christian Church and kingdom during the middle ages, the notices in accessible history are extremely scanty. It appears that Abyssinia, politically considered, had undergone the expansion and contraction usual to nations, having at one time extended itself across the Red Sea into Asia,

and having again been not only driven back into Africa, but shorn, by the spread of Mahomedanism, of the low provinces along the Red Sea coast. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese, from their possessions in the east, discovered and made known to European Christendom this hidden Christian kingdom. The intercourse forthwith established between them and the Abyssinians was at first friendly; but the Europeans were soon shocked by the discovery, that their new brethren were living in the double criminality of heresy and schism; and every other consideration was forgotten in eagerness to subdue them to the faith and the dominion of Rome. This enterprise was assumed by the Jesuits as their special work. Then followed a contest, continued for many years, between the missionaries of Rome and the people of Abyssinia, in which the former made a full display of the persevering, crafty, merciless, daring, unscrupulous ambition, characteristic of their famous order. After many repulses, they succeeded, in the early part of the seventeenth century, in converting the Negroos, or Emperor. The events which followed, remind us of the nearly contemporaneous story of our own country. Edicts went forth, proclaiming that the nation had submitted to the Roman Pontiff, and commanding the people to adopt the faith, observe the rites, and receive the priests of the Romish Church. But they obstinately refused; force was called in to produce submission; popular insurrections followed one after another; all were quenched in deluges of blood. But in the end, the inhuman labor of persecution disgusted the Emperor; and after a great victory over 20,000 of the peasantry, wherein 8000 perished, he relinquished the bloody task to which Rome had set him, yielded, like our Scottish legislators, to the "inclinations of his people," and by an edict, distinguished for its frankness and simplicity, restored religious peace to Abyssinia. "Hear! hear! We formerly gave you the Roman faith believing it to be true: but innumerable multitudes of my people having been slain upon that account, under the command of Julius, Guergis, Cerca Christos, and others, as now also among the peasants: We do therefore restore the religion of your fathers to you, so that your priests are to take possession of their churches again, and to officiate therein as formerly."

The whole ended in the final expulsion

of the Roman emissaries from Abyssinia. The result is gratifying as a triumph of religious liberty, and as a check to the extension of the Romish despotism and superstition. It must be owned, however, that pure religion was little involved in the struggle. The religion of Abyssinia equals—it can scarcely surpass—that of Rome itself, as a corruption and debasement of Christianity. The passages in these volumes, descriptive of its tenets and usages, seem relations of some strange superstition, rather than of our own religion. Major Harris gives a "Confession" of the Ethiopic faith; but he does not state whence he derived it; and it bears, we think, internal evidence of being not official or complete. From his chapters, and other sources, we learn the following particulars which may interest the reader.

The Ethiopic Church agrees, with other Eastern Churches, in holding the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father only: it maintains, besides, the Eutychian doctrine respecting the nature of Christ. In these respects it differs from all the Western Churches. But from the Romish Church it is farther distinguished by its doctrine in regard to the supremacy of the Pope, in which it concurs with Protestants; to the rule of faith, which it limits to Scripture (including the Apocrypha); to the Eucharist, which it administers in both kinds to the laity, and regards neither as a transubstantiation nor a sacrifice; to the celibacy of the clergy, who may be married; to the adoration of images, which it reckons unlawful, though its churches abound with rude paintings of God, angels, and saints; and to the state of the soul after death, rejecting purgatory, yet owning an intermediate state, not less gainful to the priesthood, wherein the happiness of the departed is affected by the fasts and alms of the living. But, like Rome, it invokes saints and angels as intercessors with God, surpassing all other Christians in the honors (if such they be) paid to the Virgin and St. Michael, and having a most copious calendar of saints, with a corresponding list of festivals and fasts. It enjoins, also, confession to the priest, whose curse is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the almsgiving and penances he imposes as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies, either borrowed from the Jews, or retained from the old Ethiopic faith. Their churches, which

generally are small and mean, resemble precisely the Jewish temple. Like it, they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone. Here the communion vessels are deposited, and the sacramental elements consecrated; and here is kept the "Tabot," or Ark, a mysterious box, inhabiting all their churches, the contents of which are awfully concealed from the vulgar eye, though "the gold of the foreigner" (so Major Harris terms a bribe) enabled him to ascertain that they are only a scroll of parchment, inscribed with the name of the patron saint. Save on certain occasions, the laity cannot pass beyond the outer porch; unbelievers, and all subject to the Levitical uncleannesses, are carefully shut out; all must be barefoot, and the threshold and the door must be kissed in passing. The service is in the Geez, or ancient Ethiopic, now a dead language; it commences with the Jewish Trisagion, and as David danced before the Lord, so their priests, armed with a cross and a slender crutch, the badge of their office, "caper and beat the ground with their feet, stretch out their crutches to each other with frantic gesticulation, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion." They observe with equal strictness the seventh day and the first; the Sabbath of the Jews, and the Lord's-day of the Christians. They observe the Levitical prohibitions as to unclean animals; they wash their cups and platters as a religious duty, they will not eat or drink with pagan or Moslem; nor taste of flesh that has not been slain in the name of the Trinity. They practice circumcision; not asserting it to be obligatory, yet rigorously imposing it on every pagan convert to Christianity. They allow of concubinage. They are all baptized once every year, commemorating the baptism of Christ, at the Epiphany, by a religious procession to the river, into which men, women, and children enter in a promiscuous and shameless crowd. Fasts, of extraordinary frequency, are observed with unexampled strictness; two every week, on Wednesday and Friday; while, reckoning all the holy-days together, one entire half of the year is consumed, by the command of the Church, in ruinous idleness. Mingled with these corruptions of Christianity, and remnants of Judaism, there exist, if not by the laws of the Church, at least in



the usages of the people, many remains of heathenism. Ostrich eggs surround the cross that crowns every church, and they depend from the ceiling within: in times of sickness or danger, an ox, after being slowly led round the house or the village, is sacrificed with its face to the east; they believe in signs and omens, demons and sorcerers, and have undoubting faith in charms and amulets. To this imperfect sketch we add, that while the lessons and prayers of divine service are in the dead Ethiopic or Geez tongue, only four religious books are written in the Amharic, the present language of Christian Abyssinia; these are a tissue of absurd controversies and monkish legends; and while the legends delight the Abyssinian laity, the controversies compose the entire knowledge of the clergy, who exercise their intellects, expend their virulence, and are split into hostile sects, by disputes respecting the three births of Christ, and the knowledge of the human soul in the womb.

The country is overspread to excess with churches. And of the numbers of the professed religious in all Abyssinia, an estimate may be formed from the statement, that they amount in Shoa to near one fourth of the population.\* The Aboon is the ecclesiastical head; and the Ethiopic Church confines to his hands alone the grace or virtue that makes a clergyman; differing in this from other churches, called apostolic, which allow it to all bishops. Next in dignity is the Grand Prior of the Monks of Debra Libanos; then the Bishops (Comos), the Priests (Alaka), and the Deacons. The clergy may marry; but on the demise or divorce of the first wife, no second is permitted. Monasteries abound, and their sites in Abyssinia, as elsewhere, are generally distinguished for comfort and beauty. An easy ceremony admits to the monkish order; and as the life of the professed is one of ease and indulgence, and as the "putting on angels' clothing" (so they term turning monk) absolves from all debts, the land swarms with monks, friars, and anchorites, who roam through it as its pests and plagues. Certain revenues from lands and villages are set apart for every clerical establishment, and to these a large addition is made by baptism, funeral, and other fees, and by the voluntary donations of the

superstitious people, who have a sacred reverence for the clergy, and think that the kiss of a priest's hand cleanses from sin. The result is, that the clergy are like the people, ignorant, superstitious, and immoral, jealous of innovations, hating heretics, and observing their routine of religious forms, some of them with the sincerity of devotees, others as the business-like followers of a gainful profession. We need scarcely add, that of those doctrines which Protestants regard as the power of Christianity, the ignorance is so entire, and they are so opposite to the rooted ideas of the people, that they can scarcely be so much as understood. It is possible, however, that there may be some misapprehension on this point. The sacred fire may still be burning, however feebly, even amid an atmosphere so impure—the Divine Inhabitant may still be present in this polluted temple. At all events, there is hope for the future, if it be true, that at the foundation of Abyssinian Christianity lies the Holy Scriptures; and so long as there is there no infallible Church, consecrating with its authority the manifold corruptions from which it sprung, and by which it is nourished.

In these observations we have had reference to Abyssinia at large, of which, however, the Shoan Kingdom is but a small portion. Abyssinia, geographically speaking, comprehends all the highlands behind Nubia to about the ninth degree of north latitude. It now consists of three districts, politically separate. Tigré, in the north; Amhara in the west; and Shoa in the south. The Emperor of all Abyssinia, the great Negoos, traced his origin to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. His descendants still exist; and of these one lives at Gondar, with the title of Emperor, but without the power; his sole office being to give the sanction of imperial authority to the most fortunate and powerful Ras, or chief, among the many who dispute the command of Northern Abyssinia.

The present Negoos of Shoa is Sáhela Selássie, the seventh of a dynasty that claims to be a branch of the House of Solomon. His ancestor, married to a daughter of the reigning Emperor, was governor of one of the southern provinces; and he and his descendants, having regained from the Adaiel and the Galla tribes, first Efat, and then Shoa, gradually assumed independence and the rank of Negoos of a separate kingdom. The present inheritor

\* This is accounted for by the fact mentioned by Mr. Gobat, that as they advance in life, most men and women become monks and nuns.

of their possessions and dignities enjoys, with the title, all the reverence attached to the ancient royal lineage, and his kingdom alone preserves any resemblance to the old Abyssinian empire.

The "hereditary dominions" of this prince are described as a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles, and traversed by five systems of mountains, of which the culminating point divides the waters of the Nile and Hawash. The population of Shoa and Efat is reckoned to be one million; there are besides numerous dependencies occupied by Pagans and Mahomedans, estimated to be a million and a half more. The government is theoretically and in practice a pure despotism. So thoroughly identified is law with the person of the King, that between the death of one sovereign and the inauguration of his successor, anarchy is established, and all over the land every atrocity is perpetrated, without fear of retribution or punishment. On the occasion of inauguration, a herald proclaims aloud, "We have reason to mourn and also to rejoice, for our old father is dead; but we have found a new one,"—words reminding us of the exclamation of our continental neighbors on a similar event, "*Le Roi est mort!—vive le Roi!*" The whole people mourn for seven days; but the uncles and brothers of the new monarch feel the calamity for life—for in this Abyssinia, where we have been taught by the delightful romance of Johnson, that the royal princes spend their days in a happy valley, the invariable custom is to consign them to a subterranean dungeon. Here they pass life in chains, carving wood and ivory. Seven persons were so confined, when Major Harris entered the country. Having been of service to the Negoos in sickness, he pressed him to release them. "And I will release them," said the monarch. "By the holy Eucharist, I swear, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Cadel, that if Sáhela Selássie rise from the bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to liberty." The last pages of the work contain an interesting account of the scene of their release. "Leaning heavily on each others' shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onwards with cramped and minute steps," fell at the foot of the throne, and rising again with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, kept their standing posture uneasily, while they gazed stupidly

around them with eyes unaccustomed to the day. It was evident that the iron had entered into their souls,—

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the King. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him, and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their days near his own person."—P. 389, vol. iii.

The Negoos is approached with prostration and kissing of the ground, with adoration rather than respect. Like despots in general, he is easy of access, and administers justice in person; and the least signification of his will receives implicit obedience. He holds in command the life and property of all; even in the Church he is supreme—the spiritual courts being under his control, and the offending clergy not unfrequently subjected to stripes and manacles. "The best parts of the soil are his." His revenues consist of money and of produce, derived from a tax on the fruits of the earth, monopolies, perquisites, and gifts made by the four hundred governors, and fifty Abogazoch, or border wardens, to whom he commits the rule of his provinces and dependencies. Of their whole value we have no precise statement, but they far exceed his expenditure, which is about 10,000 crowns per annum. The surplus is added to the royal treasures, accumulated by himself and his ancestors. These are deposited on Mount Mamrat—the "mother of grace," 13,000 feet high, and the most elevated pinnacle of Shoa—in many caves and subterranean crannies covered in with iron plates, and known only to Ayti Habli, the chief smith, and highest minister of the crown.

With few exceptions, his governors owe their posts to his favor; they maintain them only by constant gifts; they forfeit them by the slightest offence; and on a sudden a man is tumbled from power and splendor to



the most menial condition. Each of these governors is, in his own sphere, an imitator of the king, exacting from his own dependents the same adulation and the same services with which he is obliged to propitiate the sovereign. And as they are compelled to replenish the royal treasury, they have an ample pretext for oppressing those under them by arbitrary levies.

The population, however, are far from being so depressed and miserable, as a government so despotic and arbitrary might be expected to make them. Though industry is fettered, a heavy tax levied from agricultural produce, justice venal, monastic and clerical establishments in excess, though there is no enterprise and little skill, yet they have not only risen above hunting and *nomade* barbarism, but attained to a degree of comfort and abundance. Under certain despotic restrictions, private property in the land is everywhere sanctioned. There are few forests and wastes; farm-steadings and dwelling-houses repose in security; the plough and irrigation are in use; and although their skill is small, and their implements few and rude, yet, from their fertile soil, a numerous, though not over-crowded population, is able to procure an abundance of the necessities of life.

We have been speaking of the Christian population in the hereditary provinces. But the present Negoos is a statesman and a conqueror; and by his combined skill and valor has considerably enlarged his dominions. His acquisitions have been chiefly from the Galla to the south, in Guragué, Enárea, or Zingero; for he candidly confesses that he could not prevail over the people of Gesh to the north, or of Adel to the east, because the former have "large shields, and fight hand to hand," and the latter "stand firm in battle, and will not run away." But of his southern acquisitions, the author complains that no means have been taken to secure the permanency. He compels submission by an invasion; imposes a tribute and retires; his power is forthwith forgotten and rule disowned by the inconstant and thoughtless barbarians; and a fresh campaign must be undertaken to restore it. Military expeditions for this purpose are, accordingly, part of his stated policy; and it would almost seem that in inroads and plundering consists the only government he maintains over some of these southern dependencies. The Shoan peasant is bound to do military service to his governor, and every governor furnishes a

contingent proportioned to his province, to the national muster. At least once every year the king makes a levy; and as it is to slay heathens whom they piously hate, and to carry off slaves and plunder, the Amhara peasant gladly equips himself with sword, spear, and buckler, and mounts his horse for the foray. The Negoos alone knows the destination of the army; and this he carefully conceals, sometimes announcing an opposite route, sometimes following one for days, and then by forced marches gaining the true road, in order that his victims may be caught unprepared, and a rich harvest of plunder reaped with ease and safety.

Major Harris accompanied Sáhela Selásie in one of these expeditions. The omens which the Negoos carefully consults having all been propitious, he issued at sunrise from his palace, resplendent in cloth of gold, and with all the emblems of barbaric royalty, the imperial crimson velvet umbrellas, the sound of trumpets and of the *nugaret*, or keettle-drums. Before him went the Holy Scriptures and the ark of St. Michael's cathedral, borne on a mule under a canopy of scarlet cloth; around him was a guard of matchlock men, and behind a train of governors, judges, monks, priests, singers, a band of women-cooks and eunuchs, while a crowd poured in from all sides, of warriors, henchmen, camp followers with horses, mules, and asses, throngs of women and lads carrying the varied furniture of a camp, and all in picturesque disorder. Increasing as it proceeded, the array grew soon to fifteen, and at last to twenty thousand warriors. Each man followed his own lord, and carried provisions for a twenty days' campaign. Their course lay across the country to the south-west. As they advanced, deputations from tributary tribes approached with bared shoulders, and in humble attitudes, to propitiate the despot. Passing these without molesting them, and rolling along in utter irregularity and confusion, the immense crowd was, after some days, encamped in the devoted country. Here, after making several forced marches, plundering as it went, the Amhara army was one morning suddenly reduced from tumultuary confusion to the national military array, and forthwith bolted "like a cloudless thunderbolt" on the unsuspecting heads, first of the Sertie Galla, a rebellious tribe who inhabit the rich slopes of the mountains of Garra Gorphoo, and next of the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, who people

the wide and richly cultured plains of Ger máma and the beautiful valley of Finfinni. The attack was skilfully made; the surprise complete; and before night fell, the district which, from the heights in the morning, had presented fields of ripening grain, herds of grazing cattle, groups of unarmed husbandmen, and clusters of pleasant dwellings—a very picture of peace and plenty—was laid in utter desolation, the corn trampled under the hoofs of the invading cavalry, the houses smoking in ruins, the men butchered, the women carried off as the slaves, and the cattle as the plunder of the savage and exulting conquerors. The chapters in which Major Harris describes the march, the foray, and the triumph celebrated by processions, war-dances, orations and feasts, are among the most striking of his work, and give a very lively, but by no means favorable idea of the character of this Christian people. It is pleasant to learn that Major Harris and Dr. Krapf prevailed on the Negoos to set free the captives, much to the surprise and disappointment of his ruthless soldiery. Next year the Metta Galla, and a neighboring tribe was subjected to the same calamity; 43,000 cattle were captured, and 4,500 heathens of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Sábela Selássie, and of these, the greatest number were shot on the trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

We should now proceed to extract some particulars regarding the social life and manners of this people. But although we have aimed at compression, to the mutilation, we fear, of the picture drawn by Major Harris, the account has already grown to an undue size. We shall, therefore, merely mention, with the utmost brevity, some few of their more striking characteristics. Their features are Caucasian, their complexion varies from olive to jet black, their hair is long and silky, the men are tall, robust, and well formed, the women scarcely less masculine. The principal piece of dress of the males is a large loose cotton cloth, worn gracefully but incommodious. On occasions of ceremony, the principal men wear skins of lions and leopards; they put on armlets of brass or silver as tokens of gallantry, and a silver shield from the Negoos is their star of the garter. From the king to the beggar all go barefoot, and all, save the clergy, who wear a turban, are bareheaded; but they soak their hair with rancid butter, and fix in it a wooden

skewer, into which they insert a white feather or sprig of asparagus, whenever they have slain a pagan or performed any other valorous deed. Their weapons are a sword, crooked like a sickle, a spear, and a buckler; these suffice for their human foes, but they are unfit for coping with the elephant or the wild buffalo of their country. Anciently the emperors rode the elephant, but the present race regards it with inordinate dread; and the English visitors, whose reputation for courage had suffered from their inoffensiveness during the foray, attained the highest pitch of honor by the fearlessness with which they encountered, and the ease with which they slew these terrible adversaries.

We have said that they practise concubinage, and it is somewhat strange to hear that a Christian monarch maintains a harem to the number of 500, with a suitable establishment of eunuchs. Marriage is a civil contract, though sometimes it takes place before the Church, and divorce is frequent. Of the state of morality Major Harris reports very unfavorably. The entire literature of Abyssinia consists of 110 manuscript volumes of theological controversy and monkish legend; of these, four only are in the living or Amharic tongue; so that worthless as they are, few but the priests and *defteras* can decipher them, for those only destined to the Church, receive the rudiments of education. They have a number of curious habits or usages, of which we must not omit to mention the string of good wishes which composes their salutation in the streets. "How are you? How do you do? How have you passed your time? Are you well? Are you very well? Are you quite well? Are you perfectly well? Are you not well?"—are questions which form merely the preface to a long list of similar interrogations. Another singularity is what Major Harris calls "the mode of extortion by *mamalacha*,"—an ingenious system of begging. This consists in the petitioner presenting some gift, which, however worthless, it is scarcely allowable to refuse, and which, when accepted, must be acknowledged by the return of whatever the giver has the assurance to demand. It is constantly and importunately practised by all ranks; and of its operation, a notion may be formed from the statement, that "servants present sticks and handfuls of grass;" and that "for hours together, men stood before the door" of the residency "with cocks, and hens, and loaves of bread,



to establish their right to the possession of 'pleasing things.' As remarkable is the practice of scarifying their cheeks on occasions of mourning. This they do by tearing from below each temple a circular piece of skin, about the size of a sixpence; to accomplish which the nail of the little finger is "purposely suffered to grow like an eagle's talon." All wear the *mateb*, a small cord of deep blue silk encircling the neck, and the badge of Christianity. Last of all, the whole nation delights in the luxury of raw flesh. It is the grand aliment of life.

"The bull is thrown down at the very door of the eating house; the head having been turned to the eastward, is, with the crooked sword, nearly severed from the body, under an invocation to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and no sooner is the breath out of the carcass, than the raw and quivering flesh is handed to the banquet. It is not fair to brand a nation with a foul stigma, resting on a solitary fact; but he who, like the writer, has witnessed, during the return of the foray, the wanton mutilation of a sheep whose limbs were in succession severed from the carcass, whilst the animal was still living, can readily believe all that is related by the great traveller Bruce, of the cruelties practised in Northern Abyssinia."—Pp. 172-3, vol. iii.

But we must close, leaving untold much that is curious. Nor can we do more than merely allude to the information regarding the countries lying south of Shoa. It was gathered from natives of the several districts, and abounds with interest. We here read of numerous tribes and nations, characterized by the strangest and most revolting manners and usages—of Galla tribes, who, while heathen in religion, and having superstitions that resemble those of Etruria and Rome, regard the Jews as their ancestors, and expect to conquer Jerusalem—of the kingdom of Enárea, half pagan and half Mahomedan—of the country of Zingero, where human sacrifices are common, and the slave merchant, as he passes the Lake Umo, throws the handsomest female captive into the waves, as a tribute to the god of the water—of the Doko, a pigmy race, (supposed by Major Harris to be the Troglodytes of Herodotus,) who are perfectly wild, pray to some uncouth deity standing on their heads, go stark naked, are ignorant of fire, live on roots and reptiles, and are annually hunted like beasts by the savage slave-dealers from Dumbáro, Caffa, and Kooloo. Finally, we read of the great River Gochob, running south and

east into the Indian Ocean, and probably that which Arabian geographers call the "River of Pigmies." Rising in the great central ridge of mountains which divide the waters that flow east from those that flow west into the Bahr el Abiad, and more southerly, into the Atlantic, it first spreads into a lake, and then rolling onward, is joined, fifteen days' journey south of Enárea, by the Omo. Hence, their united waters, after falling down the stupendous cataract of Dumbáro, pursue their course to the south-east, forming the southern limit of Zingero, and at last disemboguing into the sea. The exact spot of confluence is unknown. Major Harris thinks it is identical with the Kibbee, said to come from the north-west, and enter the sea near the town of Juba, immediately under the equator. If not the Kibbee, it must be the Quilimancy, which disembogues, by several estuaries, between Patta and Malinda, four degrees farther south. Its volume of water is very large, and it is supposed to be navigable for a long way; and from the reports, it appears, that its mouth is known and is already navigated to a considerable distance inland by white people, who frequent it in pursuit of the horrible traffic in human flesh—a traffic of which the enormity is there rendered the more glaring, because many of its victims are Christians.

We have said nothing concerning the commercial and political bearings of the public mission which these volumes record. Nor do we propose to take up this important topic at the close of this notice. One word only regarding the principle and character of such undertakings. Expeditions, having for their object to take possession for a nation of an unoccupied territory, or to gain for it a footing and influence in one already peopled and partitioned, have been long known. But the unparalleled height of civilization to which our own and some other nations have now ascended, has laid them under stronger inducements, and at the same time furnished them with more efficient means than have ever hitherto been in operation, to prosecute such enterprises. We may, accordingly, expect to see them daily multiplied, and attaining to greater importance in the affairs of nations. It is evident that very different motives are conspiring to cause them. Some have sprung from political ambition alone. They have been the effects of rivalry between the great powers, prompting them to seize and fortify themselves in new posts of attack or

defence. "Others aim at introducing, as it were, one people to another—at throwing down the walls of partition between communities—at bringing the influence of all to bear on the resources within the possession of each, in order that every where men may work, under the most urgent motives, and by aid of the best appliances, at the great task set to their progenitor in Eden, of subduing the earth to human dominion, and extracting from it the fullest amount of human uses. Of these the former are in principle unjustifiable and wicked, and in their effects must be pernicious. The latter are not only praiseworthy, but seem indeed to rank among national duties. To this class, the mission which Major Harris conducted professedly belongs. Having this opinion of its object, we regard it with approbation and interest, trusting that its issue may never belie the fairness of its opening promise, and that the new people, whom our colossal Empire has drawn within the circle of its influence, may never have to tell of the injustice, oppression, and degradation which, in too many quarters of the globe, have been the sole fruits of British interference.

There are various appendices to the volumes, containing specific information regarding the natural history of the Adel country, and regarding the geology, botany, and zoology of Abyssinia. For these, the author was indebted to Dr. Roth, the naturalist of the Embassy, and they are highly valuable. There is also added an accurate copy of the Abyssinian Calendar, from which it appears that their year commences on our 29th August, which is their 1st September—that every day of the year has at least one saint, while many have a great number—and that the lives of the saints, or the detail of the miracles assigned to each day, are publicly read in the churches at the service, beginning at the cock's first crowing.

#### GUARANTEE OF A SALE-CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

—The French papers give the particulars of a trial, in which the tribunals have had to decide on the question of guarantee as applicable to the description given in a sale-catalogue of books. From a collection of books and manuscripts sold M. Bohaire, the publisher, M. Tabary bought, for 300 francs, one described in the catalogue as a manuscript on fine vellum, in two folio volumes, of the 'Epistles of St. Jerome,' and to which was

assigned the date thirteenth century. M. Tabary, afterwards discovered, on one of the latter pages of the first volume, this note:—"Epistolarum Sancti Hieronymi volumen primum finit. In nomine Sanctæ et individue Trinitatis et gloriose virginis Mariæ scriptum—1468;" and, accordingly, sued the publisher for the return of his purchase-money. M. Bohaire pleaded his good faith, and that he had purchased the manuscript at the sale, in 1835, of the library of M. de Courcelles, as a manuscript of the thirteenth century, and appealed to the conditions of sale in his catalogue, which prescribed that the books purchased should be collated within twenty-four hours of the purchase, whereas M. Tabary had kept the MS six months without complaint. The Court, however, decided that the question of collation applied only to the copy, and not to a substantive misdescription, in which case the publisher must be considered as guaranteeing; and pronounced the sale void.—*Ath.*

**PIRATED ENGLISH WORKS.**—In consequence of the many applications which have been made to the Lords of the Treasury by parties arriving in England, after lengthened tours on the continent, relative to the seizure, under the new Copyright Act, of the single copies of pirated English works purchased by them abroad, and imported for their own libraries, an order has been made, with which our readers should be acquainted. It is thereby directed, that pirated works found in the baggage of passengers shall not be immediately destroyed, but shall be retained three months,—an account containing a list of the same being sent quarterly to the board, in order to obtain the order for their destruction, which is not to take place till the expiration of a month from the date of the order. It is not generally known that there is a provision in the act, to the effect that the owners of the copyrights are entitled to import pirated editions of their works. Therefore, persons who may be possessed of pirated editions, and are anxious to retain them, should apply for the sanction of the owner of the copyright to their admission; which being obtained, they will experience no difficulty in obtaining their delivery. For ourselves, we question the policy of any exception which lets in the pirated work at all. The general efficiency of the Act is endangered by this relaxation of its provisions. With these licensed copies abroad, how are the copies of the smuggler to be distinguished for seizure? The only remedy will be for authors to put a stamp on such copies as pass under their license—as Bibles and tracts are stamped by the societies which distribute them in charity.—*Athenæum.*

**TASSO'S MONUMENT.**—His Majesty the King of the French has, through his Excellency Count Latour Maubourg, French Ambassador at the Court of the Holy See, caused a liberal donation to be presented to the commissioners constituted at Rome, for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Tasso.—*Court Journal.*



## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

[Continued.]

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. ROBERTS certainly began to feel that if she hoped to sustain her reputation for being the very best and cleverest manager that the world ever saw, of all pecuniary as well as other matters, it would be necessary to lose as little time as possible in bringing to perfection her scheme for obtaining the agreeable society of Miss Bertha Harrington for her two daughters. She suffered, therefore, but one day to intervene between her last visit to Lady Moreton, and the very important one which was to decide the success of her scheme.

She left her two daughters in the carriage, having previously explained to them her plan, and also in part the urgent necessity for it, and then mounted the stairs with a beating heart.

She had, however, a comfortable and sustaining confidence in her own powers, and felt, as she entered the drawing-room, that her courage rather increased than diminished as the moment for profiting by it approached. Unfortunately, however, she did not find Lady Moreton alone, her dearly beloved cousin, Sophy, being seated beside her, reading scraps of news from *Galignani's* paper of the day, while her young niece was stationed at a table, one side of which was placed against the wall at the bottom of the room, with an open book in her hand, which, however, she did not appear to be reading, as her eyes were earnestly fixed upon the wall before her.

This she of course felt would not do at all; and having gone through all her most graceful evolutions in the way of easy Parisian morning gossiping, she lowered her voice to a whisper, addressed exclusively to Lady Moreton, and said, "May I ask to have two minutes' private conversation with your ladyship?"

Lady Moreton opened her eyes with a stare expressive of much more astonishment than satisfaction, and repeating the word "private?" interrogatively, seemed to await a little further explanation before she ventured to accede to the request.

Nobody could have understood better than Mrs. Roberts did that both the word and the accent implied a double doubt; first, as to her own right of making the request, and, secondly, as to her ladyship's inclination to granting it; and nothing

could give stronger evidence of the high value which Mrs. Roberts put upon the esteem and consideration of her own family, than the fact that her first sensation on recovering this rebuff was one of gladness that no Roberts had heard it but herself.

"Do not for a moment mistake me, my dearest lady!" she exclaimed, looking at her dowager countess with eyes that seemed almost in an act of adoration from profound respect; "do not suppose it possible that I do not feel that this request would be perfectly unwarrantable, did it not concern your ladyship more than it does myself."

"Oh! well, I don't want to slip out of business; though it always is a bore to such a temper as mine," replied her ladyship, "and it is not an easy matter you see just at first, Mrs. Robson—Mrs. Roberts, I mean—it is not quite easy just at first to guess what you *can* have to do with any private business of mine. As to my getting up and trotting about the rooms in order to find a place for you to talk secrets in, I can't do it—indeed I *cannot*, Mrs. Roberts; but I'll send the child out of the room, if that is what you want. My cousin Sophy's secrets and mine are all one and the same, so she need not stop you. Shall I send the child away?"

Mrs. Roberts bowed, and smiled a most cordially well-pleased acquiescence, though she really would have been inexpressibly delighted could she have found at the moment any feasible method of despatching the Lady Forton either to the bright regions of the moon, or to the darkest cave at the bottom of the ocean. She would have cared not a farthing which. But as both were alike impossible, she was obliged to reconcile herself to the exceedingly disagreeable necessity of enduring the unremitting stare of her ladyship's great black eyes, which always seemed to come on duty with as impressive a steadiness as the equestrian sentinels at Whitehall, whenever any thing in the least degree important was addressed to her cousin.

Upon receiving this signal of acquiescence from her mysterious visitor, Lady Moreton raised her voice to a tone that was very satisfactorily audible at the bottom of the room, where the young person she addressed was sitting, and said, "Go to your own room, Bertha Harrington."

The command was instantly obeyed, and then, very greatly to the satisfaction of Mrs. Roberts, who was beginning to feel a little

nervous about her negotiation, Lady Moreton exclaimed,

"If you have got an atom of feeling in you, Mrs. Roberts, you must pity me about that wet blanket of a girl. In your whole life now did you ever see a creature look and move as she does? It would be bad enough, I dare say, for any body, high or low, rich or poor, but think what it must be to me! But it is no good to talk of it to you, or to any body else who does not live in my own style, and who does not know what it is to have gone on as I have done with every living soul, taking care that I should not be plagued; for even poor gouty Lord Moreton was for ever and ever ordered by the physicians to go here, there, and every where, according as they thought it would best suit me. Every body, all through my life, has always known my happy, cheerful temper, and how I hated beyond all things on God's earth, to be bored and plagued. I believe there are some people that don't mind it. Every body is not made alike, you know, it is folly to fancy it; and Sir Christopher Harrington deserves to be burnt for daring to torment me in this way."

These words, though uttered in the sharpest possible key, fell like balm on the spirit of Mrs. Roberts, and seemed to render the undertaking so delightfully easy, that she sat exhibiting her satisfaction by a smile that became more bland and more broad every moment, despite the increasing asperity of the gay-hearted dowager.

During the first part of her ladyship's speech, her ladyship's eyes had been fixed upon the tapestry portrait of her favorite dog, which she was assiduously working in a large frame that stood before her, but at length condescending to raise her eyes to the person she addressed, and whose private business, by the way, she had utterly forgotten, she perceived the strangely inappropriate expression of her countenance, and stopping short for a moment, staring at her with her needle suspended, and with rather an alarming frown upon her brow, she said,

"What in the world may you be smiling and simpering at, I should like to know? There is no accounting for difference of tastes, my good madam, but my cousin Sophy and myself, I believe, think this young lady's arrival rather a crying than a laughing matter."

"My dearest Lady Moreton!—my dearest Lady Forton!" exclaimed the frighten-

ed Mrs. Roberts in reply, "I should break my heart—I should indeed!—I am quite sure I should break my heart, if you could either of you think me capable of smiling at what must naturally make you both feel so very far from pleased. I did smile, I am quite aware of that; I did smile, my dear ladies, and the cause for which I smiled was, that my sole and only reason for coming here this morning, was in the hope that I had thought of something which might perhaps relieve you from your disagreeable difficulties about this poor, melancholy-looking young lady. I could not help smiling as I thought that perhaps I might have the exceeding great good luck and happiness of being useful to you."

"How, ma'am?" returned Lady Moreton, rather drily. "I confess that I can't very well see what use you are likely to be of to me in this matter."

These words were by no means very encouraging in themselves, but the commentary which Mrs. Roberts' sharp glance caught from the eyes of Lady Forton, was less so still, for they expressed both ridicule and pride with a degree of distinctness which proved them to be very fine eyes indeed. Had poor Mrs. Roberts been as free from embarrassments at that moment as she had been six months or so before, she would probably have grown exceedingly red in the face as she looked and listened, and would have made a sudden and indignant exit, notwithstanding the imposing rank and station of her companions. But now, poor woman, she would as soon have thought of boxing their honorable ears, as of manifesting in the very least degree her annoyance. To Lady Forton indeed she did endeavor to turn a blind eye, but it never entered her head to attempt turning a deaf ear to her more important cousin.

Very judiciously changing her own aspect from gay to sentimental, she replied, "I am not at all surprised to hear you say so, Lady Moreton, for few things could appear less likely than that such an idea as I have now called upon you to communicate, should ever have entered my head. But you are not aware, dear lady, I am quite sure that you are not aware, how deeply impressive your manner is, when you describe your own feelings! I saw, and I felt to my fingers' ends, the sort of heavy dragging weight which this unfortunate young lady's arrival had thrown upon you; and when I went home, I could not help saying to myself, again and again, that it



was one of the most perverse and unlucky things that ever had happened; for that ninety-nine people out of a hundred might have had the very same thing happen to them, without caring three straws about it; while to your ladyship, it seemed positively like putting an extinguisher upon the very brightest candle in the world."

The simile was a very happy one, and Lady Moreton felt it to be so. She smiled, and nodded at her cousin, till the beautiful flaxen ringlets which depended from beneath her blond cap, danced, as it were, with satisfaction.

"That is true, Sophy, isn't it, let who will have said it?" she observed, and then added, "You could not have hit the truth better, my good friend, if you had been King Solomon, or the Queen of Sheba either. It is an extinguisher, and put out I shall be, as sure as you sit there to say it, unless I can find some means of throwing it away before I am turned to snuff. So now you may go on, if you will, and you need not be afraid to tell us whatever may have come into your head about it. Whether it turns out to be wisdom or folly, it can't do any harm, if we choose to take the trouble of listening to it."

"Heaven forbid I should do any harm, when I really wish to do nothing but good," replied Mrs. Roberts, with a sort of grave propriety of manner, that seemed to bespeak attention and respect, whether what she were about to say were approved or not. "It has occurred to me, Lady Moreton," she continued, "that I might, without the slightest inconvenience to myself, be of use to you in this matter. As the mother of two daughters, just introduced into society, I have naturally laid aside all thoughts of amusement for myself, and am devoted wholly and solely to them. This being the case, the having a third young person to watch over, and take into company, would be positively no evil at all. My introductions here, and indeed at every court in Europe, are of the very best, and most influential kind; and as it is our intention to show our children, before marriage shall have clipped their young wings, all that is best worth seeing throughout the fashionable world, we should really consider it rather an advantage than otherwise, to have just such an addition to our party as your niece, Miss Harrington. My girls are still, in the most praiseworthy manner, pursuing their various accomplishments, and it would be an encouragement and pleasure to them,

to have a companion in their studies. We shall leave Paris on a tour to Baden-Baden in a very few days, after which we shall proceed to Italy; and if your ladyship will intrust your young relation to my care, I shall have much pleasure in undertaking the charge."

Mrs. Roberts ceased, and the ladies Moreton and Forton looked at each other steadily for a minute or two.

A twinge of feeling, not very strong indeed, but in which something, a little approaching to a conscientious doubt, made a part, caused this unusual suspension of speech in the elder lady. The younger one was silent, because she chose that her cousin should speak first, and because, in fact, she had no intention of pronouncing any opinion on the subject at all, unless she found it necessary to do so, in order to obtain what she was quite determined should be the final result; such, indeed, being the invariable custom of the Lady Forton, who detested the burden of responsibility, almost as much as she liked having in all things her own way, and never interfered in any of Lady Moreton's arrangements, unless she perceived some reason to fear that they were not precisely such as she approved. Then came the word in good time, which invariably settled the question as she chose that it should be settled.

Lady Forton's prodigiously large black eyes were as far as possible from having no speculation in them; in fact, they speculated in all sorts and manners of ways from morning to night; and now they were speculating, or at any rate assisting her to speculate on the meaning of the shadow of doubt, which the fair round face of her cousin exhibited. The opinions of Lady Forton had seldom any of the alloy of doubt in them, and on the present occasion they were so instantaneously and resolutely decided upon, that not all the compunctious meditations of all the aunts in the world could have sufficed to shake them for an instant. Lady Forton hated the sight of Bertha Harrington. She hated the sound of her voice. She hated her noiseless movements. She hated her well-descended name. She hated both her present and her probable fortune—for she saw in each and every item something that militated against her own well-being and consequence. Lady Forton had been very beautiful; she was very handsome still, and she clung to this fading remnant of former triumph with a degree of tenacity that might fairly be compar-

ed to that of a wretch, who felt himself sinking, and knew that if he sunk he must perish. No artist that ever lived, with all his acute sensibility to beauty, past, present, and future, could have been more awake to the perception of the latent loveliness of poor Bertha's pale young face, than was this heartless, unprincipled, faded old coquette; and from the moment when the poor motherless girl first encountered the broad, full, acutely-examining eye of this amiable personage, the period of her residence in the elegant atmosphere of her presence was limited to the shortest possible time that might be found necessary for the process of removing her.

It might have cost time, and it might have cost trouble, and it might have cost the risk of many other disagreeable consequences besides, but the certainty of her ultimate success was in no degree weakened by such considerations; and it was for this reason that Lady Forton was enabled to listen with so much composure to a proposal so every way agreeable.

And every way agreeable it assuredly was—for it was likely to remove the hated object soon, and far, and lastingly—yes, lastingly—for it would evidently be the interest of the Roberts family to keep her; and who knew better than Lady Forton the enormous strength of this argument?

So the Lady Forton waited patiently for the Lady Moreton to speak, equally certain that whether she said yes or no, Bertha Harrington would very speedily disappear.

"I am sure it is very obliging of you, Mrs. Roberts, very obliging indeed," said Lady Moreton, at length; "and I really do not see any reason why we should not think about it. That, you know, can't do any harm to either of us in any way. Wise people, I have heard, always do think about things before they reject, as well as before they accept an offer. And I see no reason, I am sure, why my cousin and I should not set ourselves to think a little about what you have been so obliging as to propose. There is no great hurry, I imagine. We need not decide to-day, nor to-morrow either, I suppose? It is a sort of thing that of course you know one ought be very cautious about."

It may be doubted whether amidst all the numerous variety of sayings and doings which might have entered Lady Moreton's head on the subject of handing over the guardianship of her niece to a family of perfect strangers, any thing could possibly

have occurred to her so likely to bring the affair to an immediate conclusion, as this mention of delay. Had she talked of refusing the proposal altogether, her steadfast-minded cousin, Sophy, could have endured it with perfect composure, quite certain that a very few words from her, would cause it to be accepted in defiance of pretty nearly any obstacle that could possibly arise—but at this mention of delay she was terrified. It affected her nerves, as the hearing preparations for applying the rack might affect those of a prisoner who knew himself, for a time, in the power of an enemy, though his ultimate release was sure; and determined to avoid the only evil which still seemed to threaten her, she said, with an air of ripe decision, which seemed to be the result of the most mature deliberation:

"If you will take my advice, cousin, you will not suffer any delay whatever to intervene between the proposal of this plan, and the acceptance of it. Your niece is falling into habits of such pernicious ill-humor and idleness, that, in my judgment, every hour is of importance. You are not aware what habit is to a mind of that class. Mrs. Roberts has shown herself a woman of great good sense in considering, when making this proposal, the very great advantage to her own daughters of having a companion in their studies. I really do not see how you can justify it to yourself to keep this miserable, melancholy, idle girl here for a single hour longer, when you have the power of placing her with cheerful young ladies, who will soon cure both her melancholy and her idleness by their example. Of course, you must do as you like, my dear cousin, but I really have said thus much from a sense of duty."

"It is just like yourself, cousin Sophy," replied Lady Moreton, looking excessively comforted; "and I do not believe there is a woman in the world so well calculated in every way to give advice as you are. So then, my dear, good Mrs. Roberts, I will venture to say at once that you are quite welcome to have Bertha, by way of a trial, if you like it. I had better say trial, you know, cousin Sophy, because that always leaves one the power to change if desirable, and it may be better too in the writing about it to Sir Christopher."

"There can be no objection to your calling it a trial if you like it," replied Lady Forton, with a quiet little smile, "and I don't think Sir Christopher is the least likely to be troublesome to you by his over anxiety."



"No, indeed! good-for-nothing, impertinent man," returned the countess; "I don't believe he cares a straw about her. Not one quarter as much as you do, my dear, kind Sophy; but, nevertheless, you know it will be necessary for us to write something."

"There will be no great difficulty in doing that," replied Lady Forton, "and I should therefore say that your best plan would be to fix the day and hour of the young lady's departure immediately."

To say that Mrs. Roberts was pleased, is a very weak phrase by which to describe her sensations, and yet she was not altogether satisfied. A disagreeable doubt had crossed her brain as to the terms on which this unwelcome niece was to be disposed of, and the Lady Forton seemed to be driving on at so vehement a pace towards the conclusion of the affair, that she felt there was no time to be lost in making it understood that the advantage of the companionship to her daughters was not quite the only remuneration she expected for taking the troublesome young lady off their hands. Nevertheless, it went to her very heart to do any thing likely to check the rapid progress of an affair which she so anxiously wished to conclude, and it was therefore with evident reluctance that she said:

"We shall be quite ready to receive the poor, dear, melancholy young lady, whenever it suits you to send her; but Sir Christopher must of course be aware, that the father of a large family, though certainly a man of very good fortune, would not be justified in making such an arrangement as this without a proper remuneration."

"Good gracious me, Mrs. Robins!" exclaimed Lady Moreton, "do you really suppose that we meant to ask you and your husband to take in my niece, and Sir Christopher Harrington's daughter upon charity? I should like to know how such an idea as that could have ever entered your head?"

"No, indeed, your ladyship, it never did enter my head," replied the frightened Mrs. Roberts. "I only thought that in all matters of business, it was best to let every thing be quite clearly understood."

"Oh dear, yes, ma'am—quite right—perfectly right beyond all doubt—that if you fancied there was any danger you should guard against it. But all this is nonsense and folly," added her ladyship, with sudden impatience, "I think you

heard me say the other day, that her father allowed her five hundred a-year. You may just take it and make the most of it—only taking care, if you please, that the girl is not left without having money enough in her pocket to dress herself decently. You must let her have one hundred out of the five for that, if you please to remember, and as for the other four hundred, you may set up a coach-and-six with it, if you like; and never alarm yourself or your family with any fears that I should wish to pilfer any part of it."

And here Lady Moreton laughed a little, and Lady Forton laughed a little, too; and Mrs. Roberts hardly knew whether to be most glad or most sorry that she had said any thing about the money at all. However, this doubtful state of mind was very speedily changed to self-congratulation and self-applause, when, having taken her leave, with the understanding that Miss Harrington was to come to her before dinner on the following day, she once more found herself sitting opposite to her two anxious daughters in the carriage that was to convey her and her news to her admiring husband.

The two young ladies, who had been pretty sufficiently frightened by their mamma's confidential revelations relative to the state of her debts and resources, hailed her, and the information she brought, with a great deal of charming young enthusiasm, and listened with more than patience to her narrative of all the difficulties she encountered, and the admirably skilful manner in which she had contrived to conquer them. To her husband the manner of her communication was different. It did not accord with her notions of well-ordered domestic arrangements that the slow intellect of an elderly gentleman, in the always awkward, and often invidious position of master of the family, should be made acquainted with all the minor manœuvres by which the ark of his conjugal and paternal felicity was kept afloat.

"All that is necessary for your father to know he shall hear from me, girls," she said, "so take care not to allude before him to any thing I am telling you now. He would neither make head nor tail of it, and I should be bothered to death with questions that might lead to answers which could do nothing but mischief."

The young ladies promised discretion, and then retired to their own room to cog-

itate, *tête-à-tête*, on the possible advantages, and probable plagues of having a girl to take about with them.

"Her being a girl of birth and fashion must certainly be an advantage, you know," observed Agatha, "and, on the whole, I suppose it is quite as well that she should not be a beauty."

"Yes, Agatha, we may thank Heaven for that," replied her sister Maria, "for of all the tiresome things I can fancy, the having to take about a beauty miss, in leading strings, must be the worst! We must take care, however, to make her dress herself well, because there is something creditable in that; and as she is such a mere child, I think it will be neither more nor less than our duty to make her lay out her money profitably."

"I quite agree with you," replied Agatha. "Only fancy that brat having a hundred-a-year to spend on her dress! We must never, you know, attempt the same style of things; we must keep to the graceful, becoming, fanciful line, and make her spend her money in rich solid dresses, fine furs, you know, and great broad lace; and as we are, thank Heaven! beyond contradiction, a monstrous deal better-looking than she will ever be, we may trust the men for finding out that looking elegant and looking rich, is not always the same thing."

"Oh yes! you are quite right," cried Maria, gaily, "I am not in the least alarmed about her hundred a-year for dress; besides, if she is not absolutely a brute, she must make us presents sometimes. I don't mean that I want any body to give me dresses or bonnets, I am sure I should quite hate it. I like to choose my own things myself. Nobody knows what suits me so well as I do my own self—*nobody*, if they really wished it ever so much, could ever understand about complexion, and eyes, and general effect, as one does one's self. What this girl ought to do is, to give us a trinket or two now and then. The merest child knows the difference between a good brooch or bracelet, and a shabby one, and that is the only kind of present I should ever think of accepting."

"I quite agree with you," again said the sensible Agatha, in an accent which conveyed authority. "There never can be any thing unladylike in accepting things of that kind, but I should be exceedingly sorry to find myself driven to wish—even to wish—for wearing apparel, unless it was a scarf or a shawl perhaps, or something of

that sort, you know, which can hardly be classed as clothes. There is something so horrid in the very sound of *presents of clothes*, that I would almost rather go naked than accept any thing of the sort. This, however, is all idle talk, Maria, for we know nothing on earth of this intimate new friend, but that she is no beauty, and looks as solemn as an owl. And it is quite nonsense to attempt guessing whether she has any generosity of character or not. But there is a consideration, Maria, that is a great deal more to the purpose, and that is, whether we shall be able to coax mamma into making papa increase our allowance."

"Dear knows you are right there, Agatha! And I, for one, shall never know any real comfort till it is done," replied Maria, solemnly. "I don't at all mean to say that we have any reason to complain of mamma about getting dresses for us, and I must say that I think she has managed exceedingly well, considering how very close papa seems to keep his money. But that is altogether a different thing from finding one's dresses one's self. And then you see that mamma gets into such dreadful scrapes about paying for the things! Poor dear soul! I don't mean to say she can help it, but don't you think it would be a great deal better for her, and take a monstrous deal of anxiety off her mind, if we had an allowance, that was really an allowance, for dress; for thirty pounds a-year in Paris, or any where else where one has to go out, is a positive joke, you know."

"A joke? To be sure it is a joke, and mamma knows that as well as we do. But I by no means feel certain that she would like to make any alteration," replied Agatha; "mamma is extremely clever, we all know that, and clever people always do like to keep the management of every thing in their own hands. This is quite natural, and I dare say in her situation I might, very likely, do the same thing myself. So I make no complaints on that score, though I might like well enough to have it altered. But what I do complain of, Maria, is mamma's deceiving herself into believing that the abominable heavy bills of *Mademoiselle Amabel* are chiefly for us. It is no such thing. It is positively no such thing. Mamma's turbans, with the birds and the gold lace—and then her velvet things, and all the rest of it, run away with ten times as much as our light trumpery dancing dresses."

"I have no doubt you are right, Agatha,



though I have never had those horrid bills long enough in my hands to make any very close calculation," said Maria; "but I don't see how she can help it. I am sure I should not like to go out with her if she were not well dressed, and she can't wear gauzes, and nets, and trumpery muslins, as we do."

"No, but then she need not talk so much more of our things than she does of her own," replied Agatha. "However, I am not going to quarrel with mamma about the bills, or the dresses either. Altogether, she has contrived to get on exceedingly well, and it does her great credit—nobody can be more aware of that than I am. But now that such a monstrous sum of money, in addition, is coming with this girl, and that every thing will of course go smooth and easy again, I shall be vexed if she grumble any more about what we have had from Amabel's, for I positively declare that we never *have* had any thing that was not absolutely necessary to our making a decent appearance."

The two young ladies then proceeded to discuss the various fears, and the various hopes, to which this important addition to their family circle naturally gave rise; both agreeing that after all, Edward was the person to whom it was likely to be most really interesting. For that the girl would fall in love with him, was as certain as that she had eyes in her head; and if he *could* make up his mind to marry her, it would most certainly be a very advantageous connexion for them all.

But all this, together with much more very interesting matter, concerning the rather peculiar manner in which a young chevalier and a middle-aged count had been "going on" for some time past, must be left to the imagination of the reader, while we follow Mrs. Roberts to the presence of her husband.

"Well, my dear," began that truly worthy gentleman, with a look of considerable anxiety, but without venturing to annoy his invaluable wife by any more special questionings.

"Well, Mr. Roberts," she repeated in an accent so charmingly equable that it was impossible for him to judge, with any degree of certainty, whether she had succeeded or not, and having said this, she seated herself in the chair which she usually occupied when she did him the honor of paying him a visit in the little room appropriated to his particular use and service.

"Well, my dear, have you seen the ladies?" said he, in rather a faltering voice.

"Yes, sir, to be sure I have," she replied, looking greatly surprised at the question; "what do you suppose I have been about? Did I not tell you that I was going to them? And do I ever undertake a thing without doing it? What can you ask such an idle question for?"

"Why, it is an idle question, to be sure, my dear, but the truth is, I did not like to plague you by asking for particulars just the moment you came in. But of course, my dear, I am very anxious."

"Anxious, Mr. Roberts? What is it has made you anxious, sir? Nothing alarming has happened, I hope, since I left the house?"

"Oh dear no, nothing at all. I was thinking of what might have happened to you, my dear; I hope you have had nothing to vex you?"

"Vex me, sir, what should I have to vex me? I am not so easily vexed, Mr. Roberts, and I hope you will not be vexed either; or, at least, not unreasonably vexed, when I tell you that I found it absolutely impossible—"

Here Mr. Roberts groaned, but quite involuntarily, and he immediately endeavored to atone for it by saying, "I beg your pardon, my dear. Don't mind me, Sarah; don't think about me; it can't be helped, and we must make the best of it."

"The best of it," she replied in astonishment, that seemed to increase with every moment. "What *can* you mean, Mr. Roberts? I was simply going to mention to you that I found it impossible to avoid letting dear Bertha come rather early to-morrow, they were all so kindly eager and anxious that she should be with us at once. But I really never imagined that there was any very serious evil in having to hurry a little in getting a room ready for her."

"She is coming, then?" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Roberts, clasping his hands in a sort of thankful ecstasy.

"Coming, sir?" returned his wife, "didn't you know she was coming?"

"I knew, my dear, that it was your excellent plan, and most truly wise intention, to get her to come here if you possibly could. But how could I—how could any man be perfectly sure in a business that required so much skill to carry through—how could I be quite certain that you would have the astonishing cleverness to do it at once?" said Mr. Roberts.

It was now Mrs. Roberts's turn to sigh, which she did very profoundly. "I really should like to know, Mr. Roberts," she said, "how many years more you and I must continue to live together before you find out that whatever I say I will do, I perform? Did I not tell you, sir, that it was my purpose to inform Lady Moreton that I should not object to take charge of her niece for a few years? Did I not tell you this, Mr. Roberts?"

"Yes, you did indeed, my dear; and no doubt of it, it was nothing but my folly that made me fear about it for a single moment afterwards," replied Mr. Roberts, looking the picture of penitence. "But who is there in the whole world but you, Sarah, that could be so very certain about Lady Moreton's consent, the very moment you mentioned the thing to her? Who but you could have known beforehand that it *must* succeed?"

Here Mrs. Roberts smiled; a little in pity and a little in pride.

"My poor, dear, excellent Mr. Roberts!" she exclaimed, "don't fancy I am angry with you. I am not, I give you my word of honor, I am not the least atom angry or out of temper; but I do believe that you are the only man alive who, being told that I had no objection to taking Bertha Harrington, would feel any doubt about my having her. Now do just use your common sense for one moment, Mr. Roberts, and tell me how you suppose Lady Moreton *must* have felt the moment I made her understand that I should not object to adopting her niece into my family as an inmate and friend? How do you suppose she felt, sir?"

"Why, delighted, my dear. I have no question of it, none at all," replied her husband; "she must have been delighted; and so she ought, Heaven knows, for she has now got an example to set before her niece, such as few people in this poor sinful earth of ours are often happy enough to get sight of—unless they have the good fortune to live tolerably near to you, my dear?"

Mrs. Roberts now rose, and patting her husband's bald head as she passed him, said, "You are never deficient in sense, Roberts, when you give yourself a little time to think. But I must not stay gossiping with you, my dear, though you are very agreeable sometimes, when you know what you are talking about. I must positively look about the rooms, and see where I can man-

age to stow this poor girl. I shall make a point of being always particularly kind to her. Edward's chance, you know, will be all the better for that. If things go on between them as I expect they will, I shall begin to get very anxious to hear of old Sir Christopher's death. It will be so much pleasanter, you know, to have no doubt about their income. Five hundred a year might do all very well for a common-place young man, such as one generally sees, but upon my honor three thousand will not be a penny too much for him. He is so thoroughly elegant and superior."

Mrs. Roberts then left the room with a very stately step, and her husband continued looking after her as she went, as if he expected to see a train of glory left along her path.

"There never was such another woman as that!" said he, relieving his full bosom with a puffing sigh. "No, never!"

Mrs. Roberts, when first made aware that she really was going to have Miss Harrington as an inmate, cast some vague thoughts towards a light closet within her daughters' bedroom, as a possible lodging-room for her during the short time they were to remain in Paris. But the utter impossibility of putting both a bed and a washing-stand in it, at one and the same time, at length decided her against it; and it then became evident, that the only feasible scheme for lodging her young guest in their apartments, would be the sending Edward to an hotel, and preparing for her the room he had occupied.

But although she was exceedingly desirous of setting about it at once, she could by no means think of taking the liberty of entering her elegant Edward's domain without announcing to him the necessity, and obtaining his permission. She therefore waited with all the patience she could muster, till he returned to the house, and then invited him to a *tête-à-tête* in her own room.

Up to this time, the heir of the Robertses had been kept in ignorance of all his parents' hopes and fears respecting the young lady who was so speedily to be adopted into the bosom of his family, and who was intended ultimately to enjoy the enviable pre-eminence of being his wife.

It would scarcely be doing justice to the character of Mrs. Roberts to say that she was afraid of any thing; but if her courage ever threatened to forsake her under any



circumstances, it was when she thought that any thing was likely to happen which might by possibility vex, embarrass, irritate, or in any way annoy her son. The idea of seeing him look either cross or melancholy, was more than she could bear, and the double possibility that he might dislike the arrangement if it did take place, or be disappointed if it did not, had prevented her having, as yet, named the subject to him. But now the hour and the man were both come, and she set about the necessary communication with her usual skill.

"Oh! here you are!" she exclaimed, as he entered the room, riding-whip in hand, and in the act of drawing on his snow-white riding gloves.

"Oh! my darling Edward! how I wish that you had a whole stud of Arabian horses at your command! I never, in the whole course of my life, saw a man look so perfectly elegant in a riding-dress as you do."

"I really cannot say any thing about that, ma'am," replied the youth, walking up to her toilet-glass, and bending fondly over it to inspect the condition of his moustache, "I must leave that to you. But now you have hooked me for a talk, mother, I will just give you a hint that you must please to make the governor shovel out a little. And indeed, a little won't do; he must come down pretty handsomely, or I shall come to a stand-still, and that won't answer for you or the misses either, I promise you."

"It is odd enough, my dear fellow," replied his mother, gazing at him with unequivocal delight, "that you should happen to say that to me just at this moment, because what I want to say to you, has got a good deal to do with it. You are not the only one of the family who is hard up, my dear Edward—for your father is pretty well drawn dry, and I have got half-a-dozen of your bills in my desk, still unpaid, besides a horrible lot of my own."

The young gentleman colored a good deal as he listened to this, and then immediately replied, "Then I must cut my stick and be off, ma'am; so you may as well give me some tin and your blessing at once; for upon my soul I can't stay here."

"I am not at all surprised to hear you say so, Edward," returned the indulgent parent; "for it is quite impossible, as I am constantly telling your father, that any man can dress as you do, and look as you do, for nothing. It is no good to expect it."

"But the old gentleman can't coin, ma'am," replied the considerate son. "You

say he is done up himself, and if that notion is not got up to keep me in order, but is really truth and fact, I don't see what good I am to get by your bothering him about my dress, and the rest of it."

"You speak like an angel, my darling Edward, as you always do; but you will see, if you will listen to me, that I do not intend to sit down with my hands before me, while you are at a loss, my poor, dear boy, to find means of getting a decent coat."

Her son stared, but waited in silence for what was to come next.

"I do not wonder at your looking surprised, my dear," she resumed, "for it is seldom that a woman *can* do any thing to help her family at a pinch; but if you have patience to listen to rather a long story, I think I shall make you understand that you need not cut your stick, as you call it, you dear, droll creature, just directly."

"Fire away, then, mother," said the youth, "*pauvre Jacques* must lead about my nag a little, that's all."

Mrs. Roberts then entered, somewhat more at length than is necessary for us to follow her, into the condition of the family exchequer, and then rather abruptly asked her son, if he had ever heard his sisters mention a Miss Bertha Harrington, who was staying with his great friend and admirer, Lady Moreton.

"No, not I, ma'am," returned the young man, yawning. "Oh! yes I have, though!" he added, correcting himself; "that's the girl that they said was as ugly as sin, and a great fortune."

"She is not as ugly as sin, Edward," returned Mrs. Roberts, knitting her brows; "and it is extremely wrong and foolish in your sisters to say so. I am not at all sure that she may not turn out quite as handsome as they are themselves. But that is not the point that is of the most importance to us just now."

And then she went on to explain what the reader knows already, respecting the situation and fortune of Miss Harrington; the immense advantage which the stipend she paid would be to the Roberts family in their present situation, and the very extraordinary skill with which she had managed to obtain it.

Considering the thoughtless age and sprightly temperament of her son, Mrs. Roberts had every reason to be satisfied with the degree of attention with which he listened to her.

"If things are as bad as you say, mother,"

he replied, "you have certainly made a good hit. But it is a confounded bore, too, to have a great ugly girl in the house, by way of a boarder. Every body will see in a moment, you know, that we are as poor as rats."

"Fear nothing on that score, dearest," replied his mother, "I shall take care to put every thing on a proper footing—and, for goodness sake, don't you let me ever hear you call her *boarder* again. It is exactly what I have been scolding your father for, Edward, and upon my word, it is more excusable in him than in you, because you ought to know so much better what's what, than we can ever expect him to do, poor, dear man."

"But what the deuce is she, ma'am—if she is not a boarder?" demanded Mr. Edward.

"A *WARD*, my dear boy—your father's ward—that is what she must be called. And if we all remember, on all occasions, to give her this title, everybody else will give it to her also, and the dear girl herself will be sure to adopt the idea—which will be a great advantage, because it will at once put her on a proper footing with us all."

"And will her aunt, Lady Moreton, and her cousin with the big eyes, adopt the idea, too, mother?" demanded the inquisitive son again.

"How like your mother you are, Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with a look of great tenderness. "You see every thing with such astonishing quickness. No, my dear; most certainly Lady Moreton would not adopt the same idea, nor her cousin, Lady Forton, either. You are quite right; we should get into a very disagreeable scrape, perhaps, if we hazarded any thing of the kind, while we remain in Paris, and for that reason, as well as for some others, Edward, the best thing we can do will be to move off with as little delay as possible. It is perfectly clear that Madame de Soissonac means to cut us all, and this will make a great difference, I assure you. Such balls as hers, once every week, might be worth staying in Paris for, but I am sure the embassy isn't—the rudeness of the embassy people, considering the introduction we had, is perfectly disgusting. However, it is no use to talk of this now, especially as we have so many other things to think about; and in the first place, my dear Edward, I wanted to tell you that I hope you won't mind sleeping at an hotel for the few nights we shall stay

here. You won't mind it, my dear, will you?"

"Mind it, ma'am?—yes, to be sure I shall mind it—having to pack up all my things twice over—and I, with such quantities of things upon my hands to do, and such lots of people to see. It will be a most horrid bore, ma'am, I assure you."

"I was afraid you would say so, my dearest Edward, I was indeed, and therefore I cannot be surprised at it. But what can I do, my dear? If we refuse to take her in at once, I am quite sure we shall lose her, and how will your bills be paid, Edward? There is not, as you will see yourself, if you will look about, any hole or corner in which we can put her—and it would look too odd, you know, to turn your sisters out and keep you in the house, wouldn't it? I am sure if it were not for the look of it, they should march out in double quick time, if you wished it."

"Nonsense, ma'am; but you may tell them, if you please, that I expect they will pack up my things for me," he replied, putting on his hat before the glass, and preparing to escape; "and don't forget to mention that they are not to read a single line—no, not a single word, remember, of any notes they find. I wish the governor's newly-invented ward was in the sea."

"Edward," said his mother, laying her hand impressively on his arm, as he passed her to go out, "Edward, I don't wish to dictate to you, I never did, and I never will; but let me say one word to you as a friend—never suffer your sisters to judge for you respecting female beauty. Girls are never fair judges of the beauty of each other, that is one thing, my dear, that I wish you to remember; and another is, that dear Bertha Harrington—I trust she will be dear Bertha to us all—remember, Edward, that dear Bertha Harrington is the daughter of a baronet, and that in all human probability she will have an income of three thousand a year. God bless you, my dear. Take your ride, Edward, and be sure that you shall find a comfortable room taken, and all your things carefully packed up and removed to it, by the time you return."

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The Lady Moreton and the Lady Forton were as punctual as heart could wish, in escorting Miss Bertha Harrington from their apartments in the Rue Rivoli, to those occupied by the Roberts family in the Rue Têtebout. The two elder ladies having



both of them business of considerable importance to transact at various shops, did not leave their carriage, and the young girl, wrapped in her dark mourning weeds, mounted the stairs, and entered the sitting room of her strange hosts alone. Mr. Roberts was shut up in his own little room, reading his *Galignani*, and Mrs. Roberts and her two daughters were the only occupants of the saloon. Mrs. Roberts remained tranquil for a moment, with her eye fixed on the door to see if any one was about to follow the young lady, but perceiving that she was decidedly alone, she hastily rose, stepped rapidly across the floor, and a good deal to the young lady's astonishment, enclosed her in a most affectionate embrace.

"My darling child," she exclaimed, "how delighted I am to see you! I did so wish that my poor dear girls should be thrown in the way of a young English girl of nearly their own age. I do not wish them to form intimacies with French girls, and therefore they have no intimate young friends at all; but now, thanks to the amiable kindness of your dear aunt, they will feel this want no longer. I feel exceedingly flattered, my dear Bertha, and so I am sure we all do, at the friendly confidence which Lady Moreton has shown in trusting you to our care; but, in fact, I never would have accepted the trust, had it not been for the sake of getting a companion for my dear girls. Come here, loves," she continued, beckoning her two daughters, who were engaged in looking out at the window and watching the showy equipage of Lady Moreton, as it drove down the street towards the boulevards, "come here."

The young ladies obeyed, and each of them in succession received the hand of Bertha, which Mrs. Roberts, in a very sentimental manner, deposited on their palms.

The sable stranger stood in the midst of them, as if she knew that it was her destiny thus to find herself she knew not where, and she knew not why. But she made a faint attempt to smile at the intimate young friends who were thus presented to her, and took a great deal of pains to prevent their seeing the tears which were gathering in her eyes. But the effort was in vain, for they made their escape, and ran trickling down her colorless cheeks. Whereupon Mrs. Roberts again seized upon her, and kissed her rather vehemently upon her forehead, saying,

"This won't do, will it, girls? What can

we do to put her in spirits a little? What do you say to a glass of wine, my dear?"

"La, mamma! of course she won't drink wine of a morning—how can you think of such a thing?" said Agatha. "Let her come with Maria and me into her room. Her boxes are all there, and we will both of us help her to unpack them."

No objection being made to the proposal, the two Miss Robertses each seized upon a passive arm, and led her away. Having reached the room appropriated to her use, they entered it all together, and Maria, dropping the arm she had taken, shut to the door, and bolted it.

Bertha shook her head, and gently but decisively applied herself to the fastenings thus secured, and removed them.

"Not now, dear young ladies, not now," she said, holding the door open, that they might pass through it, "I do not want any thing out of my trunks just at present; and as my head is aching very much, I am sure you will have the kindness to excuse my wishing to be alone."

"Oh, just as you like, Miss Bertha!" replied Agatha, laughing; "only, you know, we shall never get on, if you shut yourself up in this way."

"I will be more sociable by and by," said Bertha, still steadily holding the door wide open in her hand.

"Come along, Agatha," said Maria, bouncing out of the room, "it is no good standing here, disputing about it."

Agatha appeared to be of the same opinion, and followed after, upon which the door was very quickly but very quietly closed, and the bolt also was very quickly but very quietly fastened also.

"Did you hear that?" said Maria, who heard the sound, notwithstanding its being so little obtrusive. "I'll tell you what, Agatha, I don't believe a word about her being so very young—she is too quiet by half—that girl likes to have her own way, and so you'll see; and I will tell you something else too—I shall not quarrel with her for being ugly, though I think her perfectly frightful, and I shall not quarrel with her for being cross, for I should snap my fingers at it; but I will not endure her giving herself any grand and great airs to me. Mamma may manage her as she likes, but I will *not* bear to be treated with pride."

"You are a fool, Maria," replied her elder sister. "She may be as proud as she likes for me, provided she does but pay enough for it."

## DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

From Tait's Magazine.

*The Memoirs of the Conquistador, Bernal Diaz Del Castillo, written by himself; containing a true and full Account of the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico and New Spain.* Translated from the original Spanish by John Ingram Lockhart, F. R. A. S., Author of "Attica and Athens." 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 840. London: J. Hatchard & Son.

THIS is one of those curious old books to which, if enrolled among the great quarterly reviewers instead of the humble monthly chroniclers of literature, we should have liked to dedicate many pages. The author was a brave old soldado, the companion in arms of Cortes, in the conquest of New Spain, who, in old age and retirement, amused himself with writing the history of the 119 battles in which he had been engaged, and the memorable events he had witnessed. His translator truly says: "His account is acknowledged to be the only one in which we can place reliance, and it has been the magazine from which the most eloquent of the Spanish writers on the same subject, as well as those of other countries, have borrowed their best materials." It is somewhat remarkable that with so keen a scent among our litterateurs after whatever is best and most popular in foreign literature, the racy chronicle of Bernal Diaz should have so late been introduced to the British public, who, we are persuaded, will give it a warm welcome. A simple chronicle it is, or History behind the scenes, in undress and at her ease by the fireside, instead of wearing her dignified stage costume. Its tardy appearance is the more remarkable from the high and just character which Dr. Robertson, who has made considerable use of it in writing his history of America, has given of this racy narrative. We fully subscribe to his judgment when he says: "Bernal Diaz's account bears all the marks of authenticity, and is accompanied with such pleasant naiveté, with such interesting details, with such amusing vanity—and yet so pardonable in an old soldier, who had been, as he boasts, in a hundred and nineteen battles—as renders his book one of the most singular that is to be found in any language."

Besides this harmless vanity, Bernal Diaz displays some little jealousy of Cortes,—the

monopolizer of all the glory, and a good share of the gold, which, however, is neither unnatural nor unamiable in a veteran *Conquistador* intimately conversant with the deeds of those whose prowess had enabled their leader to reap so rich a harvest. Two learned licentiates, to whom he had given a sight of his memoirs, charged him with vain-glory, in recording his own achievements; from which he vindicated himself by referring to the honors the king had conferred on him for his services, and by the neglect which had been shown to him and his brethren in arms by the other historians of the conquest of Mexico. The old soldier says,—

Another reason why I have written this true account is, because the historians Illescas and Gomara never mention a word in our praise, but give to Cortes alone all the glory of our conquests. If they had been honestly inclined they would not have passed us, the *Conquistadores*, by in silence; a share of Cortes' heroic deeds is also due to me, for in all his battles I fought among the first; besides that, I was present in so many other engagements in the provinces, under his officers, as you must have seen in the course of this history. I can also claim my share of the inscription which Cortes put on the silver culverin we called the Phoenix, and which Cortes sent a present to his majesty from Mexico.

"Who," says the veteran, "could speak of these battles save those who were engaged in them,—not the sparrows that flew over our heads, nor the clouds that floated above the battle field?" And if he did not suppress his own achievements, he also did ample justice to those of his companions.

The heading of the short chapters of Bernal Diaz form of themselves a pithy epitome of the history of the Conquest of New Spain; proceeding in this way:—

How all the caziques and calachonis of the river Grijalva arrive with presents, and what happened after this.—How Dona Marina herself was a caziquess, and the daughter of distinguished personages; also a ruler over a people and several towns; and how she came to Tabasco.—How we arrive with our vessels in San Juan de Ulua, and what we did there.—How Teuthlille makes his report to Motecusuma, and gives him our presents; as also what further took place in our camp.—How Cortes goes in search of another harbor and a good spot to found a colony, and what further happened.—What happened on account of our bartering for gold, and of other things which took place in our camp.—How we elected Hernando Cortes captain-general and chief justice until we should receive the



emperor's commands on this head; and what further happened.

Dona Marina, referred to above, was the heroine of the conquest of Mexico. A more graphic account of this celebrated female is to be found in the pages of Bernal Diaz than in any other history; and a relation, interesting in itself, may serve as an example of his manner of writing.

On the following morning, it was one of the last days in March 1519, a number of caziques, with the principal personages of the Tabasco district and surrounding neighborhood, arrived. They paid us profound reverence, and brought a present, consisting in four diadems, some lizards, ear-rings, four ducks, figures like dogs, others with Indian faces, two sandals with golden soles, and various other trifling trinkets of gold, whose value I have forgotten. There were also cloaks as the Indians wear them, which are very commodious. The present altogether was of little value, (most likely the province possessed few riches,) and was certainly not to be compared to the twenty females with which they presented us, among whom one was a very fine woman, who subsequently became a convert to Christianity, and was named Dona Marina. Cortes was vastly pleased with this present, and held, by means of Aguilar, a long discourse with the caziques, telling them, among other things, that their present was very acceptable: but he had something further to beg, namely, that they should again return to their dwellings with their wives and children. He should not consider the peace really concluded, unless within the space of two days all the inhabitants had returned to the village. The caziques upon this issued the necessary orders, and in a couple of days all the families had returned. They showed the same readiness to comply with Cortes' wishes, when he desired them to do away with their idols and human sacrifices. He likewise, as well as he could, gave them some idea of our holy Christian faith, and how we adored only one God. We also showed them a very pious figure, representing the mother of God holding her blessed Son in her arms, and explained to them how we paid reverence to this figure, and by it to the mother of God who was in heaven. Hereupon the caziques answered, that they were much pleased with this great *Tecleciguata*, and that they should much like to keep it in their village. In their language, *Tecleciguata* means a woman of distinction.

Dona Marina was born a ruler over a people and country; for her parents had the dominion of a township called Painala, to which several other townships were subject, lying about twenty-four miles from the town of Guacasualco. Her father died when she was very young, and her mother married another young cazique. By him she had a son, of whom it appears they were both very fond, and to

whom, after their death, they designed to leave their territories. In order, however, that the daughter of the first marriage might not stand in his way, she was conveyed secretly, during night-time, to an Indian family in Xicalango, they spreading the rumor she had died, which gained further belief from the circumstance, that a daughter of one of her female slaves happened to die at the time. The Indians of Xicalango did not keep the young girl themselves, but gave her to the inhabitants of Tabasco, by whom she was presented to Cortes. I knew her mother and half-brother myself, the latter having already reached manhood, and governed the township jointly with his mother. When they were subsequently both converted to Christianity, the latter was named Martha, and her son Lazaro. I was well acquainted with the whole of this circumstance; for in the year 1523, when Mexico and several other provinces had been subdued, and Christobal de Oli had rebelled in the Higueras, Cortes came to Guacasualco, and on that occasion visited Marina's birth-place. Most of the inhabitants of Guacasualco accompanied Cortes on this expedition; I myself was also among the number. As Dona Marina, in all the wars of New Spain, Tlascalla, and at the siege of Mexico, had rendered the greatest services in capacity of an interpreter, Cortes carried her every where with him. During this journey it also was that he married her to a cavalier of the township of Orizava, named Juan Xaramillo. Among others, there was present as a witness a certain Aranda of Tabasco, through whom this circumstance became immediately known. These are the true particulars of the whole case, not, however, as related by Gomara. For the rest, Marina had the most extensive influence in New Spain, and did with the Indians what she pleased.

While Cortes was staying in Guacasualco, he ordered all the caziques of the province to assemble, and advised them to adopt our holy religion. On this occasion, the mother and brother of Dona Marina also made their appearance with other caziques. They recognised each other immediately; the former, however, appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, thinking that they had merely been called there to be killed. Dona Marina, however, desired them to dry away their tears, and comforted them by saying, they were unconscious of what they were doing when they had sent her away to the inhabitants of Xicalango, and that she freely forgave the past. By this means, God certainly directed every thing for the best, turned her away from the errors of heathenism, and converted her to Christianity.

Thus destined, she likewise bore a son unto her master Cortes, and then married a cavalier named Juan Xaramillo. All this I consider of much greater importance than if she had been presented with the sole dominion of the whole of New Spain. She likewise gave pre-

sents to her relatives on their return home. What I have related is the strict truth, and I can swear to it. Gomara's account respecting this is wholly erroneous, and he adds many other circumstances which I shall leave without comment. This, however, is certain, that the whole affair reminds one of the history of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, when they came into his power. After this diversion into matters which subsequently took place, I must relate how we first managed to understand Dona Marina. She was conversant with the language of Guacasualco, which is the Mexican, and with that of Tabasco. Aguilar, however, merely understood the latter, which is spoken throughout the whole of Yucatan. Dona Marina, had, therefore, first to make herself understood to Aguilar, who then translated what she said into Spanish. This woman was a valuable instrument to us in the conquest of New Spain. It was through her only, under the protection of the Almighty, that many things were accomplished by us: without her we never should have understood the Mexican language, and, upon the whole, have been unable to surmount many difficulties.

We can give but one of the many battles recorded by our veteran, but it is memorable as being the first battle fought by Cortes in New Spain.

Cortes being now certain that the Indians would renew the attack, immediately ordered all our horses to be brought on shore, and every one, our wounded not excepted, to hold himself in readiness. When our horses, which had been such a length of time at sea, now stepped on firm ground again, they appeared very awkward and full of fear; however, the day following, they had regained their usual liveliness and agility.

The Indians were already moving forward in search of us, when we came up with them: every one had a large bunch of feathers on his head, a cotton cuirass on, and their faces were daubed with white, black, and red colors. Besides having drums and trumpets, they were armed with huge bows and arrows, shields, lances, and large broadswords; they had also bodies of slingers, and others armed with poles hardened in the fire. The Indians were in such vast numbers that they completely filled the bean fields, and immediately fell upon us on all sides at once, like furious dogs. Their attack was so impetuous, so numerous were the arrows, stones, and lances with which they greeted us, that above seventy of our men were wounded in no time, and one named Saldana, was struck by an arrow in the ear, and instantly dropt down dead. With like fury they rushed at us with their pikes, at the same time pouring forth showers of arrows, and continually wounding our men. However, we fully repaid them with our crossbows, muskets, and heavy cannon, cutting right and left among

them with our swords. By this means we forced them to give ground a little, but only that they might shower forth their arrows at a greater distance, where they thought themselves more secure from our arms. Even then our artillery man Mesa made terrible havoc among them, standing as they did crowded together and within the reach of the cannon, so that he could fire among them to his heart's content. Notwithstanding the destruction we made among their ranks, we could not put them to flight. I now remarked to our commander Diego de Ordaz, that we should rush forward upon the Indians and close with them. My motive for advising this was, because I saw that they merely retreated from fear of our swords, but still continued to annoy us at a distance with arrows, lances, and large stones. De Ordaz, however, considered this not expedient, as the enemy's numbers were so vast that every single man of us would have had to encounter three hundred of the enemy at once.

My advice was at length followed up, and we fell so heavily upon them that they retreated as far as the wells. All this time Cortes still remained behind with the cavalry, though we so greatly longed for that reinforcement: we began to fear that some misfortune might also have befallen him. I shall never forget the piping and yelling which the Indians set up at every shot we fired, and how they sought to hide their loss from us by tossing up earth and straw into the air, making a terrible noise with their drums and trumpets, and their war-whoop *Ala lala*.

In one of these moments Cortes came galloping up with the horse. Our enemies being still busily engaged with us, did not immediately observe this, so that our cavalry easily dashed in among them from behind. The nature of the ground was quite favorable for its manœuvres; and as it consisted of strong active fellows, most of the horses being, moreover, powerful and fiery animals, our small body of cavalry in every way made the best use of their weapons. When we, who were already hotly engaged with the enemy, espied our cavalry, we fought with renewed energy, while the latter, by attacking them in the rear at the same time, now obliged them to face about. The Indians, who had never seen any horses before, could not think otherwise than that horse and rider were one body. Quite astounded at this to them so novel a sight, they quitted the plain and retreated to a rising ground. Cortes now related why he had not come sooner. First, he had been delayed by the morass; then, again, he was obliged to fight his way through other bodies of the enemy whom he had met, in which five men and eight horses were wounded.

Having somewhat rested from our fatigue under the trees which stood on the field of battle, we praised God and the holy Virgin, and thanked them with uplifted hands for the complete victory they had granted us: and, as it was



the feast of the annunciation to the holy Virgin, the town which was subsequently built here in memory of this great victory, was named Santa Maria de la Vitoria. This was the first battle we fought under Cortes in New Spain.

After this pious solemnity we bandaged the wounds of our men with linen, which was all we had for that purpose. Those of our horses we dressed with melted fat, which we cut from the dead bodies of the Indians. We likewise took this opportunity of counting the number of killed left by the enemy on the field of battle. We found above eight hundred, numbers still showing signs of life. Our swords had done the most carnage among them, though many were killed by our cannon. Wherever the cavalry made its appearance the enemy had most work to do. The fighting lasted about an hour; and our enemies maintained their ground so well, that they did not quit the field of battle until our horse broke in among them. There were two caziques among the five prisoners we made.

As we were quite fatigued and hungry we returned to our quarters, buried the two soldiers, one of whom had been shot in the neck and the other in the ear, posted strong watches, then ate our supper and retired to rest.

Francisco Lopez de Gomara, in his account of this battle, says, that previous to the arrival of Cortes with the cavalry, the holy apostle St. Jacob, or St. Peter in person, had galloped up on a gray-colored horse to our assistance. I can only say, that for the exertion of our arms and this victory, we stand indebted to our Lord Jesus Christ; and that in this battle every individual man among us was set upon by such numbers of the enemy, that if each of them had merely thrown a handful of earth upon us we should have been buried beneath it. Certain it is, therefore, that God showed his mercy to us here, and it may, indeed, have been one of the two glorious apostles St. Jacob or St. Peter who thus came to our assistance. Perhaps on account of my sins I was not considered worthy of the good fortune to behold them; for I could only see Francisco de Morla on his brown horse galloping up with Cortes; and even at this very moment, while I am writing this, I can fancy I see all passing before my eyes just as I have related it; although I, an unworthy sinner, was not considered worthy of beholding one of the glorious apostles face to face. Yet again I never heard any of the four hundred soldiers, nor ever Cortes himself, nor any of the many cavaliers, mention this wonder or confirm its truth. We should certainly have built a church, and have called the town *Santiago* or *San Pedro de la Vitoria*, and not *Santa Maria de la Vitoria*. If, therefore, what Gomara relates is true, then we must indeed have been bad Christians not to have paid greater respect to the assistance which God sent us in the person of his holy apostle, and for having omitted to thank him daily for it in his own church.

Nevertheless, I should feel delighted if this historian has spoken the truth, although I must confess that I never heard this wonder mentioned before reading his book, nor have I ever heard any of the conquistadores speak of it who were present at the battle.

The visible saint militant appears to have been rather too much for our veteran, though he was a devoted catholic, and zealous propagator of the true faith.

It was shortly after this battle that Cortes practised one of those successful stratagems which enabled this able leader and his comparatively few followers to conquer and hold in subjection the vast and populous regions into which they had thrown themselves. The story loses nothing in the graphic relation of Bernal Diaz.

Cortes, who profited by every circumstance, said smilingly to us, "It appears to me, gentlemen, that the Indians stand in great awe of our horses, and imagine that these and our guns alone fight the battle. A thought has just struck me which will further confirm them in this notion. You must bring here the mare of Juan Seden which foaled on board a short time ago, and fasten her here where I am now standing. Then bring also the stallion of the musician Ortiz, which is a very fiery animal, and will quickly scent the mare. As soon as you find this to be the case, lead both the horses to separate places, that the caziques may neither see the horses, nor hear them neigh, until I shall be in conversation with them." All this was accordingly done. He likewise ordered our largest cannon to be heavily loaded with gunpowder and ball.

A little after mid-day, forty caziques arrived in great state, and richly clothed according to their fashion. They saluted Cortes and all of us, perfumed us with their incense, begged forgiveness for what had happened, and promised to be friendly for the future. Cortes answered by our interpreter Aguilar, reminding them, with a very serious look, how often he had wished them to make peace with us, and how, owing to their obstinacy, we were almost upon the point of destroying them, with the whole of the inhabitants of this district. We were vassals of the mighty king and lord, the emperor Charles, he further added, who had sent us to this country with orders to favor and assist those who should submit to his imperial sway, which we would assuredly do if they were amicably inclined towards us. If, however, they were not so, the *tepusalles* (so the Indians called our cannon) would be fired off, which were already embittered against them in some measure on account of the attack they had made upon us. Cortes at this moment, gave the signal for firing our largest cannon. The report was like a sudden clap of thunder, the ball whizzing along the hills, which could

be distinctly heard, as it was mid-day and not a breath of air stirring. The caziques, who had never seen this before, appeared in dismay, and believed all Cortes had said; who, however, desired Aguilar to comfort and assure them he had given orders that no harm should be done them. At this moment the stallion was brought and fastened at a short distance from the spot where Cortes and the caziques were holding the conference; as the mare was likewise near at hand, the stallion immediately began to neigh, stamp the ground, and rear itself, while its eyes were continually fixed on the Indians, who stood in front of Cortes's tent, as the mare was placed behind it. The caziques, however, thought the animal was making all these movements against them, and appeared greatly agitated. When Cortes found what effect this scene had made upon the Indians, he rose from his seat, and walking to the horse, took hold of the bridle, and desired his servant to lead it away. Aguilar, however, was to make the Indians believe that he had ordered the horse not to do them any injury.

While all this was going on, above thirty Indian porters (whom they term *tamemes*) arrived with fowls, baked fish, and various fruits: these porters, on account of their loads, had perhaps not been able to follow the caziques fast enough. A lively discourse was now kept up between Cortes and the caziques, who in the end left us perfectly contented, with the assurance that the following day they would return with a present.

The famous resolution taken by the warlike Cortes to destroy his ships, so that he must either complete his conquest or perish in the attempt, is thus briefly adverted to:—

While preparations were going on at Sempoalla for our march into the interior, numerous consultations were held with Cortes respecting every thing connected with it. We, his trustworthy adherents, proposed that all the vessels should be run on shore, in order at once to cut off all possibility of further mutiny, when we should have advanced far into the interior of the country. In which case, likewise, the pilots and sailors would be of greater use to us than by idling their time away in the harbor. I am well aware that the idea of destroying our vessels originated with Cortes himself, and that he merely shoved it on our shoulders for this reason, that if payment for the vessels should be demanded of him, he could throw the blame on us, and say that all was done at our own request; so that we both individually and collectively should have to assist in repaying the damages. This resolution was immediately adopted, and Cortes ordered the alguacil-major, Juan de Escalante, a young man of very great courage, and who was a close adherer to him, utterly hating Diego Velasquez, because he had neglected

to give him any considerable commendary, in Cuba, to take all the anchors, ropes, sails, in short every thing that might be of use to us out of the vessels, and run the latter all on shore, with the exception of the boats. The pilots, the old ships' masters, and those seamen who were unable to make the campaign with us, were to remain behind in the town, and employ themselves in catching fish with our two drag-nets in the harbor, where the former were in great abundance.

Juan de Escalante punctually obeyed these orders, and arrived in Sempoalla with an additional company formed of the sailors, of whom several became very excellent soldiers.

Passing many incidents of great interest, we copy out the entrance of the conquerors into the city of Mexico, and of the riches and splendor of that magnificent capital.

The following morning we left Iztapalapan, accompanied by all the principal caziques above mentioned. The road along which we marched was eight paces in breadth, and if I still remember ran in a perfectly straight line to Mexico. Notwithstanding the breadth, it was much too narrow to hold the vast crowds of people who continually kept arriving from different parts to gaze upon us, and we could scarcely move along. Besides this, the tops of all the temples and towers were crowded, while the lake beneath was completely covered with canoes filled with Indians, for all were curious to catch a glimpse of us. And who can wonder at this, as neither men like unto ourselves, nor horses, had ever been seen here before!

When we gazed upon all this splendor at once, we scarcely knew what to think, and we doubted whether all that we beheld was real. A series of large towns stretched themselves along the banks of the lake, out of which still larger ones rose magnificently above the waters. Innumerable crowds of canoes were plying every where around us; at regular distances we continually passed over new bridges, and before us lay the great city of Mexico in all its splendor.

And we who were gazing upon all this, passing through innumerable crowds of human beings, were a mere handful of men, in all 450, our minds still full of the warnings which the inhabitants of Huexotzinco, Tlascalla, and Tlalmanalco, with the caution they had given us not to expose our lives to the treachery of the Mexicans. I may safely ask the kind reader to ponder a moment, and say whether he thinks any men in this world ever ventured so bold a stroke as this?

When we had arrived at a spot where a narrow causeway led towards Cojohuacan, we were met by a number of caziques and distinguished personages, all attired in their most splendid garments. They had been despatched by Motecusuma to meet us, and bid us welcome in his name; and in token of peace



they touched the ground with their hands and kissed it. Here we halted for a few minutes, while the princes of Tetzcuco, Iztapalapan, Tlacupa, and Cojohuacan hastened in advance to meet Motecusuma, who was slowly approaching us, surrounded by other grandees of the kingdom, seated in a sedan of uncommon splendor.

When it was announced to Cortes that Motecusuma himself was approaching, he alighted from his horse and advanced to meet him. Many compliments were now passed on both sides. Motecusuma bid Cortes welcome, who, through Marina, said, in return, he hoped his majesty was in good health. If I still remember rightly, Cortes, who had Marina next to him, wished to concede the place of honor to the monarch, who, however, would not accept of it, but conceded it to Cortes, who now brought forth a necklace of precious stones, of the most beautiful colors and shapes, strung upon gold wire, and perfumed with musk, which he hung about the neck of Motecusuma. Our commander was then going to embrace him, but the grandees by whom he was surrounded held back his arms, as they considered it improper. Our general then desired Marina to tell the monarch how exceedingly he congratulated himself upon his good fortune of having seen such a powerful monarch face to face, and of the honor he had done us by coming out to meet us himself. To all this Motecusuma answered in very appropriate terms, and ordered his two nephews, the princes of Tetzcuco and Cojohuacan, to conduct us to our quarters. He himself returned to the city.

We had already been four days in the city of Mexico, and neither our commander nor any of us had, during that time, left our quarters, excepting to visit the gardens and buildings adjoining the palace. Cortes now, therefore, determined to view the city, and visit the great market, and the chief temple of Huitzilopochtli: he accordingly sent Geronimo Augilar, Doña Marina, and one of his pages named Ortegilla, who, by this time, understood a little of the Mexican language, to Motecusuma, to request his permission to view the different buildings of the city. Motecusuma, in his answer to this, certainly granted us permission to go where we pleased; yet he was apprehensive we might commit some outrage to one or other of his idols; he therefore resolved to accompany us himself, with some of his principal officers, and for this purpose, left his palace with a pompous retinue. Having arrived at a spot about half way between his palace and a temple, he stepped out of his sedan, as he would have deemed it a want of respect towards his gods to approach them any otherwise than on foot. He leant upon the arms of the principal officers of his court; others walked before him, holding up on high two rods, having the appearance of sceptres, which was a sign that the monarch was approaching. He himself, whenever he was carried in his sedan, held a short staff in his hand, one half of gold,

the other of wood, very much like that used by our judges. In this way he came up to the temple, which he ascended, in company with many papas. On reaching the summit, he immediately began to perfume Huitzilopochtli, and to perform other ceremonies.

Our commander, attended by the greater part of our cavalry and foot, all well armed, as, indeed, we were at all times, had proceeded to the Tlatelulco: by command of Motecusuma, a number of caziques had come to meet us on our road there. The moment we arrived in this immense market, we were perfectly astonished at the vast numbers of people, the profusion of merchandise which was there exposed for sale, and at the good police and order that reigned throughout. The grandees who accompanied us drew our attention to the smallest circumstance, and gave us full explanation of all we saw. Every species of merchandise had a separate spot for its sale. We first of all visited those divisions of the market appropriated for the sale of gold and silver wares, of jewels, of cloths interwoven with feathers, and of other manufactured goods; besides slaves of both sexes. This slave market was upon as great a scale as the Portuguese market for negro slaves at Guinea. To prevent these from running away, they were fastened with halters about their necks, though some were allowed to walk at large. Next to these came the dealers in coarser wares—cotton, twisted thread, and cacao. In short, every species of goods which New Spain produces were here to be found; and every thing put me in mind of my native town Medino del Campo during fair time, where every merchandise has a separate street assigned for its sale. In one place were sold the stuffs manufactured of nequen; ropes, and sandals; in another place, the sweet maguey root, ready cooked, and various other things made from this plant. In another division of the market were exposed the skins of tigers, lions, jackals, otters, red deer, wild cats, and of other beasts of prey, some of which were tanned. In another place were sold beans and sage, with other herbs and vegetables. A particular market was assigned for the merchants in fowls, turkeys, ducks, rabbits, hares, deer, and dogs; also for fruit-sellers, pastry-cooks, and tripe-sellers. . . . If I had to

enumerate every thing singly, I should not so easily get to the end. And yet I have not mentioned the paper, which in this country is called *amatl*; the tubes filled with liquid amber and tobacco; the various sweet-scented salves, and similar things; nor the various seeds which were exposed for sale in the porticoes of this market, nor the medicinal herbs.

In this market-place there were also courts of justice, to which three judges and several constables were appointed, who inspected the goods exposed for sale. I had almost forgotten to mention the salt, and those who made the flint knives; also the fish, and a species of bread made of a kind of mud or slime collect-

ed from the surface of this lake, and eaten in that form, and has a similar taste to our cheese. Further, instruments of brass, copper, and tin; cups and painted pitchers of wood: indeed, I wish I had completed the enumeration of all this profusion of merchandise. The variety was so great that it would occupy more space than I can well spare to note them down in. . . . On quitting the market, we entered the spacious yards which surround the chief temple. These appeared to encompass more ground than the market-place at Salamanca, and were surrounded by a double wall, constructed of stone and lime: these yards were paved with large white flag-stones, extremely smooth; and where these were wanting, a kind of brown plaster had been used instead, and all was kept so very clean that there was not the smallest particle of dust or straw to be seen any where.

Before we mounted the steps of the great temple, Motecusuma, who was sacrificing on the top to his idols, sent six papas and two of his principal officers to conduct Cortes up the steps. There were 114 steps to the summit; and, as they feared that Cortes would experience the same fatigue in mounting as Motecusuma had, they were going to assist him by taking hold of his arms. Cortes, however, would not accept of their proffered aid. When we had reached the summit of the temple, we walked across a platform where many large stones were lying, on which those who were doomed for sacrifice were stretched out. Near these stood a large idol, in the shape of a dragon, surrounded by various other abominable figures, with a quantity of fresh blood lying in front of it. Motecusuma himself stepped out of a chapel, in which his cursed gods were standing, accompanied by two papas, and received Cortes and the whole of us very courteously. "Ascending this temple, Malinche," said he to our commander, "must certainly have fatigued you!" Cortes, however, assured him, through our interpreters, that it was not possible for any thing to tire us. Upon this the monarch took hold of his hand and invited him to look down and view his vast metropolis, with the towns which were built in the lake, and the other towns which surrounded the city. Motecusuma also observed, that from this place we should have a better view of the great market.

The splendor of the Mexican kings may be gathered from the articles found in the wardrobe of the unfortunate Motecusuma, which was afterwards sent to Spain, along with 88,000 pesos in bars of gold.

The wardrobe was a valuable present, and well worthy of our great emperor's acceptance, as it contained jewels of the most precious kind, pearls of the size of hazel-nuts, and various other precious stones, which I should not like to enumerate singly, even if my memory would allow me. At the same time were sent the bones of the giants which we found in the

temple of Cojohuacan, similar to those bones which were previously given to us by the Tlascallans, and which we had sent to Spain on a former occasion.

Three tigers, and several other curiosities, which I have now forgotten by name, were likewise shipped on board these two vessels.

A fundamental tenet of the new religion which the Spaniards had substituted for the ancient paganism of Mexico, was, the utmost reverence to the priests, and abject prostration to the insignia of the Catholic worship. Bernal Diaz thus describes the religious condition of the Indians before he left them.

After we had abolished idolatry and other abominations from among the Indians, the Almighty blessed our endeavors, and we baptized the men, women, and all the children born after the conquest, whose souls would otherwise have gone to the infernal regions. With the assistance of God, and by a good regulation of our most Christian monarch, of glorious memory, Don Carlos, and of his excellent son Don Philip, our most happy and invincible king, to whom may God grant a long life and an increase of territory, several pious monks of different orders arrived in New Spain, who travelled from place to place, preached the gospel to the inhabitants, and baptized new-born infants. . . .

It was also a great blessing for the Indians that the monks taught them to say their prayers in their own language, and frequently to repeat them. The monks have altogether so accustomed them to reverence every thing relating to religion, that they never pass by any altar or cross without falling down on their knees and repeating a Pater Noster or an Ave Maria. We also taught the Indians to make wax lights for the holy service, for, previous to our arrival, they made no manner of use of their wax. We taught them to be so obedient and respectful to the monks and priests, that whenever one of these religious men approach a township, the bells are rung, and the inhabitants go out to meet him with wax-lights in their hands; and they always give him a hospitable reception.

We have imbibed so much of Mr. Lockhart's admiration for this work as to be unwilling to part with it thus summarily. But our readers are already aware of the important events to which it is devoted; and the style in which they are treated is sufficiently indicated by the extracts which we have given. We therefore take leave of Bernal Diaz, offering Mr. Lockhart hearty thanks for this addition to what is at once solid and highly popular literature.

In justice to Mr. Lockhart, we must copy the concluding sentence of his pre-



face.—“With regard to the translation, which is from the old edition printed at Madrid in 1632, we have acted up to the author's desire, and have neither added nor taken any thing away, and have attempted to follow the original as closely as possible.”

### AFRICA IN FRANCE; OR, THE BEARD AND THE PIPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRANCE has not made a greater impression on Africa than Africa appears to have made on France. In what respects Young Algiers or young Morocco, have as yet copied the manners and customs of their French conquerors, the accounts from the other side of the Mediterranean have not informed us; but nobody can walk through the streets of Paris without observing that a revolution is in rapid progress which is only to be ascribed to an intense admiration and a diligent imitation of the vanquished by the victors:

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit;*

and, by the same law, we now see the bombarded Moors and the subjugated tribes of Barbary, imposing their *houkas* and their beards upon “*La Jeune France*.”

The French are turning their razors into swords; they seem more disposed to slaughter others than to shave themselves. The fierce and bearded Gaul, rushing through the Palais Royal, with his cigar flaming in his mouth, denouncing peace and Guizot, reminds one of the comet in Milton which

from its horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war.

Once upon a time there was a “*Barbier de Paris*,” but the race and the trade is extinct; the “occupation is gone;” the French barbers have turned tobaccoists, and their cutlers sell only sabres. Voltaire describes his countrymen as a cross between the monkey and the tiger. Times have changed, and the generation of to-day is rather a confusion of the monkey with the goat. The heroism of the Boulevards is downright hircine. The man is an appendage of the beard, not the beard of the man, as in the old age. When a party of young Frenchmen approach one, it is like the advance of a herd of goats, or the moving of a forest,—“*Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane*.” If Macassar has done this, mighty is Macassar. Bear's grease it can hardly be, unless Ursa Major himself has been immolated to manure the moustaches of monsieur. Imagine a city of Muntzes, or a tribe of Ellenboroughs, or a wilderness of Sibthorpes: we know no other or clearer way to give an idea of the Paris of '44. Paris was always most attractive, but its *capillary* attractions

must now be enormous. If “beauty leads us by *single hair*,” what must manhood do with as many hairs as there are sands in the African deserts, or stars in the galaxy? Considering how natural is the love of proselytizing, it is any thing but surprising that France, having bearded herself, should endeavor to beard England. It is just the reverse of the fable of the fox who *lost* his tail, for France has *got* a tail to her chin, instead of losing one, and she quarrels with shaven states.

We never remember our neighbors so irritable as they are at present. The reason is obvious; they were never so exposed to be plucked by the beard. Fortunately, it is easier just now for England to pluck France by the beard than for France to return the affront. We are still respectable and razored. Our English *downs* may be exceedingly tame beside the French *forests*—but if beards put men out of humor, is it not better to go shorn? When we did wear our beards, we wore them merrily, and preferred wagging them at the board to wagging them in the battle-field. The French seem to be of opinion that, because knowledge is power, and wisdom strength, Solomon and Sampson ought to be united; forgetting how little the “robustious locks” of the latter served him, and how he was ultimately subdued by a Lorette with a pair of scissors. A future war with France would not be fought with the gun and the sword; her foes will meet her with the razor, and instead of mowing her ranks, shave them. The only difficulty would be to find razors of sufficient power to hew down the prodigious growth of the modern Gallic chin. Should the razor prove insufficient, we must only take a hint from the Menippus in Lucian, who proposes to shave the philosophers with a hatchet!

But it is not alone in the development of the moustaches, and the vegetation of whiskers, that we see manifest signs and tokens of the Africanization of France. Which of the fine arts have the French taught the Arabs and Algerines? It is clear that the latter have immensely improved the French in the fine art of smoking. Tobacco is no longer a luxury—it has become a necessary of Parisian life. The pipe is at once a passion and a principle; the cigar has become an institution, better established, like an article in the charter.

At the altitude of thirty or forty feet and upwards from *pavé* and *trottoir*, there is not a city in Europe more free from smoke than Paris. Mount the antique towers of Notre Dame, scale the column of Napoleon, or look down upon that gay city from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St. Geneviève (her patron). How clear and bright is the atmosphere; how easily you count the chimneys; how simple you think it would be to take an exact census of the very tiles! Such smoke as there is proceeding from wood-fires, is scarcely denser than the air with which it min-

gles. It climbs in thin transparent curls to the sky, and seems so ethereal as to have a natural right, like the incense scattered round a shrine, to go up to the gates of Heaven. What a contrast to the dense and sombre cloud which the chimneys of enormous London contribute to the gross firmament that broods over England! It is the fleshy steam from solid beef and pudding compared to the vapor yielded by the omelette, or to the savory spirit of a *vol-au-vent*. It is the atmosphere of the close tavern contrasted with that of the airy and lightsome café—what the Blue Post is to Tortoni's—what an eating-house in the Strand is to Véry's or Les Trois Frères.

Gazing down upon the Parisian streets and places from any of the commanding positions afforded by the public monuments, or presented by nature, the spectator can hardly believe that he is surveying the metropolis of the culinary world. The chimneys give but faint evidence of the boiling of a copper, or the simmering of a stew-pan. We miss those sable volumes which testify in our island to the activity of the kitchen, and the hospitality of the house. You would suppose that the French lived upon fruits and flowers, particularly in their delicious autumn, when Flora vies with Pomona to deck their hotels and furnish their desserts—when they might actually sweep their streets with roses and chinaros, and barricade them, if need were, with peaches and grapes.

But, alas! Paris is not the smokeless city which its chimneys proclaim it; far from it; we have only to come down from the housetop and enter the house itself, to discover by two offended senses that the lower region of her atmosphere is polluted by a more obnoxious vapor than the smoke of coal. How many cigars of Paris are equivalent to one chimney of London in the quantity of smoke issued, and the amount of public nuisance caused, let the Michael Cassios investigate; but it is certain that the cigar-smoking grievance has become a serious one in France. You have only to pass through the Palais-Royal, or take a turn on the tumultuous Boulevard, to see with your eyes and smell with your nose the universal use and abuse (convertible terms!) of tobacco in all its forms.

Let any one who doubts the progress of smoking, visit Paris, and convince his own nose and eyes. He will find that these are truly *piping* times of peace for "la belle France." We have always courted her alliance, but she never promised to be so great "at a pinch" before. The Frenchman was always a taker of snuff, but never such a smoker of pipes and consumer of cigars as now. The spirit of the age is the fume of tobacco; to look into the *estaminets* one would imagine that the dark ages had come again. There is to be seen the once enlightened Frenchman, ambitious as the sun to illuminate the world, enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of narcotic vapor, propagating darkness in-

stead of diffusing light;—the apostle of freedom and equality caring only to make converts to cigars and proselytes to the pipe! Tobacco is the true *Roi des Français*! With his coffee, his beard, and his cigar, the Parisian seems to have made the Turk his model, and conceived the idea of advancing civilization by copying Constantinople. It is to be presumed that the tobacco-leaf will immediately succeed the lily in the arms of the French nation. They would seem, indeed, to have been fighting of late under the auspices of the *smoky* weed, if we may judge from the *puffs* that record their little sieges. Seeing the prints already executed of the French ships engaged with the batteries of Tangiers and Mogador, it was impossible to avoid remarking, "Possibly it is only the Prince de Joinville and his comrades smoking." The French smoke is more formidable than the French *fire*;—we could face their carbines easier than their cigars; can it be possible that they meditate another war of propagandism, and design to tobaccoize, as they formerly sought to republicanize Europe? Approaching the Rhine, the cigars of Germany offer them a powerful alliance; they would have, too, the southern states of North America on their side, and the Ottomans would support them with ten thousand houkas. Perhaps the object of the attack on Morocco (if the bombardments were not mere smoking-matches, as has been already suggested,) was to force the Moors into the confederacy. If not, it was probably, like many other enterprises of the kind, a struggle for a pinch of snuff!

Time was, too, when the smoker was but of one sex, when nothing smoked that wore a petticoat, but now there is the *fumeuse* as well as the *fumeur*, and the gallant and inventive nation has contrived and executed a *cigare de dames* for the lips of the female French. Now, what unsexes a woman like tobacco? Tobacco grew not in Cyprus, nor is it related that Venus cultivated the weed in the parterres of Paphos. Joan of Arc was a woman, although she wielded the sword and the battle-axe, but a single cigar, or a cigarette, nay, one *cigare de dames*, would have changed her gender. Let a woman do any thing human or inhuman but smoke!—if the work-box and the dressing-box are not sufficient for her, if even the box of *bon-bons* will not content her, if she must assume the habits of a man, let her put on a white coat and take to the coach-box, or a red coat and take to the letter-box, or a black coat and take to the pill-box, but there are two boxes that she must not meddle with, which are forbidden her by the nature of things, amongst the other *propria quæ maribus*,—the cigar-box and the snuff-box.

The box of Pandora was in all probability either one or the other of the two boxes last mentioned. Madame or Mdlle. Pandora took snuff or smoked; hence the ancients represen-



ted her box to be as full of plagues as is the budget of a chancellor of the exchequer of impositions. Let the fair French take warning from Pandora. Mesdames, and mademoiselles, if play the deuce you must, lay your pretty hands upon a lucifer-box, and set the world on fire, but touch not the *tabatière*;—eschew chewing,—and of all seductions, avoid the seduction of a cigar.

A cigar to feminine delicacy is a Tarquin or a Lovelace. Its fire is no vestal flame. Perhaps it is because the eastern houris smoke that the Mohammedan faith bars the gates of Paradise against them.

It was something to forfeit Eden for an apple, but to hazard it for a *cigarette* would exceed all the frivolities of woman.

We presume not to limit divine mercy: there may be forgiveness for her who smokes; but we are assuredly safe in affirming, that the light of a cigar is not the light that leads to heaven, although far as the eye can pierce it, it illuminates the Champs *Elysées*.

There has just appeared a brochure entitled, "De l'Action du Tabac sur la Santé," which is a gratifying proof that there are some Frenchmen not so stupified by smoking as to defend the use of the Virginian poison. The writer is a physician who combats the *passion* for tobacco by explaining its *action*, and if a ray of light can penetrate the estaminets, we trust that the pamphlet of "Le Docteur Boussison" will be read in those dim retreats.

Dr. Boussison tells us that the origin of tobacco is enveloped in darkness—"entourée de ténèbres." Of course it is smoke from first to last—the dusky tale of a cigar! It appears that in some countries tobacco, like religion, was propagated by persecution. The doctor tells us of a pope, a grand-duke, a Sophi, and a sultan, who had the good taste and the good sense to proscribe the weed, although they went perhaps too great a length when they made smoking a capital offence. A more reasonable and most appropriate punishment was cutting off the nose, and who will say that a confirmed smoker ought not to have his nose cut off, at the very least? In the present state of France it occurs to us, that smoking might be considerably discouraged by the more merciful penalty of felling the moustaches. Every customer of the tobacconist ought to be sent to the barber, or better still, there might be a shaving establishment attached to every estaminet, and the deposit of the beard might be made part of the price of a cigar.

The doctor enumerates, amongst the *agréments* of this charming plant, vertigo, derangement of the vision, intoxication, nausea, diarrhœa. Such are the fascinations of an estaminet and the attractions of a cigar-divan. That tobacco is a poison, is a position not overthrown by the fact that men become habituated to the pipe and the snuff-box. There is no poison to which a man may not inure his system by little and little. Such was the

method pursued by Mithridates, who lived on poisons to escape being poisoned. We read in Hudibras that

The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
Was asp, and basilisk, and toad.

The prince would in due time have been qualified to devour a boa-constrictor and wash it down with a flask of prussic acid.

The rage for tobacco promises utterly to destroy all that constitutes the fame of France. It seems first of all to threaten her *cuisine*. The Kitchen is in danger! This alarming tendency is manifest in its operations on the palate and effects on the stomach. It paralyzes the exquisite sense of taste, mars the appetite, and debilitates the digestive powers, by wasting both the peptic juice and the saliva. In the great affair of life, appetite corresponds with the pleasures of Imagination and Hope, taste with actual enjoyment, digestion with the pleasures of Memory. Appetite is our Akenside and Campbell; digestion our Rogers; we forget the poet—if any—who has sung the intermediate stage of bliss, worth the other two combined. But to the hardened "*fumeur*" what is palatable but his pipe or his cigar?—what *appétissant* but the odor of the estaminet?—what can he digest of more substance than a puff of smoke? The fathers of the French kitchen were not the votaries of tobacco. Their palate was healthy, their appetite vigorous, their stomach perfect, and their brain, consequently, busy, clear, fanciful, inventive. Upon these great and indispensable qualities they founded the culinary eminence of their country. In their days the kitchen smoked and not the cook; the estaminet presumed not to dispute the palm with the restaurant. Now, it is to be feared that France is in the decadence of her gastronomic reputation. Tobacco is, of all divinities, the most jealous, and its votaries end in being its victims.

Then what is to become of the airy and elastic temperament of the people? The French quicksilver will soon be transmuted into the dull metal of the Dutchman or the Turk. Smoke is light, but those who smoke are heavy. Melancholy marks them for her own. What sunshine can penetrate the cloud in which they wrap themselves; what music awake them from their grim repose? The pipe of the smoker is not the pipe to which swains dance. The fête of St. Cloud will ere long be the only rural festival in France. Summon the moustached Monsieur from the hooka to the Polka—summon him you may—but you might just as well invite the Abd-el-Kader to an Irish jig, or ask the Emperor of Morocco to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. Paris, in short, will soon be one vast estaminet, or cigar-divan, a European Algiers, or a French Constantinople; and it will only remain to wear the turban, read the Koran, and take an annual pilgrimage to the black stone of Mecca.

## THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* - 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843-4.

Our readers will find a rich repast in the perusal of this article of Macaulay's. It is seldom we are able to furnish one so rich and useful. Ed.

MORE than ten years ago we commenced a sketch of the political life of the great Lord Chatham. We then stopped at the death of George the Second, with the intention of speedily resuming our task. Circumstances which it would be tedious to explain, long prevented us from carrying this intention into effect. Nor can we regret the delay. For the materials which were within our reach in 1834 were scanty and unsatisfactory, when compared with those which we at present possess. Even now, though we have had access to some valuable sources of information which have not yet been opened to the public, we cannot but feel that the history of the first ten years of the reign of George the Third is but imperfectly known to us. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that we are in a condition to lay before our readers a narrative neither uninteresting nor unimportant. We therefore return with pleasure to our long interrupted labor.

We left Pitt in the zenith of prosperity and glory, the idol of England, the terror of France, the admiration of the whole civilized world. The wind, from whatever quarter it blew, carried to England tidings of battles won, fortresses taken, provinces added to the Empire. At home, factions had sunk into a lethargy, such as had never been known since the great religious schism of the sixteenth century had roused the public mind from repose.

In order that the events which we have to relate may be clearly understood, it may be desirable that we should advert to the causes which had for a time suspended the animation of both the great English parties.

If, rejecting all that is merely accidental, we look at the essential characteristics of the Whig and the Tory, we may consider each of them as the representative of a great principle, essential to the welfare of nations. One is, in an especial manner, the guardian of liberty, and the other, of order. One is

the moving power, and the other the steady power of the state. One is the sail, without which society would make no progress, the other the ballast, without which there would be the small safety in a tempest. But, during the forty-six years which followed the accession of the house of Hanover, these distinctive peculiarities seemed to be effaced. The Whig conceived that he could not better serve the cause of civil and religious freedom than by strenuously supporting the Protestant dynasty. The Tory conceived that he could not better prove his hatred of revolution than by attacking a government to which a revolution had given being. Both came by degrees to attach more importance to the means than to the end. Both were thrown into unnatural situations; and both, like animals transported to an uncongenial climate, languished and degenerated. The Tory, removed from the sunshine of the court, was as a camel in the snows of Lapland. The Whig, basking in the rays of royal favor, was as a reindeer in the sands of Arabia.

Dante tells us that he saw, in Malebolge, a strange encounter between a human form and a serpent. The enemies, after cruel wounds inflicted, stood for a time glaring on each other. A great cloud surrounded them, and then a wonderful metamorphosis began. Each creature was transfigured into the likeness of its antagonist. The serpent's tail divided itself into two legs; the man's legs intertwined themselves into a tail. The body of the serpent put forth arms; the arms of the man shrank into his body. At length the serpent stood up a man, and spake; the man sank down a serpent, and glided hissing away. Something like this was the transformation which, during the reign of George the First, befell the two English parties. Each gradually took the shape and color of its foe; till at length the Tory rose up erect the zealot of freedom, and the Whig crawled and licked the dust at the feet of power.

It is true that, when these degenerate politicians discussed questions merely speculative, and, above all, when they discussed questions relating to the conduct of their own grandfathers, they still seemed to differ as their grandfathers had differed. The Whig, who, during three Parliaments, had never given one vote against the court, and who was ready to sell his soul for the Comptroller's staff, or for the Great Wardrobe, still professed to draw his political doctrines from Locke and Milton, still



worshipped the memory of Pym and Hampden, and would still, on the thirtieth of January, take his glass, first to the man in the mask, and then to the man who would do it without a mask. The Tory, on the other hand, while he reviled the mild and temperate Walpole as a deadly enemy of liberty, could see nothing to reprobate in the iron tyranny of Stafford and Laud. But, whatever judgment the Whig or the Tory of that age might pronounce on transactions long past, there can be no doubt that, as respected the practical questions then pending, the Tory was a reformer, and indeed an intemperate and indiscreet reformer, while the Whig was conservative even to bigotry. We have ourselves seen similar effects produced in a neighboring country by similar causes. Who would have believed, fifteen years ago, that M. Guizot and M. Villemain would have to defend property and social order against the Jacobinical attacks of such enemies as M. Genoude and M. de La Roche Jaquelin?

Thus the successors of the old Cavaliers had turned demagogues; the successors of the old Roundheads had turned courtiers. Yet was it long before their mutual animosity began to abate; for it is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles. During many years, a generation of Whigs whom Sidney would have spurned as slaves, continued to wage deadly war with a generation of Tories whom Jefferies would have hanged for republicans.

Through the whole reign of George the First, and through nearly half of the reign of George the Second, a Tory was regarded as an enemy of the reigning house, and was excluded from all the favors of the crown. Though most of the country gentlemen were Tories, none but Whigs were created peers and baronets. Though most of the clergy were Tories, none but Whigs were created deans and bishops. In every county, opulent and well-descended Tory squires complained that their names were left out of the commission of the peace; while men of small estate and mean birth, who were for toleration and excise, septennial parliaments and standing armies, presided at quarter sessions, and became deputy lieutenants.

By degrees some approaches were made towards a reconciliation. While Walpole was at the head of affairs, enmity to his power induced a large and powerful body of Whigs, headed by the heir-apparent of

the throne, to make an alliance with the Tories, and a truce even with the Jacobites. After Sir Robert's fall, the ban which lay on the Tory party was taken off. The chief places in the administration continued to be filled by Whigs, and, indeed, could scarcely have been filled otherwise; for the Tory nobility and gentry, though strong in numbers and in property, had among them scarcely a single man distinguished by talents, either for business or for debate. A few of them, however, were admitted to subordinate offices; and this indulgence produced a softening effect on the temper of the whole body. The first levee of George the Second after Walpole's resignation was a remarkable spectacle. Mingled with the constant supporters of the house of Brunswick, with the Russells, the Cavendishes, and the Pelhams, appeared a crowd of faces utterly unknown to the pages and gentlemen-ushers, lords of rural manors, whose ale and fox-hounds were renowned in the neighborhood of the Mendip hills, or round the Wrekin, but who had never crossed the threshold of the palace since the days when Oxford, with the white staff in his hand, stood behind Queen Anne.

During the eighteen years which followed this day, both factions were gradually sinking deeper and deeper into repose. The apathy of the public mind is partly to be ascribed to the unjust violence with which the administration of Walpole had been assailed. In the body politic, as in the natural body, morbid languor generally succeeds to morbid excitement. The people had been maddened by sophistry, by calumny, by rhetoric, by stimulants applied to the national pride. In the fulness of bread, they had raved as if famine had been in the land. While enjoying such a measure of civil and religious freedom as, till then, no great society had ever known, they had cried out for a Timoleon or a Brutus to stab their oppressors to the heart. They were in this frame of mind when the change of administration took place; and they soon found that there was to be no change whatever in the system of government. The natural consequences followed. To frantic zeal succeeded sullen indifference. The cant of patriotism had not merely ceased to charm the public ear, but had become as nauseous as the cant of Puritanism after the downfall of the Rump. The hot fit was over: the cold fit had begun; and it was long before seditious arts, or even real grievances, could bring back the fiery

paroxysm which had run its course, and reached its termination.

Two attempts were made to disturb this tranquillity. The banished heir of the house of Stuart headed a rebellion; the discontented heir of the house of Brunswick headed an opposition. Both the rebellion and the opposition came to nothing. The battle of Culloden annihilated the Jacobite party; the death of Prince Frederic dissolved the faction which, under his guidance, had feebly striven to annoy his father's government. His chief followers hastened to make their peace with the ministry; and the political torpor became complete.

Five years after the death of Prince Frederic, the public mind was for a time violently excited. But this excitement had nothing to do with the old disputes between Whigs and Tories. England was at war with France. The war had been feebly conducted. Minorca had been torn from us. Our fleet had retired before the white flag of the House of Bourbon. A bitter sense of humiliation, new to the proudest and bravest of nations, superseded every other feeling. The cry of all the counties and great towns of the realm was for a government which would retrieve the honor of the English arms. The two most powerful men in the country were the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt. Alternate victories and defeats had made them sensible that neither of them could stand alone. The interests of the state, and the interests of their own ambition, impelled them to coalesce. By their coalition was formed the ministry which was in power when George the Third ascended the throne.

The more carefully the structure of this celebrated ministry is examined, the more shall we see reason to marvel at the skill or the luck which had combined in one harmonious whole such various and, as it seemed, incompatible elements of force. The influence which is derived from stainless integrity, the influence which is derived from the vilest arts of corruption, the strength of aristocratical connection, the strength of democratical enthusiasm, all these things were for the first time found together. Newcastle brought to the coalition a vast mass of power, which had descended to him from Walpole and Pelham. The public offices, the church, the courts of law, the army, the navy, the diplomatic service, swarmed with his creatures. The

boroughs, which long afterwards made up the memorable schedules A and B, were represented by his nominees. The great Whig families, which during several generations had been trained in the discipline of party warfare, and were accustomed to stand together in a firm phalanx, acknowledged him as their captain. Pitt, on the other hand, had what Newcastle wanted, an eloquence which stirred the passions and charmed the imagination, a high reputation for purity, and the confidence and ardent love of millions.

The partition which the two ministers made of the powers of government was singularly happy. Each occupied a province for which he was well qualified; and neither had any inclination to intrude himself into the province of the other. Newcastle took the treasury, the civil and ecclesiastical patronage, and the disposal of that part of the secret service money which was then employed in bribing members of Parliament. Pitt was secretary of state, with the direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Thus the filth of all the noisome and pestilential sewers of government was poured into one channel. Through the other passed only what was bright and stainless. Mean and selfish politicians, pinning for commissionerships, gold sticks, and ribands, flocked to the great house at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, at every levee, appeared eighteen or twenty pair of lawn sleeves; for there was not, it was said, a single Prelate who had not owed either his first elevation or some subsequent translation to Newcastle. There appeared those members of the House of Commons in whose silent votes the main strength of the government lay. One wanted a place in the excise for his butler. Another came about a prebend for his son. A third whispered that he had always stood by his Grace and the Protestant succession; that his last election had been very expensive; that pot-wallopers had now no conscience; that he had been forced to take up money on mortgage; and that he hardly knew where to turn for five hundred pounds. The Duke pressed all their hands, passed his arms round all their shoulders, patted all their backs, and sent away some with wages, and some with promises. From this traffic Pitt stood haughtily aloof. Not only was he himself incorruptible, but he shrank from the loathsome drudgery of corrupting others. He had not, however, been twenty years in Parliament, and ten in office,



without discovering how the government was carried on. He was perfectly aware that bribery was practised on a large scale by his colleagues. Hating the practice, yet despairing of putting it down, and doubting whether, in those times, any ministry could stand without it, he determined to be blind to it. He would see nothing, know nothing, believe nothing. People who came to talk to him about shares in lucrative contracts, or about the means of securing a Cornish corporation, were soon put out of countenance by his arrogant humility. They did him too much honor. Such matters were beyond his capacity. It was true that his poor advice about expeditions and treaties was listened to with indulgence by a gracious sovereign. If the question were, who should command in North America, or who should be ambassador at Berlin, his colleagues would probably condescend to take his opinion. But he had not the smallest influence with the secretary of the treasury, and could not venture to ask even for a tide-waiter's place.

It may be doubted whether he did not owe as much of his popularity to his ostentatious purity, as to his eloquence, or to his talents for the administration of war. It was every where said, with delight and admiration, that the great Commoner, without any advantages of birth or fortune, had, in spite of the dislike of the court and of the aristocracy, made himself the first man in England, and made England the first country in the world; that his name was mentioned with awe in every palace from Lisbon to Moscow; that his trophies were in all the four quarters of the globe; yet that he was still plain William Pitt, without title or riband, without pension or sinecure place. Whenever he should retire, after saving the state, he must sell his coach-horses and his silver candlesticks. Widely as the taint of corruption had spread, his hands were clean. They had never received, they had never given, the price of infamy. Thus the coalition gathered to itself support from all the high and all the low parts of human nature, and was strong with the whole united strength of virtue and of Mammon.

Pitt and Newcastle were co-ordinate chief ministers. The subordinate places had been filled on the principle of including in the government every party and shade of party, the avowed Jacobites alone excepted; nay, every public man who, from

his abilities or from his situation, seemed likely to be either useful in office or formidable in opposition.

The Whigs, according to what was then considered as their prescriptive right, held by far the largest share of power. The main support of the administration was what may be called the great Whig connection—a connection which, during near half a century, had generally had the chief sway in the country, and which derived an immense authority from rank, wealth, borough interest, and firm union. To this connection, of which Newcastle was the head, belonged the houses of Cavendish, Lennox, Fitzroy, Bentinck, Mannors, Conway, Wentworth, and many others of high note.

There were two other powerful Whig connections, either of which might have been a nucleus for a formidable opposition. But room had been found in the government for both. They were known as the Grenvilles and the Bedfords.

The head of the Grenvilles was Richard Earl Temple. His talents for administration and debate were of no high order. But his great possessions, his turbulent and unscrupulous character, his restless activity, and his skill in the most ignoble tactics of faction, made him one of the most formidable enemies that a ministry could have. He was keeper of the privy seal. His brother George was treasurer of the navy. They were supposed to be on terms of close friendship with Pitt, who had married their sister, and was the most uxorious of husbands.

The Bedfords, or, as they were called by their enemies, the Bloomsbury gang, professed to be led by John Duke of Bedford, but in truth led him wherever they chose, and very often led him where he never would have gone of his own accord. He had many good qualities of head and heart, and would have been certainly a respectable, and possibly a distinguished man, if he had been less under the influence of his friends, or more fortunate in choosing them. Some of them were indeed, to do them justice, men of parts. But here, we are afraid, eulogy must end. Sandwich and Rigby were able debaters, pleasant boon companions, dexterous intriguers, masters of all the arts of jobbing and electioneering, and, both in public and private life, shamelessly immoral. Weymouth had a natural eloquence, which sometimes astonished those who knew how little he

owed to study. But he was indolent and dissolute, and had early impaired a fine estate with the dice-box, and a fine constitution with the bottle. The wealth and power of the Duke, and the talents and audacity of some of his retainers, might have seriously annoyed the strongest ministry. But his assistance had been secured. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Rigby was his secretary; and the whole party dutifully supported the measures of the government.

Two men had, a short time before, been thought likely to contest with Pitt the lead of the House of Commons—William Murray and Henry Fox. But Murray had been removed to the Lords, and was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. Fox was indeed still in the Commons. But means had been found to secure, if not his strenuous support, at least his silent acquiescence. He was a poor man; he was a doting father. The office of Paymaster-General during an expensive war was, in that age, perhaps the most lucrative situation in the gift of the government. This office was bestowed on Fox. The prospect of making a noble fortune in a few years, and of providing amply for his darling boy Charles, was irresistibly tempting. To hold a subordinate place, however profitable, after having led the House of Commons, and having been intrusted with the business of forming a ministry, was indeed a great descent. But a punctilious sense of personal dignity was no part of the character of Henry Fox.

We have not time to enumerate all the other men of weight and talents who were, by some tie or other, attached to the government. We may mention Hardwicke, reputed the first lawyer of the age; Legge, reputed the first financier of the age; the acute and ready Oswald; the bold and humorous Nugent; Charles Townshend, the most brilliant and versatile of mankind; Elliot, Barrington, North, Pratt. Indeed, as far as we recollect, there were in the whole House of Commons only two men of distinguished abilities who were not connected with the government; and those two men stood so low in public estimation, that the only service which they could have rendered to any government would have been to oppose it. We speak of Lord George Sackville and Bubb Doddington.

Though most of the official men, and all the members of the cabinet, were reputed

Whigs, the Tories were by no means excluded from employment. Pitt had gratified many of them with commands in the militia, which increased both their income and their importance in their own counties; and they were therefore in better humor than at any time since the death of Anne. Some of the party still continued to grumble over their punch at the Cocoa-Tree; but in the House of Commons not a single one of the malecontents durst lift his eyes above the buckle of Pitt's shoe.

Thus there was absolutely no opposition. Nay, there was no sign from which it could be guessed in what quarter opposition was likely to arise. Several years passed during which Parliament seemed to have abdicated its chief functions. The Journals of the House of Commons during four sessions, contain no trace of a division on a party question. The supplies, though beyond precedent great, were voted without discussion. The most animated debates of that period were on road bills and inclosure bills.

The old King was content; and it mattered little whether he were content or not. It would have been impossible for him to emancipate himself from a ministry so powerful, even if he had been inclined to do so. But he had no such inclination. He had once, indeed, been strongly prejudiced against Pitt, and had repeatedly been ill used by Newcastle; but the vigor and success with which the war had been waged in Germany, and the smoothness with which all public business was carried on, had produced a favorable change in the royal mind.

Such was the posture of affairs when, on the 25th of October 1760, George the Second suddenly died, and George the Third, then twenty-two years old, became King. The situation of George the Third differed widely from that of his grandfather and that of his great-grandfather. Many years had now elapsed since a sovereign of England had been an object of affection to any part of his people. The first two Kings of the House of Hanover had neither those hereditary rights which have often supplied the defect of merit, nor those personal qualities which have often supplied the defect of title. A prince may be popular with little virtue or capacity, if he reigns by birthright derived from a long line of illustrious predecessors. An usurper may be popular, if his genius has saved or aggrandized the nation which he gov-



erns. Perhaps no rulers have in our time had a stronger hold on the affection of subjects than the Emperor Francis, and his son-in-law, the Emperor Napoleon. But imagine a ruler with no better title than Napoleon, and no better understanding than Francis. Richard Cromwell was such a ruler; and, as soon as an arm was lifted up against him, he fell without a struggle, amidst universal derision. George the First and George the Second were in a situation which bore some resemblance to that of Richard Cromwell. They were saved from the fate of Richard Cromwell by the strenuous and able exertions of the Whig party, and by the general conviction that the nation had no choice but between the house of Brunswick and Popery. But by no class were the Guelphs regarded with that devoted affection, of which Charles the First, Charles the Second, and James the Second, in spite of the greatest faults, and in the midst of the greatest misfortunes, received innumerable proofs. Those Whigs who stood by the new dynasty so manfully with purse and sword, did so on principles independent of, and indeed almost incompatible with, the sentiment of devoted loyalty. The moderate Tories regarded the foreign dynasty as a great evil, which must be endured for fear of a greater evil. In the eyes of the high Tories, the Elector was the most hateful of robbers and tyrants. The crown of another was on his head; the blood of the brave and loyal was on his hands. Thus, during many years, the Kings of England were objects of strong personal aversion to many of their subjects, and of strong personal attachment to none. They found, indeed, firm and cordial support against the pretender to their throne; but this support was given, not at all for their sake, but for the sake of a religious and political system which would have been endangered by their fall. This support, too, they were compelled to purchase by perpetually sacrificing their private inclinations to the party which had set them on the throne, and which maintained them there.

At the close of the reign of George the Second, the feeling of aversion with which the house of Brunswick had long been regarded by half the nation had died away; but no feeling of affection to that house had yet sprung up. There was little, indeed, in the old King's character to inspire esteem or tenderness. He was not our countryman. He never set foot on our

soil till he was more than thirty years old. His speech bewrayed his foreign origin and breeding. His love for his native land, though the most amiable part of his character, was not likely to endear him to his British subjects. That he was never so happy as when he could exchange St. James's for Hernhausen; that, year after year, our fleets were employed to convoy him to the Continent; that the interests of his kingdom were as nothing to him when compared with the interests of his Electorate, could scarcely be denied. As to the rest, he had neither the qualities which make dulness respectable, nor the qualities which make libertinism attractive. He had been a bad son and a worse father; an unfaithful husband and an ungraceful lover. Not one magnanimous or humane action is recorded of him; but many instances of meanness, and of a harshness which, but for the strong constitutional restraints under which he was placed, might have made the misery of his people.

He died; and at once a new world opened. The young King was a born Englishman. All his tastes and habits, good or bad, were English. No portion of his subjects had any thing to reproach him with. Even the remaining adherents of the house of Stuart could scarcely impute to him the guilt of usurpation. He was not responsible for the Revolution, for the Act of Settlement, for the suppression of the risings of 1715 and of 1745. He was innocent of the blood of Derwentwater and Kilmarnock, of Balmerino and Cameron. Born more than fifty years after the old line had been expelled, fourth in descent and third in succession of the Hanoverian dynasty, he might plead some show of hereditary right. His age, his appearance, and all that was known of his character, conciliated public favor. He was in the bloom of youth; his person and address were pleasing. Scandal imputed to him no vice; and flattery might, without any glaring absurdity, ascribe to him many princely virtues.

It is not strange, therefore, that the sentiment of loyalty, a sentiment which had lately seemed to be as much out of date as the belief in witches or the practice of pilgrimage, should, from the day of his accession, have begun to revive. The Tories in particular, who had always been inclined to King-worship, and who had long felt with pain the want of an idol be-

fore whom they could bow themselves down, were as joyful as the priests of Apis, when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore. It was soon clear that George the Third was regarded by a portion of the nation with a very different feeling from that which his two predecessors had inspired. They had been merely first Magistrates, Doges, Stadtholders; he was emphatically a King, the anointed of heaven, the breath of his people's nostrils. The years of the widowhood and mourning of the Tory party were over. Dido had kept faith long enough to the cold ashes of a former lord; she had at last found a comforter, and recognized the vestiges of the old flame. The golden days of Harley would return; the Somersets, the Lees, and the Wyndhams would again surround the throne. The latitudinarian Prelates, who had not been ashamed to correspond with Doddridge and to shake hands with Whiston, would be succeeded by divines of the temper of South and Atterbury. The devotion which had been so signally shown to the house of Stuart—which had been proof against defeats, confiscations, and proscriptions, which perfidy, oppression, ingratitude, could not weary out—was now transferred entire to the house of Brunswick. If George the Third would but accept the homage of the Cavaliers and High-churchmen, he should be to them all that Charles the First and Charles the Second had been.

The Prince whose accession was thus hailed by a great party long estranged from his house, had received from nature a strong will, a firmness of temper to which a harsher name might perhaps be given, and an understanding not, indeed, acute or enlarged, but such as qualified him to be a good man of business. But his character had not yet fully developed itself. He had been brought up in strict seclusion. The detractors of the Princess-Dowager of Wales affirmed that she had kept her children from commerce with society, in order that she might hold an undivided empire over their minds. She gave a very different explanation of her conduct. She would gladly, she said, see her sons and daughters mix in the world, if they could do so without risk to their morals. But the profligacy of the people of quality alarmed her. The young men were all rakes; the young women made love, instead of waiting till it was made to them. She could not bear to expose those whom she loved best to the

contaminating influence of such society. The moral advantages of the system of education which formed the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Queen of Denmark, may perhaps be questioned. George the Third was indeed no libertine; but he brought to the throne a mind only half opened, and was for some time entirely under the influence of his mother and of his Groom of the Stole, John Stuart, Earl of Bute.

The Earl of Bute was scarcely known, even by name, to the country which he was soon to govern. He had indeed, a short time before he came of age, been chosen to fill a vacancy which, in the middle of a parliament, had taken place among the Scotch representative peers. He had disobliterated the Whig ministers by giving some silent votes with the Tories, had consequently lost his seat at the next dissolution, and had never been re-elected. Near twenty years had elapsed since he had borne any part in politics. He had passed some of those years at his seat in one of the Hebrides, and from that retirement he had emerged as one of the household of Prince Frederic. Lord Bute, excluded from public life, had found out many ways of amusing his leisure. He was a tolerable actor in private theatricals, and was particularly successful in the part of Lothario. A handsome leg, to which both painters and satirists took care to give prominence, was among his chief qualifications for the stage. He devised quaint dresses for masquerades. He dabbled in geometry, mechanics, and botany. He paid some attention to antiquities and works of art, and was considered in his own circle as a judge of painting, architecture, and poetry. It is said that his spelling was incorrect. But though, in our time, incorrect spelling is justly considered as a proof of sordid ignorance, it would be most unjust to apply the same rule to people who lived a century ago. The novel of Sir Charles Grandison was published about the time at which Lord Bute made his appearance at Leicester House. Our readers may perhaps remember the account which Charlotte Grandison gives of her two lovers. One of them, a fashionable baronet, who talks French and Italian fluently, cannot write a line in his own language without some sin against orthography; the other, who is represented as a most respectable specimen of the young aristocracy, and something of a virtuoso, is described as spelling pretty well for a lord.



On the whole, the Earl of Bute might fairly be called a man of cultivated mind. He was also a man of undoubted honor. But his understanding was narrow, and his manners cold and haughty. His qualifications for the part of a statesman were best described by Frederic, who often indulged in the unprincipally luxury of sneering at his dependents. 'Bute,' said his royal highness, 'you are the very man to be envoy at some small, proud German court where there is nothing to do.'

Scandal represented the Groom of the Stole as the favored lover of the Princess-Dowager. He was undoubtedly her confidential friend. The influence which the two united exercised over the mind of the King was for a time unbounded. The princess, a woman and a foreigner, was not likely to be a judicious adviser about affairs of state. The earl could scarcely be said to have served even a noviciate in politics. His notions of government had been acquired in the society which had been in the habit of assembling round Frederic at Kew and Leicester House. That society consisted principally of Tories, who had been reconciled to the house of Hanover by the civility with which the Prince had treated them, and by the hope of obtaining high preferment when he should come to the throne. Their political creed was a peculiar modification of Toryism. It was the creed neither of the Tories of the seventeenth, nor of the Tories of the nineteenth century; it was the creed, not of Filmer and Sacheverell, not of Perceval and Eldon, but of the sect of which Bolingbroke may be considered as the chief doctor. This sect deserves commendation for having pointed out and justly reprobated some great abuses which sprang up during the long domination of the Whigs. But it is far easier to point out and reprobate abuses, than to propose reforms; and the reforms which Bolingbroke proposed would either have been utterly inefficient, or would have produced much more mischief than they would have removed.

The revolution had saved the nation from one class of evils, but had at the same time—such is the imperfection of all things human—engendered or aggravated another class of evils which required new remedies. Liberty and property were secure from the attacks of prerogative. Conscience was respected. No government ventured to infringe any of the rights solemnly recognized by the instrument which had called

William and Mary to the throne. But it cannot be denied that, under the new system, the public interests and the public morals were seriously endangered by corruption and faction. During the long struggle against the Stuarts the chief object of the most enlightened statesmen had been to strengthen the House of Commons. The struggle was over, the victory was won, the House of Commons was supreme in the state; and all the vices which had till then been latent in the representative system were rapidly developed by prosperity and power. Scarcely had the executive government become really responsible to the House of Commons, when it began to appear that the House of Commons was not really responsible to the nation. Many of the constituent assemblies were under the absolute control of individuals: many were notoriously at the command of the highest bidder. The debates were not published; it was very seldom known out of doors how a gentleman had voted. Thus, while the ministry was accountable to the Parliament, the majority of the Parliament was accountable to nobody. Under such circumstances, nothing could be more natural than that the members should insist on being paid for their votes, should form themselves into combinations for the purpose of raising the price of their votes, and should at critical conjunctures extort large wages by threatening a strike. Thus the Whig ministers of George the First and George the Second, were compelled to reduce corruption to a system, and to practise it on a gigantic scale.

If we are right as to the cause of these abuses, we can scarcely be wrong as to the remedy. The remedy was surely not to deprive the House of Commons of its weight in the state. Such a course would undoubtedly have put an end to parliamentary corruption and to parliamentary factions; for when votes cease to be of importance they will cease to be bought; and when knaves can get nothing by combining they will cease to combine. But to destroy corruption and faction by introducing despotism, would have been to cure bad by worse. The proper remedy evidently was, to make the House of Commons responsible to the nation; and this was to be effected in two ways—first, by giving publicity to parliamentary proceedings, and thus placing every member on his trial before the tribunal of public opinion: and secondly, by so reforming the con-

stitution of the House, that no man should be able to sit in it who had not been returned by a respectable and independent body of constituents.

Bolingbroke and Bolingbroke's disciples recommended a very different mode of treating the diseases of the state. Their doctrine was, that a vigorous use of the prerogative by a patriot King would at once break all factious combinations, and supersede the pretended necessity of bribing members of Parliament. The King had only to resolve that he would be master, that he would not be held in thralldom by any set of men, that he would take for ministers any persons in whom he had confidence, without distinction of party, and that he would restrain his servants from influencing, by immoral means, either the constituent body or the representative body. This childish scheme proved that those who proposed it knew nothing of the nature of the evil with which they pretended to deal. The real cause of the prevalence of corruption and faction was, that a House of Commons, not accountable to the people, was more powerful than the King. Bolingbroke's remedy could be applied only by a King more powerful than the House of Commons. How was the patriot Prince to govern in defiance of the body without whose consent he could not equip a sloop, keep a battalion under arms, send an embassy, or defray even the charges of his own household? Was he to dissolve the Parliament? And what was he likely to gain by appealing to Sudbury and Old Sarum against the venality of their representatives? Was he to send out privy seals? Was he to levy ship-money? If so, this boasted reform must commence in all probability by civil war, and, if consummated, must be consummated by the establishment of absolute monarchy. Or was the patriot King to carry the House of Commons with him in his upright designs? By what means? Interdicting himself from the use of corrupt influence, what motive was he to address to the Dodingtons and Winningtons? Was cupidity, strengthened by habit, to be laid asleep by a few fine sentences about virtue and union?

Absurd as this theory was, it had many admirers, particularly among men of letters. It was now to be reduced to practice; and the result was, as any man of sagacity must have foreseen, the most piteous and ridiculous of failures.

On the very day of the young King's ac-

cession, appeared some signs which indicated the approach of a great change. The speech which he made to his council was not submitted to the cabinet. It was drawn up by Bute, and contained some expressions which might be construed into reflections on the conduct of affairs during the late reign. Pitt remonstrated, and begged that these expressions might be softened down in the printed copy; but it was not till after some hours of altercation that Bute yielded; and, even after Bute had yielded, the King affected to hold out till the following afternoon. On the same day on which this singular contest took place, Bute was not only sworn of the privy council, but introduced into the cabinet.

Soon after this, Lord Holderness, one of the secretaries of state, in pursuance of a plan concerted with the court, resigned the seals. Bute was instantly appointed to the vacant place. A general election speedily followed, and the new secretary entered parliament in the only way in which he then could enter it, as one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland.\*

Had the ministers been firmly united, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have been able to withstand the court. The parliamentary influence of the Whig aristocracy, combined with the genius, the virtue, and the fame of Pitt, would have been irresistible. But there had been in the cabinet of George the Second latent jealousies and enmities, which now began to show themselves. Pitt had been estranged from his old ally Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer. Some of the ministers were envious of Pitt's popularity; others were, not altogether without cause, disgusted by his imperious and haughty demeanor; others, again, were honestly opposed to some parts of his policy. They admitted that he had found the country in the depths of humiliation, and had raised it to the height of glory; they admitted that he had conducted the war with energy, ability, and splendid success. But they began to hint that the drain on the resources of the state was unexampled, and that the public debt was increasing with a speed at which Montague or Godolphin would have stood aghast. Some of the acquisitions made by our fleets and armies were, it was acknowledged, profitable as well as honorable; but now

\* In the reign of Anne, the House of Lords had resolved that, under the 23d article of Union, no Scotch peer could be created a peer of Great Britain. This resolution was not annulled till the year 1782.



that George the Second was dead, a courtier might venture to ask why England was to become a party in a dispute between two German powers. What was it to her whether the house of Hapsburg or the house of Brandenburg ruled in Silesia? Why were the best English regiments fighting on the Maine? Why were the Prussian battalions paid with English gold? The great minister seemed to think it beneath him to calculate the price of victory. As long as the Tower guns were fired, as the streets were illuminated, as French banners were carried in triumph through the streets of London, it was to him a matter of indifference to what extent the public burdens were augmented. Nay, he seemed to glory in the magnitude of these sacrifices, which the people, fascinated by his eloquence and success, had too readily made, and would long and bitterly regret. There was no check on waste or embezzlement. Our commissaries returned from the camp of Prince Ferdinand to buy boroughs, to rear palaces, to rival the magnificence of the old aristocracy of the realm. Already had we borrowed, in four years of war, more than the most skilful and economical government would pay in forty years of peace. But the prospect of peace was as remote as ever. It could not be doubted that France, smarting and prostrate, would consent to fair terms of accommodation; but this was not what Pitt wanted. War had made him powerful and popular: with war, all that was brightest in his life was associated: for war his talents were peculiarly fitted. He had at length begun to love war for its own sake, and was more disposed to quarrel with neutrals than to make peace with enemies.

Such were the views of the Duke of Bedford and of the Earl of Hardwicke; but no member of the government held these opinions so strongly as George Grenville, the Treasurer of the Navy. George Grenville was brother-in-law of Pitt, and had always been reckoned one of Pitt's personal and political friends. But it is difficult to conceive two men of talents and integrity more unlike each other. Pitt, as his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's Fairy Queen. He had never applied himself steadily to any branch of knowledge. He was a wretched financier. He never became familiar even with the rules of that House of which he was the brightest ornament. He had never studied public law as a system; and was, indeed, so ignorant of the whole subject, that George the Second,

on one occasion, complained bitterly, that a man who had never read Vattel should presume to undertake the direction of foreign affairs. But these defects were more than redeemed by high and rare gifts; by a strange power of inspiring great masses of men with confidence and affection; by an eloquence which not only delighted the ear, but stirred the blood and brought tears into the eyes; by originality in devising plans; by vigor in executing them. Grenville, on the other hand, was by nature and habit a man of details. He had been bred a lawyer; and he had brought the industry and acuteness of the Temple into official and parliamentary life. He was supposed to be intimately acquainted with the whole fiscal system of the country. He had paid especial attention to the law of Parliament, and was so learned in all things relating to the privileges and orders of the House of Commons, that those who loved him least pronounced him the only person competent to succeed Onslow in the Chair. His speeches were generally instructive, and sometimes, from the gravity and earnestness with which he spoke, even impressive; but never brilliant, and generally tedious. Indeed, even when he was at the head of affairs, he sometimes found it difficult to obtain the ear of the House. In disposition as well as in intellect, he differed widely from his brother-in-law. Pitt was utterly regardless of money. He would scarcely stretch out his hand to take it; and when it came, he threw it away with childish profusion. Grenville, though strictly upright, was grasping and parsimonious. Pitt was a man of excitable nerves, sanguine in hope, easily elated by success and popularity, keenly sensible of injury, but prompt to forgive; Grenville's character was stern, melancholy, and pertinacious. Nothing was more remarkable in him than his inclination always to look on the dark side of things. He was the raven of the House of Commons, always croaking defeat in the midst of triumphs, and bankruptcy with an overflowing exchequer. Burke, with general applause, compared Grenville, in a time of quiet and plenty, to the evil spirit whom Ovid described looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens, and scarce able to refrain from weeping because she could find nothing at which to weep. Such a man was not likely to be popular. But to unpopularity Grenville opposed a dogged determination, which sometimes forced even those who hated him to respect him.

It was natural that Pitt and Grenville, being such as they were, should take very different views of the situation of affairs. Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill. Pitt boasted that England was victorious at once in America, in India, and in Germany—the umpire of the Continent, the mistress of the sea. Grenville cast up the subsidies, sighed over the army extraordinaries, and groaned in spirit to think that the nation had borrowed eight millions in one year.

With a ministry thus divided, it was not difficult for Bute to deal. Legge was the first who fell. He had given offence to the young King in the late reign, by refusing to support a creature of Bute at a Hampshire election. He was now not only turned out, but in the closet, when he delivered up his seal of office, was treated with gross incivility.

Pitt, who did not love Legge, saw this event with indifference. But the danger was now fast approaching himself. Charles the Third of Spain had early conceived a deadly hatred of England. Twenty years before, when he was King of the two Sicilies, he had been eager to join the coalition against Maria Theresa. But an English fleet had suddenly appeared in the Bay of Naples. An English captain had landed, had proceeded to the palace, had laid a watch on the table, and had told his majesty that, within an hour, a treaty of neutrality must be signed, or a bombardment would commence. The treaty was signed; the squadron sailed out of the bay twenty-four hours after it had sailed in; and from that day the ruling passion of the humbled Prince was aversion to the English name. He was at length in a situation in which he might hope to gratify that passion. He had recently become King of Spain and the Indies. He saw, with envy and apprehension, the triumphs of our navy, and the rapid extension of our colonial Empire. He was a Bourbon, and sympathized with the distress of the house from which he sprang. He was a Spaniard; and no Spaniard could bear to see Gibraltar and Minorca in the possession of a foreign power. Impelled by such feelings, Charles concluded a secret treaty with France. By this treaty, known as the Family Compact, the two powers bound themselves, not in express words, but by the clearest implication, to make war on England in common. Spain postponed the declaration of hostilities only

till her fleet, laden with the treasures of America, should have arrived.

The existence of the treaty could not be kept a secret from Pitt. He acted as a man of his capacity and energy might be expected to act. He at once proposed to declare war against Spain, and to intercept the American fleet. He had determined, it is said, to attack without delay both Havana and the Philippines.

His wise and resolute counsel was rejected. Bute was foremost in opposing it, and was supported by almost the whole cabinet. Some of the ministers doubted, or affected to doubt, the correctness of Pitt's intelligence; some shrank from the responsibility of advising a course so bold and decided as that which he proposed; some were weary of his ascendancy, and were glad to be rid of him on any pretext. One only of his colleagues agreed with him, his brother-in-law, Earl Temple.

Pitt and Temple resigned their offices. To Pitt the young King behaved at parting in the most gracious manner. Pitt, who, proud and fiery every where else, was always meek and humble in the closet, was moved even to tears. The King and the favorite urged him to accept some substantial mark of royal gratitude. Would he like to be appointed governor of Canada? A salary of £5000 a-year should be annexed to the office. Residence would not be required. It was true that the governor of Canada, as the law then stood, could not be a member of the House of Commons. But a bill should be brought in authorizing Pitt to hold his government together with a seat in Parliament, and in the preamble should be set forth his claims to the gratitude of his country. Pitt answered, with all delicacy, that his anxieties were rather for his wife and family than for himself, and that nothing would be so acceptable to him as a mark of royal goodness which might be beneficial to those who were dearest to him. The hint was taken. The same gazette which announced the retirement of the secretary of state, announced also, that, in consideration of his great public services, his wife had been created a peeress in her own right, and a pension of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives had been bestowed on himself. It was doubtless thought that the rewards and honors conferred on the great minister would have a conciliatory effect on the public mind. Perhaps, too, it was thought that his popularity, which had partly arisen from



the contempt which he had always shown for money, would be damaged by a pension: and indeed a crowd of libels instantly appeared, in which he was accused of having sold his country. Many of his true friends thought that he would have best consulted the dignity of his character by refusing to accept any pecuniary reward from the court. Nevertheless, the general opinion of his talents, virtues, and services, remained unaltered. Addresses were presented to him from several large towns. London showed its admiration and affection in a still more marked manner. Soon after his resignation came the Lord Mayor's day. The King and the royal family dined at Guildhall. Pitt was one of the guests. The young sovereign, seated by his bride in his state coach, received a remarkable lesson. He was scarcely noticed. All eyes were fixed on the fallen minister; all acclamations directed to him. The streets, the balconies, the chimney-tops burst into a roar of delight as his chariot passed by. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. The common people clung to the wheels, shook hands with the footmen, and even kissed the horses. Cries of 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' were mingled with the shouts of 'Pitt for ever!' When Pitt entered Guildhall, he was welcomed by loud huzzas and clapping of hands, in which the very magistrates of the city joined. Lord Bute, in the mean time, was hooted and pelted through Cheapside, and would, it was thought, have been in some danger, if he had not taken the precaution of surrounding his carriage with a strong body-guard of boxers. Many persons blamed the conduct of Pitt on this occasion, as disrespectful to the King. Indeed, Pitt himself afterwards owned that he had done wrong. He was led into this error, as he was afterwards led into more serious errors, by the influence of his turbulent and mischievous brother-in-law, Temple.

The events which immediately followed Pitt's retirement raised his fame higher than ever. War with Spain proved to be, as he had predicted, inevitable. News came from the West Indies that Martinique had been taken by an expedition which he had sent forth. Havanna fell; and it was known that he had planned an attack on Havanna. Manilla capitulated: and it was believed that he had meditated a blow against Manilla. The American fleet, which he had proposed to intercept, had unloaded an immense cargo of bullion in the haven

of Cadiz, before Bute could be convinced that the court of Madrid really entertained hostile intentions.

The session of Parliament which followed Pitt's retirement passed over without any violent storm. Lord Bute took on himself the most prominent part in the House of Lords. He had become secretary of state, and indeed prime minister, without having once opened his lips in public except as an actor. There was, therefore, no small curiosity to know how he would acquit himself. Members of the House of Commons crowded the bar of the Lords, and covered the steps of the throne. It was generally expected that the orator would break down; but his most malicious hearers were forced to own that he had made a better figure than they expected. They, indeed, ridiculed his action as theatrical, and his style as tumid. They were especially amused by the long pauses which, not from hesitation but from affectation, he made at all the emphatic words, and Charles Townsend cried out, 'Minute guns!' The general opinion, however, was, that if Bute had been early practised in debate he might have become an impressive speaker.

In the Commons, George Grenville had been intrusted with the lead. The task was not, as yet, a very difficult one: for Pitt did not, think fit to raise the standard of opposition. His speeches at this time were distinguished, not only by that eloquence in which he excelled all his rivals, but also by a temperance and a modesty which had too often been wanting to his character. When war was declared against Spain, he justly laid claim to the merit of having foreseen what had at length become manifest to all, but he carefully abstained from arrogant and acrimonious expressions; and this abstinence was the more honorable to him, because his temper, never very placid, was now severely tried, both by gout and by calumny. The courtiers had adopted a mode of warfare, which was soon turned with far more formidable effect against themselves. Half the inhabitants of the Grub-Street garrets paid their milk-scores, and got their shirts out of pawn by abusing Pitt. His German war, his subsidies, his pension, his wife's peerage, were shins of beef and ale, blankets and baskets of small ale, to the starving poetasters of the street. Even in the House of Commons, he was, on one occasion during this session, assailed with an insolence and malice which called forth the

indignation of all men of all parties; but he endured the outrage with majestic patience. In his younger days he had been but too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles. 'This is no season,' he said, in the debate on the Spanish war, 'for altercation and recrimination. A day has arrived when every Englishman should stand forth for his country. Arm the whole; be one people; forget every thing but the public. I set you the example. Harassed by slanderers, sinking under pain and disease, for the public I forget both my wrongs and my infirmities!' On a general review of his life, we are inclined to think that his genius and virtue never shone with so pure an effulgence as during the session of 1762.

The session drew towards the close; and Bute, emboldened by the acquiescence of the Houses, resolved to strike another great blow, and to become first minister in name as well as in reality. That coalition, which a few months before had seemed all powerful, had been dissolved. The retreat of Pitt had deprived the government of popularity. Newcastle had exulted in the fall of the illustrious colleague whom he envied and dreaded, and had not foreseen that his own doom was at hand. He still tried to flatter himself that he was at the head of the government; but insults heaped on insults at length undeceived him. Places which had always been considered as in his gift, were bestowed without any reference to him. His expostulations only called forth significant hints that it was time for him to retire. One day he pressed on Bute the claims of a Whig Prelate to the archbishopric of York. 'If your grace thinks so highly of him,' answered Bute, 'I wonder that you did not promote him when you had the power.' Still the old man clung with a desperate grasp to the wreck. Seldom, indeed, have Christian meekness and Christian humility equalled the meekness and humility of his patient and abject ambition. At length he was forced to understand that all was over. He quitted that court where he had held high office during forty-five years, and hid his shame and regret among the cedars of Claremont. Bute became first lord of the treasury.

The favorite had undoubtedly committed a great error. It is impossible to imagine a tool better suited to his purposes than that

which he thus threw away, or rather put into the hands of his enemies. If Newcastle had been suffered to play at being first minister, Bute might securely and quietly have enjoyed the substance of power. The gradual introduction of Tories into all the departments of the government might have been effected without any violent clamor, if the chief of the great Whig connection had been ostensibly at the head of affairs. This was strongly represented to Bute by Lord Mansfield, a man who may justly be called the father of modern Toryism, of Toryism modified to suit an order of things under which the House of Commons is the most powerful body in the state. The theories which had dazzled Bute could not impose on the fine intellect of Mansfield. The temerity with which Bute provoked the hostility of powerful and deeply-rooted interests, was displeasing to Mansfield's cold and timid nature. Expostulation, however, was vain. Bute was impatient of advice, drunk with success, eager to be, in show as well as in reality, the head of the government. He had engaged in an undertaking, in which a screen was absolutely necessary to his success, and even to his safety. He found an excellent screen ready in the very place where it was most needed; and he rudely pushed it away.

And now the new system of government came into full operation. For the first time since the accession of the house of Hanover, the Tory party was in the ascendant. The prime minister himself was a Tory. Lord Egremont, who had succeeded Pitt as secretary of state, was a Tory, and the son of a Tory. Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of slender parts, of small experience, and of notoriously immoral character, was made chancellor of the exchequer, for no reason that could be imagined, except that he was a Tory and had been a Jacobite. The royal household was filled with men whose favorite toast, a few years before, had been the 'King over the water.' The relative position of the two great national seats of learning was suddenly changed. The University of Oxford had long been the chief seat of disaffection. In troubled times, the High Street had been lined with bayonets; the colleges had been searched by the King's messengers. Grave doctors were in the habit of talking very Ciceronian treason in the theatre; and the under-graduates drank bumpers to Jacobite toasts, and chanted



Jacobite airs. Of four successive Chancellors of the University, one had notoriously been in the Pretender's service; the other three were fully believed to be in secret correspondence with the exiled family. Cambridge had therefore been especially favored by the Hanoverian Princes, and had shown herself grateful for their patronage. George the First had enriched her library; George the Second had contributed munificently to her senate-house. Bishoprics and deaneries were showered on her children. Her Chancellor was Newcastle, the chief of the Whig aristocracy; her High-Steward was Hardwicke, the Whig head of the law. Both her burgesses had held office under the Whig ministry. Times had now changed. The University of Cambridge was received at St. James's with comparative coldness. The answers to the addresses of Oxford were all graciousness and warmth.

The watchwords of the new government were prerogative and purity. The sovereign was no longer to be a puppet in the hands of any subject, or of any combination of subjects. George the Third would not be forced to take ministers whom he disliked, as his grandfather had been forced to take Pitt. George the Third would not be forced to part with any whom he delighted to honor, as his grandfather had been forced to part with Carteret. At the same time, the system of bribery which had grown up during the late reigns was to cease. It was ostentatiously proclaimed that, since the accession of the young King, neither constituents nor representatives had been bought with the secret service money. To free Britain from corruption and oligarchical cabals, to detach her from continental connections, to bring the bloody and expensive war with France and Spain to a close, such were the specious objects which Bute professed to procure.

Some of these objects he attained. England withdrew, at the cost of a deep stain on her faith, from her German connections. The war with France and Spain was terminated by a peace, honorable indeed and advantageous to our country, yet less honorable and less advantageous than might have been expected from a long and almost unbroken series of victories, by land and sea, in every part of the world. But the only effect of Bute's domestic administration was to make faction wilder and corruption fouler than ever.

The mutual animosity of the Whig and Tory parties had begun to languish after the fall of Walpole, and had seemed to be almost extinct at the close of the reign of George the Second. It now revived in all its force. Many Whigs, it is true, were still in office. The Duke of Bedford had signed the treaty with France. The Duke of Devonshire, though much out of humor, still continued to be Lord-Chamberlain. Grenville who led the House of Commons, and Fox who still enjoyed in silence the immense gains of the Pay-Office, had always been regarded as strong Whigs. But the bulk of the party throughout the country regarded the new minister with abhorrence. There was, indeed, no want of popular themes for invective against his character. He was a favorite; and favorites have always been odious in this country. No mere favorite had been at the head of the government, since the dagger of Felton reached the heart of the Duke of Buckingham. After that event, the most arbitrary and the most frivolous of the Stuarts had felt the necessity of confiding the chief direction of affairs to men who had given some proof of parliamentary or official talent. Strafford, Falkland, Clarendon, Clifford, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Danby, Temple, Halifax, Rochester, Sunderland, whatever their faults might be, were all men of acknowledged ability. They did not owe their eminence merely to the favor of the sovereign. On the contrary, they owed the favor of the sovereign to their eminence. Most of them, indeed, had first attracted the notice of the court by the capacity and vigor which they had shown in opposition. The Revolution seemed to have for ever secured the state against the domination of a Carr or a Villiers. Now, however, the personal regard of the King had at once raised a man who had seen nothing of public business, who had never opened his lips in Parliament, over the heads of a crowd of eminent orators, financiers, diplomatists. From a private gentleman, this fortunate minion had at once been turned into a secretary of state. He had made his maiden speech when at the head of the administration. The vulgar resorted to a simple explanation of the phenomenon, and the coarsest ribaldry against the Princess Mother was scrawled on every wall and in every alley.

This was not all. The spirit of Party, roused by impolitic provocation from its long sleep, roused in turn a still fiercer and

more malignant Fury, the spirit of national animosity. The grudge of Whig against Tory was mingled with the grudge of Englishman against Scot. The two sections of the great British people had not yet been indissolubly blended together. The events of 1715 and of 1745 had left painful and enduring traces. The tradesmen of Cornhill had been in dread of seeing their tills and warehouses plundered by bare-legged mountaineers from the Grampians. They still recollected that Black Friday, when the news came that the rebels were at Derby, when all the shops in the city were closed, and when the Bank of England began to pay in sixpences. The Scots, on the other hand, remembered, with natural resentment, the severity with which the insurgents had been chastised, the military outrages, the humiliating laws, the heads fixed on Temple Bar, the fires and quartering-blocks on Kennington Common. The favorite did not suffer the English to forget from what part of the island he came. The cry of all the south was that the public offices, the army, the navy, were filled with high-checked Drummonds and Erskines, Macdonalds and Macgillivrays, who could not talk a Christian tongue, and some of whom had but lately begun to wear Christian breeches. All the old jokes on hills without trees, girls without stockings, men eating the food of horses, pails emptied from the fourteenth story, were pointed against these lucky adventurers. To the honor of the Scots it must be said, that their prudence and their pride restrained them from retaliation. Like the princess in the Arabian tale, they stopped their ears tight, and, unmoved by the shrillest note of abuse, walked on, without once looking around, straight towards the Golden Fountain.

Bute, who had always been considered as a man of taste and reading, affected, from the moment of his elevation, the character of a Mæcenas. If he expected to conciliate the public by encouraging literature and art, he was grievously mistaken. Indeed, none of the objects of his munificence, with the single exception of Johnson, can be said to have been well selected; and the public, not unnaturally, ascribed the selection of Johnson rather to the Doctor's political prejudices than to his literary merits. For a wretched scribbler named Sheffere, who had nothing in common with Johnson except violent Jacobitism, and who had stood in the pillory

for a libel on the Revolution, was honored with a mark of royal approbation, similar to that which was bestowed on the author of the English Dictionary, and of the Vanity of Human Wishes. It was remarked that Adam, a Scotchman, was the court architect, and that Ramsay, a Scotchman, was the court painter, and was preferred to Reynolds. Mallet, a Scotchman of no high literary fame, and of infamous character, partook largely of the liberality of the government. John Home, a Scotchman, was rewarded for the tragedy of Douglas, both with a pension and with a sinecure place. But, when the author of the Bard, and of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, ventured to ask for a Professorship, the emoluments of which he much needed, and for the duties of which he was, in many respects, better qualified than any man living, he was refused; and the post was bestowed on the pedagogue under whose care the favorite's son-in-law, Sir James Lowther, had made such signal proficiency in the graces and in the humane virtues.

Thus, the first lord of the treasury was detested by many as a Tory, by many as a favorite, and by many as a Scot. All the hatred which flowed from these various sources soon mingled, and was directed in one torrent of obloquy against the treaty of peace. The Duke of Bedford, who negotiated that treaty, was hooted through the streets. Bute was attacked in his chair, and was with difficulty rescued by a troop of guards. He could hardly walk the streets in safety without disguising himself. A gentleman who died not many years ago used to say, that he once recognized the favorite Earl in the piazza of Covent Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack-boot, a wretched pun on his Christian name and title. A jack-boot, generally accompanied by a petticoat, was sometimes fastened on a galloos, and sometimes committed to the flames. Libels on the court, exceeding in audacity and rancor any that had been published for many years, now appeared daily both in prose and verse. Wilkes, with lively insolence, compared the mother of George the Third to the mother of Edward the Third, and the Scotch minister to the gentle Mortimer. Churchill, with all the energy of hatred, deplored the fate of his country, invaded by a new race of savages, more cruel and ravenous than



the Picts or the Danes, the poor, proud children of Leprosy and Hunger. It is a slight circumstance, but deserves to be recorded, that in this year pamphleteers first ventured to print at length the names of the great men whom they lampooned. George the Second has always been the K—. His ministers had been Sir R— W—, Mr. P—, and the Duke of N—. But the libellers of George the Third, of the Princess Mother, and of Lord Bute, did not give quarter to a single vowel.

It was supposed that Lord Temple secretly encouraged the most scurrilous assailants of the government. In truth, those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below. But Pitt turned away from the filthy work of opposition, with the same scorn with which he had turned away from the filthy work of government. He had the magnanimity to proclaim every where the disgust which he felt at the insults offered by his own adherents to the Scottish nation, and missed no opportunity of extolling the courage and fidelity which the Highland regiments had displayed through the whole war. But, though he disdained to use any but lawful and honorable weapons, it was well known that his fair blows were likely to be far more formidable than the privy thrusts of his brother-in-law's stiletto.

Bute's heart began to fail him. The Houses were about to meet. The treaty would instantly be the subject of discussion. It was probable that Pitt, the great Whig connection, and the multitude, would all be on the same side. The favorite had professed to hold in abhorrence those means by which preceding ministers had kept the House of Commons in good-humor. He now began to think that he had been too scrupulous. His Utopian visions were at an end. It was necessary, not only to bribe, but to bribe more shamelessly and flagitiously than his predecessors, in order to make up for lost time. A majority must be secured, no matter by what means. Could Grenville do this? Would he do it? His firmness and ability had not yet been tried in any perilous crisis. He had been generally regarded as a humble follower of his brother Temple, and of his brother-in-law Pitt, and was supposed, though with little reason, to be still favor-

ably inclined towards them. Other aid must be called in. And where was other aid to be found?

There was one man whose sharp and manly logic had often in debate been found a match for the lofty and impassioned rhetoric of Pitt, whose talents for jobbing were not inferior to his talents for debate, whose dauntless spirit shrank from no difficulty or danger, and who was as little troubled with scruples as with fears. Henry Fox, or nobody, could weather the storm which was about to burst. Yet was he a person to whom the court, even in that extremity, was unwilling to have recourse. He had always been regarded as a Whig of the Whigs. He had been the friend and disciple of Walpole. He had long been connected by close ties with William Duke of Cumberland. By the Tories he was more hated than any man living. So strong was their aversion to him, that when, in the late reign, he attempted to form a party against the Duke of Newcastle, they had thrown all their weight into Newcastle's scale. By the Scots, Fox was abhorred as the confidential friend of the conqueror of Culloden. He was, on personal grounds, most obnoxious to the Princess Mother. For he had, immediately after her husband's death, advised the late King to take the education of her son, the heir-apparent, entirely out of her hands. He had recently given, if possible, still deeper offence; for he had indulged, not without some ground, the ambitious hope that his beautiful sister-in-law, the Lady Sarah Lennox, might be queen of England. It had been observed that the King at one time rode every morning by the grounds of Holland House, and that, on such occasions, Lady Sarah, dressed like a shepherdess at a masquerade, was making hay close to the road, which was then separated by no wall from the lawn. On account of the part which Fox had taken in this singular love-affair, he was the only member of the Privy Council who was not summoned to the meeting at which his majesty announced his intended marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg. Of all the statesmen of the age, therefore, it seemed that Fox was the last with whom Bute, the Tory, the Scot, the favorite of the Princess Mother, could, under any circumstances, act. Yet to Fox Bute was now compelled to apply.

Fox had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his chil-

dren, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form; for his parliamentary and official talents made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his vehement temper, his contempt for appearances, led him to display much that others, quite as unscrupulous as himself, covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less.

He felt his unpopularity; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds. He became, not cautious, but reckless, and faced the rage of the whole nation with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best. Such was the man to whom Bute, in extreme need, applied for succor.

Such succor Fox was not unwilling to afford. Though by no means of an envious temper, he had undoubtedly contemplated the success and popularity of Pitt with bitter mortification. He thought himself Pitt's match as a debater, and Pitt's superior as a man of business. They had long been regarded as well paired rivals. They had started fair in the career of ambition. They had long run side by side. At length Fox had taken the lead, and Pitt had fallen behind. Then had come a sudden turn of fortune, like that in Virgil's foot-race. Fox had stumbled in the mire, and had not only been defeated, but befouled. Pitt had reached the goal, and received the prize. The emoluments of the Pay-Office might induce the defeated statesman to submit in silence to the ascendancy of his competitor, but could not satisfy a mind conscious of great powers, and sore from great vexations. As soon, therefore, as a party arose adverse to the war and to the supremacy of the great war-minister, the hopes of Fox began to revive. His feuds with the Princess Mother, with the Scots, with the Tories, he was ready to forget, if, by the help of his old enemies, he could now regain the importance which he had lost, and confront Pitt on equal terms.

The alliance was, therefore, soon concluded. Fox was assured that, if he would pilot the government out of its embarrass-

ing situation, he should be rewarded with a peerage, of which he had long been desirous. He undertook on his side to obtain, by fair or foul means, a vote in favor of the peace. In consequence of this arrangement he became leader of the House of Commons; and Grenville, stifling his vexation as well as he could, sullenly acquiesced in the change.

Fox had expected that his influence would secure to the court the cordial support of some eminent Whigs who were his personal friends, particularly of the Duke of Cumberland and of the Duke of Devonshire. He was disappointed, and soon found that, in addition to all his other difficulties, he must reckon on the opposition of the ablest prince of the blood, and of the great house of Cavendish.

But he had pledged himself to win the battle; and he was not a man to go back. It was no time for squeamishness. Bute was made to comprehend that the ministry could be saved only by practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Walpole would have stared. The Pay-Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy. It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning. The lowest bribe given, it was said, was a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Intimidation was joined with corruption. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were to be taught that the King would be obeyed. The Lords-Lieutenant of several counties were dismissed. The Duke of Devonshire was especially singled out as the victim by whose fate the magnates of England were to take warning. His wealth, rank, and influence, his stainless private character, and the constant attachment of his family to the house of Hanover, did not secure him from gross personal indignity. It was known that he disapproved of the course which the government had taken; and it was accordingly determined to humble the Prince of the Whigs, as he had been nicknamed by the Princess Mother. He went to the palace to pay his duty. 'Tell him,' said the King to a page, 'that I will not see him.' The page hesitated. 'Go to him,' said the King, 'and tell him those very words.' The message was delivered. The Duke tore off his gold key, and went



away boiling with anger. His relations who were in office instantly resigned. A few days later, the King called for the list of privy-councillors, and with his own hand struck out the Duke's name.

In this step there was at least courage, though little wisdom or good-nature. But as nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so also was nothing too low. A persecution, such as had never been known before and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Great numbers of humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duties, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to the recommendation of some nobleman or gentleman who was against the peace. The proscription extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to doorkeepers. One poor man to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had, many years before, been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation, because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family. The public clamor, as may well be supposed, grew daily louder and louder. But the louder it grew, the more resolutely did Fox go on with the work which he had begun. His old friends could not conceive what had possessed him. 'I could forgive,' said the Duke of Cumberland, 'Fox's political vagaries, but I am quite confounded by his inhumanity. Surely he used to be the best-natured of men.'

At last Fox went so far as to take a legal opinion on the question, whether the patents granted by George the Second were binding on George the Third. It is said that, if his colleagues had not flinched, he would at once have turned out the tellers of the Exchequer and justices in Eyre.

Meanwhile the Parliament met. The ministers, more hated by the people than ever, were secure of a majority, and they had also reason to hope that they would have the advantage in the debates as well as in the divisions. For Pitt was confined to his chamber by a severe attack of gout. His friends moved to defer the consideration of the treaty till he should be able to attend. But the motion was rejected.

The great day arrived. The discussion had lasted some time, when a loud huzza was heard in Palace-yard. The noise came nearer and nearer, up the stairs, through the lobby. The door opened, and from the midst of a shouting multitude came forth Pitt, borne in the arms of his attendants. His face was thin and ghastly, his limbs swathed in flannels, his crutch in his hand. The bearers set him down within the bar. His friends instantly surrounded him, and with their help he crawled to his seat near the table. In this condition he spoke three hours and a half against the peace. During that time he was repeatedly forced to sit down and use cordials. It may well be supposed that his voice was faint, that his action was languid, and that his speech, though occasionally brilliant and impressive, was feeble when compared with his best oratorical performances. But those who remembered what he had done, and who saw what he suffered, listened to him with emotion stronger than any that mere eloquence can produce. He was unable to stay for the division, and was carried away from the House amidst shouts as loud as those which had announced his arrival.

A large majority approved the peace. The exultation of the court was boundless. 'Now,' exclaimed the Princess Mother, 'my son is really King.' The young sovereign spoke of himself as freed from the bondage in which his grandfather had been held. On one point, it was announced, his mind was unalterably made up. Under no circumstances whatever should those Whig grandees, who had enslaved his predecessors and endeavored to enslave himself, be restored to power.

His vaunting was premature. The real strength of the favorite was by no means proportioned to the number of votes which he had, on one particular division, been able to command. He was soon again in difficulties. The most important part of his budget was a tax on cider. This measure was opposed, not only by those who were generally hostile to his administration, but also by many of his supporters. The name of excise had always been hateful to the Tories. One of the chief crimes of Walpole, in their eyes, had been his partiality for this mode of raising money. The Tory Johnson had in his Dictionary given so scurrilous a definition of the word 'Excise,' that the Commissioners of Excise had seriously thought of prosecuting him. The counties which the new impost particularly

affected had always been Tory counties. It was the boast of John Philips, the poet of the English vintage, that the Cider-land had ever been faithful to the throne, and that all the pruning-hooks of her thousand orchards had been beaten into swords for the service of the ill-fated Stuarts. The effect of Bute's fiscal scheme was to produce an union between the gentry and yeomanry of the Cider-land and the Whigs of the capital. Herefordshire and Worcestershire were in a flame. The city of London, though not so directly interested, was, if possible, still more excited. The debates on this question irreparably damaged the government. Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair, 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, "There goes the worst chancellor of the exchequer that ever was."'" George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favorite theme, the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentlemen opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. 'Let them tell me where,' he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them—tell me where.' Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where.' 'If,' cried Grenville, gentlemen are to be treated in this way'—Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and every body else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the gentle shepherd.

But the ministry had vexations still more serious to endure. The hatred which the Tories and Scots bore to Fox was implacable. In a moment of extreme peril, they had consented to put themselves under his guidance. But the aversion with which

they regarded him broke forth as soon as the crisis seemed to be over. Some of them attacked him about the accounts of the Pay-Office. Some of them rudely interrupted him when speaking, by laughter and ironical cheers. He was naturally desirous to escape from so disagreeable a situation, and demanded the peerage which had been promised as the reward of his services.

It was clear that there must be some change in the composition of the ministry. But scarcely any, even of those who, from their situation, might be supposed to be in all the secrets of the government, anticipated what really took place. To the amazement of the Parliament and the nation, it was suddenly announced that Bute had resigned.

Twenty different explanations of this strange step were suggested. Some attributed it to profound design, and some to sudden panic. Some said that the lamppoons of the opposition had driven the Earl from the field; some that he had taken office only in order to bring the war to a close, and had always meant to retire when that object had been accomplished. He publicly assigned ill health as his reason for quitting business, and privately complained that he was not cordially seconded by his colleagues; and that Lord Mansfield, in particular, whom he had himself brought into the cabinet, gave him no support in the House of Peers. Lord Mansfield was, indeed, far too sagacious not to perceive that Bute's situation was one of great peril, and far too timorous to thrust himself into peril for the sake of another. 'The probability, however, is, that Bute's conduct on this occasion, like the conduct of most men on most occasions, was determined by mixed motives. We suspect that he was sick of office; for this is a feeling much more common among ministers than persons who see public life from a distance are disposed to believe. And nothing could be more natural than that this feeling should take possession of the mind of Bute. In general, a statesman climbs by slow degrees. Many laborious years elapse before he reaches the topmost pinnacle of preferment. In the earlier part of his career, therefore, he is constantly lured on by seeing something above him. During his ascent he gradually becomes inured to the annoyances which belong to a life of ambition. By the time that he has attained the highest point, he has become patient of labor and callous of abuse. He is kept constant to his voca-



tion, in spite of all its discomforts, at first by hope, and at last by habit. It was not so with Bute. His whole public life lasted little more than two years. On the day on which he became a politician he became a cabinet minister. In a few months he was, both in name and in show, chief of the administration. Greater than he had been he could not be. If what he already possessed was vanity and vexation of spirit, no delusion remained to entice him onward. He had been cloyed with the pleasures of ambition before he had been seasoned to its pains. His habits had not been such as were likely to fortify his mind against obloquy and public hatred. He had reached his forty-eighth year in dignified ease, without knowing, by personal experience, what it was to be ridiculed and slandered. All at once, without any previous initiation, he had found himself exposed to such a storm of invective and satire as had never burst on the head of any statesman. The emoluments of office were now nothing to him: for he had just succeeded to a princely property by the death of his father-in-law. All the honors which could be bestowed on him he had already secured. He had obtained the Garter for himself, and a British peerage for his son. He seems also to have imagined, that by quitting the treasury he should escape from danger and abuse without really resigning power, and should still be able to exercise in private supreme influence over the royal mind.

Whatever may have been his motives, he retired. Fox at the same time took refuge in the House of Lords; and George Grenville became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

We believe that those who made this arrangement fully intended that Grenville should be a mere puppet in the hands of Bute; for Grenville was as yet very imperfectly known even to those who had observed him long. He passed for a mere official drudge; and he had all the industry, the minute accuracy, the formality, the tediousness, which belong to the character. But he had other qualities which had not yet shown themselves—devouring ambition, dauntless courage, self-confidence amounting to presumption, and a temper which could not endure opposition. He was not disposed to be any body's tool; and he had no attachment, political or personal, to Bute. The two men had, indeed, nothing in common, except a strong propensity towards harsh and unpopular courses.

Their principles were fundamentally different.

Bute was a Tory. Grenville would have been very angry with any person who should have denied his claim to be a Whig. He was more prone to tyrannical measures than Bute: but he loved tyranny only when disguised under the forms of constitutional liberty. He mixed up, after a fashion then not very unusual, the theories of the republicans of the seventeenth century with the technical maxims of English law, and thus succeeded in combining anarchical speculation with arbitrary practice. The voice of the people was the voice of God; but the only legitimate organ through which the voice of the people could be uttered was the Parliament. All power was from the people; but to the Parliament the whole power of the people had been delegated. No Oxonian divine had ever, even in the years which immediately followed the Restoration, demanded for the King so abject, so unreasoning a homage, as Grenville, on what he considered as the purest Whig principles, demanded for the Parliament. As he wished to see the Parliament despotic over the nation, so he wished to see it also despotic over the court. In his view, the prime minister, possessed of the confidence of the House of Commons, ought to be mayor of the palace. The King was a mere Childeric or Chilperic, who might well think himself lucky in being permitted to enjoy such handsome apartments at St. James's, and so fine a park at Windsor.

Thus the opinions of Bute and those of Grenville were diametrically opposed. Nor was there any private friendship between the two statesmen. Grenville's nature was not forgiving; and he well remembered how, a few months before, he had been compelled to yield the lead of the House of Commons to Fox.

We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the crown.

He began by making war on the press. John Wilkes, member of parliament for Aylesbury, was singled out for persecution. Wilkes had, till very lately, been known chiefly as one of the most profane, licentious, and agreeable rakes about town. He was a man of taste, reading, and engaging manners. His sprightly conversation was

the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even grave hearers when he was sufficiently under restraint to abstain from detailing the particulars of his amours, and from breaking jests on the New Testament. His expensive debaucheries forced him to have recourse to the Jews. He was soon a ruined man, and determined to try his chance as a political adventurer. In parliament he did not succeed. His speaking, though pert, was feeble, and by no means interested his hearers so much as to make them forget his face, which was so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him. As a writer, he made a better figure. He set up a weekly paper, called the *North Briton*. This journal, written with some pleasantry, and great audacity and impudence, had a considerable number of readers. Forty-four numbers had been published when Bute resigned; and, though almost every number had contained matter grossly libellous, no prosecution had been instituted. The forty-fifth number was innocent when compared with the majority of those which had preceded it, and indeed contained nothing so strong as may now be found daily in the leading articles of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. But Grenville was now at the head of affairs. A new spirit had been infused into the administration. Authority was to be upheld. The government was no longer to be braved with impunity. Wilkes was arrested under a general warrant, conveyed to the Tower, and confined there with circumstances of unusual severity. His papers were seized, and carried to the Secretary of State. These harsh and illegal measures produced a violent outbreak of popular rage, which was soon changed to delight and exultation. The arrest was pronounced unlawful by the Court of Common Pleas, in which Chief-Justice Pratt presided, and the prisoner was discharged. This victory over the government was celebrated with enthusiasm both in London and in the Cider-counties.

While the ministers were daily becoming more odious to the nation, they were doing their best to make themselves also odious to the court. They gave the King plainly to understand that they were determined not to be Lord Bute's creatures, and exacted a promise that no secret adviser should have access to the royal ear. They soon found reason to suspect that this promise had not been observed. They remon-

strated in terms less respectful than their master had been accustomed to hear, and gave him a fortnight to make his choice between his favorite and his cabinet.

George the Third was greatly disturbed. He had but a few weeks before exulted in his deliverance from the yoke of the great Whig Connection. He had even declared that his honor would not permit him ever again to admit the members of that connection to his service. He now found that he had only exchanged one set of masters for another set still harsher and more imperious. In his distress he thought on Pitt. From Pitt it was possible that better terms might be obtained than either from Grenville, or from the party of which Newcastle was the head.

Grenville, on his return from an excursion into the country, repaired to Buckingham House. He was astonished to find at the entrance a chair, the shape of which was well known to him, and indeed to all London. It was distinguished by a large boot, made for the purpose of accommodating the great Commoner's gouty leg. Grenville guessed the whole. His brother-in-law was closeted with the King. Bute, provoked by what he considered as the unfriendly and ungrateful conduct of his successors, had himself proposed that Pitt should be summoned to the palace.

Pitt had two audiences on two successive days. What passed at the first interview led him to expect that the negotiation would be brought to a satisfactory close; but on the morrow he found the King less complying. The best account, indeed the only trustworthy account of the conference, is that which was taken from Pitt's own mouth by Lord Hardwicke. It appears that Pitt strongly represented the importance of conciliating those chiefs of the Whig party who had been so unhappy as to incur the royal displeasure. They had, he said, been the most constant friends of the house of Hanover. Their power and credit were great; they had been long versed in public business. If they were to be under sentence of exclusion, a solid administration could not be formed. His Majesty could not bear to think of putting himself into the hands of those whom he had recently chased from his court with the strongest marks of anger. 'I am sorry, Mr. Pitt,' he said, 'but I see this will not do. My honor is concerned. I must support my honor.' How his Majesty succeeded in supporting his honor, we shall soon see.



Pitt retired, and the King was reduced to request the ministers whom he had been on the point of discarding, to remain in office. During the two years which followed, Grenville, now closely leagued with the Bedfords, was the master of the court; and a hard master he proved. He knew that he was kept in place only because there was no choice except between himself and the Whigs. That under any circumstances the Whigs would be forgiven, he thought impossible. The late attempt to get rid of him had roused his resentment; the failure of that attempt had liberated him from all fear. He had never been very courtly. He now began to hold a language, to which, since the days of Cornet Joyce and President Bradshaw, no English King had been compelled to listen.

In one matter, indeed, Grenville, at the expense of justice and liberty, gratified the passions of the court while gratifying his own. The persecution of Wilkes was eagerly pressed. He had written a parody on Pope's Essay on Man, entitled the Essay on Woman, and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous Commentary.

This composition was exceedingly profligate, but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works—the imitation of the second satire of the first book of Horace, for example; and to do Wilkes justice, he had not, like Pope, given his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed at a private press a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book, than a negro of being tanned by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. The ministers resolved to visit Wilkes's offence against decorum with the utmost rigor of the law. What share piety and respect for morals had in dictating this resolution, our readers may judge from the fact, that no person was more eager for bringing the libertine poet to punishment than Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. On the first day of the session of Parliament, the book, thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the Lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen,

except by his printer, and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full Parliament. Though he was a man of easy temper, averse from danger, and not very susceptible of shame, the surprise, the disgrace, the prospect of utter ruin, put him beside himself. He picked a quarrel with one of Lord Bute's dependents, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and, when half recovered, fled to France. His enemies had now their own way both in the Parliament and in the King's Bench. He was censured; expelled from the House of Commons; outlawed. His works were ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Yet was the multitude still true to him. In the minds even of many moral and religious men, his crime seemed light when compared with the crime of his accusers. The conduct of Sandwich, in particular, excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the Essay on Woman before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the Beggar's Opera was acted at Covent-Garden theatre. When Macheath uttered the words—'That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprised me,'—pit, boxes, and galleries, burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down. From that day Sandwich was universally known by the nickname of Jemmy Twitcher. The ceremony of burning the North Briton was interrupted by a riot. The constables were beaten; the paper was rescued; and, instead of it, a jackboot and a petticoat were committed to the flames. Wilkes had instituted an action for the seizure of his papers, against the under-secretary of state. The jury gave a thousand pounds damages. But neither these nor any other indications of public feeling had power to move Grenville. He had the Parliament with him, and according to his political creed the sense of the nation was to be collected from the Parliament alone.

Soon, however, he found reason to fear that even the Parliament might fail him. On the question of the legality of general warrants, the opposition, having on its side all sound principles, all constitutional authorities, and the voice of the whole nation, mustered in great force, and was joined by many who did not ordinarily vote against the government. On one occasion

the ministry, in a very full House, had a majority of only fourteen votes. The storm, however, blew over. The spirit of the opposition, from whatever cause, began to flag at the moment when success seemed most certain. The session ended without any change. Pitt, whose eloquence had shone with its usual lustre in all the principal debates, and whose popularity was greater than ever, was still a private man. Grenville, detested alike by the court and by the people, was still minister.

As soon as the Houses had risen, Grenville took a step, which proved, even more signally than any of his past acts, how despotic, how acrimonious, and how fearless his nature was. Among the gentlemen not ordinarily opposed to the government, who on the great constitutional question of general warrants, had voted with the minority, was Henry Conway, brother of the Earl of Hertford, a brave soldier, a tolerable speaker, and a well-meaning, though not a wise or vigorous politician. He was now deprived of his regiment, the merited reward of faithful and gallant service in two wars. It was confidently asserted that in this violent measure the King heartily concurred.

But whatever pleasure the persecution of Wilkes or the dismissal of Conway may have given to the royal mind, it is certain that his Majesty's aversion to his ministers increased day by day. Grenville was as frugal of the public money as of his own, and morosely refused to accede to the King's request that a few thousand pounds might be expended in buying some open fields to the west of the gardens of Buckingham House. In consequence of this refusal, the fields were soon covered with buildings, and the King and Queen were overlooked in their most private walks by the upper windows of a hundred houses. Nor was this the worst. Grenville was as liberal of words as he was sparing of guineas. Instead of explaining himself in that clear, concise, and lively manner, which alone could win the attention of a young mind new to business, he spoke in the closet just as he spoke in the House of Commons. When he had harangued two hours, he looked at his watch, as he had been in the habit of looking at the clock opposite the Speaker's chair, apologized for the length of his discourse, and then went on for an hour more. The members of the House of Commons can cough an orator down, or can walk away to dinner: and

they were by no means sparing in the use of these privileges when Grenville was on his legs. But the poor young King had to endure all this eloquence with mournful civility. To the end of his life he continued to talk with horror of Grenville's orations.

About this time took place one of the most singular events in Pitt's life. There was a certain Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of Whig politics, who had been a Member of the House of Commons in the days of Queen Anne, and retired to rural privacy when the Tory party, towards the end of her reign, obtained the ascendancy in her councils. His manners were eccentric. His morals lay under very odious imputations. But his fidelity to his political opinions was unalterable. During fifty years of seclusion he continued to brood over the events which had driven him from public life, the dismissal of the Whigs, the peace of Utrecht, the desertion of our allies. He now thought that he perceived a close analogy between the well-remembered events of his youth and the events which he had witnessed in extreme old age; between the disgrace of Marlborough and the disgrace of Pitt; between the elevation of Harley and the elevation of Bute; between the treaty negotiated by St. John and the treaty negotiated by Bedford; between the wrongs of the house of Austria in 1712 and the wrongs of the house of Brandenburg in 1762. This fancy took such possession of the old man's mind that he determined to leave his whole property to Pitt. In this way Pitt unexpectedly came into possession of near three thousand pounds a-year. Nor could all the malice of his enemies find any ground for reproach in the transaction. Nobody could call him a legacy-hunter. Nobody could accuse him of seizing that to which others had a better claim. For he had never in his life seen Sir William; and Sir William had left no relation so near as to be entitled to form any expectations respecting the estate.

The fortunes of Pitt seemed to flourish; but his health was worse than ever. We cannot find that, during the session which began in January, 1765, he once appeared in Parliament. He remained some months in profound retirement at Hayes, his favorite villa, scarcely moving except from his arm-chair to his bed, and from his bed to his arm-chair, and often employing his wife as his amanuensis in his most confidential



correspondence. Some of his detractors whispered that his invisibility was to be ascribed quite as much to affectation as to gout. In truth his character, high and splendid as it was, wanted simplicity. With genius which did not need the aid of stage-tricks, and with a spirit which should have been far above them, he had yet been, through life, in the habit of practising them. It was, therefore, now surmised that, having acquired all the consideration which could be derived from eloquence and from great services to the state, he had determined not to make himself cheap by often appearing in public, but, under the pretext of ill-health, to surround himself with mystery, to emerge only at long intervals and on momentous occasions, and at other times to deliver his oracles only to a few favored votaries, who were suffered to make pilgrimages to his shrine. If such were his object, it was for a time fully attained. Never was the magic of his name so powerful, never was he regarded by his country with such superstitious veneration, as during this year of silence and seclusion. While Pitt was thus absent from parliament, Grenville proposed a measure destined to produce a great revolution, the effects of which will long be felt by the whole human race. We speak of the act for imposing stamp-duties on the North American colonies. The plan was eminently characteristic of its author. Every feature of the parent was found in the child. A timid statesman would have shrunk from a step, of which Walpole, at a time when the colonies were far less powerful, had said—'He who shall propose it, will be a much bolder man than I.' But the nature of Grenville was insensible to fear. A statesman of large views would have felt, that to lay taxes at Westminster on New England and New-York, was a course opposed, not indeed to the letter of the statute-book, or to any decision contained in the Term Reports, but to the principles of good government, and to the spirit of the constitution. A statesman of large views would also have felt, that ten times the estimated produce of the American stamps would have been dearly purchased by even a transient quarrel between the mother country and the colonies. But Grenville knew of no spirit of the constitution distinct from the letter of the law, and of no national interests except those which are expressed by pounds, shillings, and pence. That his

policy might give birth to deep discontents in all the provinces, from the shore of the Great Lakes to the Mexican sea; that France and Spain might seize the opportunity of revenge; that the Empire might be dismembered; that the debt—that debt with the amount of which he perpetually reproached Pitt—might, in consequence of his own policy, be doubled; these were possibilities which never occurred to that small, sharp mind.

The Stamp Act will be remembered as long as the globe lasts. But, at the time, it attracted much less notice in this country than another act which is now almost utterly forgotten. The King fell ill, and was thought to be in a dangerous state. His complaint, we believe, was the same which, at a later period, repeatedly incapacitated him for the performance of his regal functions. The heir-apparent was only two years old. It was clearly proper to make provision for the administration of the government, in case of a minority. The discussions on this point brought the quarrel between the court and the ministry to a crisis. The King wished to be intrusted with the power of naming a regent by will. The ministers feared, or affected to fear, that, if this power were conceded to him, he would name the Princess Mother, nay, possibly the Earl of Bute. They, therefore, insisted on introducing into the bill words confining the King's choice to the royal family. Having thus excluded Bute, they urged the King to let them, in the most marked manner, exclude the Princess-Dowager also. They assured him that the House of Commons would undoubtedly strike her name out, and by this threat they wrung from him a reluctant assent. In a few days, it appeared that the representations by which they had induced the King to put this gross and public affront on his mother were unfounded. The friends of the Princess in the House of Commons moved that her name should be inserted. The ministers could not decently attack the parent of their master. They hoped that the opposition would come to their help, and put on them a force to which they would gladly have yielded. But the majority of the opposition, though hating the Princess, hated Grenville more, beheld his embarrassment with delight, and would do nothing to extricate him from it. The Princess's name was accordingly placed in the list of persons qualified to hold the regency.

The King's resentment was now at the height. The present evil seemed to him more intolerable than any other. Even the junta of Whig grandees could not treat him worse than he had been treated by his present ministers. In his distress he poured out his whole heart to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. The duke was not a man to be loved; but he was eminently a man to be trusted. He had an intrepid temper, a strong understanding, and a high sense of honor and duty. As a general, he belonged to a remarkable class of captains—captains, we mean, whose fate it has been to lose almost all the battles which they have fought, and yet to be reputed stout and skilful soldiers. Such captains were Coligni and William the Third. We might, perhaps, add Marshal Soult to the list. The bravery of the Duke of Cumberland was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket-balls and cannon-balls was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies, horrible surgical operations, far from unmanning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings. But his nature was hard; and what seemed to him justice was rarely tempered with mercy. He was, therefore, during many years one of the most unpopular men in England. The severity with which he had treated the rebels after the battle of Culloden, had gained for him the name of the butcher. His attempts to introduce into the army of England, then in a most relaxed state, the rigorous discipline of Potsdam, had excited still stronger disgust. Nothing was too bad to be believed of him. Many honest people were so absurd as to fancy that, if he were left regent during the minority of his nephews, there would be another smothering in the Tower. These feelings, however, had passed away. The Duke had been living, during some years, in retirement. The English, full of animosity against the Scots, now blamed his royal highness only for having left so many Camerons and Macphersons to be made gaugers and custom-house officers. He was, therefore, at present a favorite with his countrymen, and especially with the inhabitants of London.

He had little reason to love the King, and had shown clearly, though not obtru-

sively, his dislike of the system which had lately been pursued. But he had high and almost romantic notions of the duty which, as a prince of the blood, he owed to the head of his house. He determined to extricate his nephew from bondage, and to effect a reconciliation between the Whig party and the throne, on terms honorable to both.

In this mind he set off for Hayes, and was admitted to Pitt's sick room. For Pitt would not leave his chamber, and would not communicate with any messenger of inferior dignity. And now began a series of errors on the part of the illustrious statesman, errors which involved his country in difficulties and distresses more serious even than those from which his genius had formerly rescued her. His language was haughty, unreasonable, almost unintelligible. The only thing which could be discerned through a cloud of vague and not very gracious phrases was, that he would not at that moment take office. The truth, we believe, was this. Lord Temple, who was Pitt's evil genius, had just formed a new scheme of politics. Hatred of Bute and of the Princess had, it should seem, taken entire possession of Temple's soul. He had quarrelled with his brother George, because George had been connected with Bute and the Princess. Now that George appeared to be the enemy of Bute and the princess, Temple was eager to bring about a general family reconciliation. The three brothers, as Temple, Grenville, and Pitt, were popularly called, might make a ministry, without leaning for aid either on Bute or on the Whig connection. With such views, Temple used all his influence to dissuade Pitt from acceding to the propositions of the Duke of Cumberland. Pitt was not convinced. But Temple had an influence over him such as no other person had ever possessed. They were very old friends, very near relations. If Pitt's talents and fame had been useful to Temple, Temple's purse had formerly, in times of great need, been useful to Pitt. They had never been parted in politics. Twice they had come into the cabinet together; twice they had left it together. Pitt could not bear to think of taking office without his chief ally. Yet he felt that he was doing wrong, that he was throwing away a great opportunity of serving his country. The obscure and unconciliatory style of the answers which he returned to the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland, may be ascribed to the embarrassment and vexation



of a mind not at peace with itself. It is said that he mournfully exclaimed to Temple,

*'Extinxi te meque, soror, populumque, patresque Sidonios, urbemque tuam.'*

The prediction was but too just.

Finding Pitt impracticable, the Duke of Cumberland advised the King to submit to necessity, and to keep Grenville and the Bedfords. It was, indeed, not a time at which offices could safely be left vacant. The unsettled state of the government had produced a general relaxation through all the departments of the public service. Meetings, which at another time would have been harmless, now turned to riots, and rapidly rose almost to the dignity of rebellions. The Houses of Parliament were blockaded by the Spitalfields weavers. Bedford House was assailed on all sides by a furious rabble, and was strongly garrisoned with horse and foot. Some people attributed these disturbances to the friends of Bute, and some to the friends of Wilkes. But, whatever might be the cause, the effect was general insecurity. Under such circumstances the King had no choice. With bitter feelings of mortification, he informed the ministers that he meant to retain them.

They answered by demanding from him a promise on his royal word never more to consult Lord Bute. The promise was given. They then demanded something more. Lord Bute's brother, Mr. Mackenzie, held a lucrative office in Scotland. Mr. Mackenzie must be dismissed. The King replied that the office had been given under very peculiar circumstances, and that he had promised never to take it away while he lived. Grenville was obstinate, and the King, with a very bad grace, yielded.

The session of Parliament was over. The triumph of the ministers was complete. The King was almost as much a prisoner as Charles the First had been, when in the Isle of Wight. Such were the fruits of the policy which, only a few months before, was represented as having for ever secured the throne against the dictation of insolent subjects.

His majesty's natural resentment showed itself in every look and word. In his extremity, he looked wistfully towards that Whig connection, once the object of his dread and hatred. The Duke of Devonshire, who had been treated with such unjustifiable harshness, had lately died, and had been succeeded by his son, who was

still a boy. The King condescended to express his regret for what had passed, and to invite the young Duke to court. The noble youth came, attended by his uncles, and was received with marked graciousness.

This and many other symptoms of the same kind irritated the ministers. They had still in store for their sovereign an insult which would have provoked his grandfather to kick them out of the room. Grenville and Bedford demanded an audience of him, and read him a remonstrance of many pages, which they had drawn up with great care. His Majesty was accused of breaking his word, and of treating his advisers with gross unfairness. The Princess was mentioned in language by no means eulogistic. Hints were thrown out that Bute's head was in danger. The King was plainly told that he must not continue to show, as he had done, that he disliked the situation in which he was placed; that he must frown upon the opposition, that he must carry it fair towards his ministers in public. He several times interrupted the reading, by declaring that he had ceased to hold any communication with Bute. But the ministers, disregarding his denial, went on; and the King listened in silence, almost choked by rage. When they ceased to read, he merely made a gesture expressive of his wish to be left alone. He afterwards owned that he thought he should have gone into a fit.

Driven to despair he again had recourse to the Duke of Cumberland; and the Duke of Cumberland again had recourse to Pitt. Pitt was really desirous to undertake the direction of affairs, and owned, with many dutiful expressions, that the terms offered by the King were all that any subject could desire. But Temple was impracticable; and Pitt, with great regret, declared that he could not, without the concurrence of his brother-in-law, undertake the administration.

The Duke now saw only one way of delivering his nephew. An administration must be formed of the Whigs in opposition, without Pitt's help. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable. Death and desertion had grievously thinned the ranks of the party lately supreme in the state. Those among whom the Duke's choice lay might be divided into two classes, men too old for important offices, and men who had never been in any important office before. The cabinet must be composed of broken invalids or of raw recruits.

This was an evil, yet not an unmixed evil. If the new Whig statesmen had little experience in business and debate, they were, on the other hand, pure from the taint of that political immorality which had deeply infected their predecessors. Long prosperity had corrupted that great party which had expelled the Stuarts, limited the prerogatives of the Crown, and curbed the intolerance of the Hierarchy. Adversity had already produced a salutary effect. On the day of the accession of George the Third, the ascendancy of the Whig party terminated; and on that day the purification of the Whig party began. The rising chiefs of that party were men of a very different sort from Sandys and Winnington, from Sir William Younge and Henry Fox. They were men worthy to have charged by the side of Hampden at Chalgrove, or to have exchanged the last embrace with Russell on the scaffold in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. They carried into politics the same high principles of virtue which regulated their private dealings, nor would they stoop to promote even the noblest and most salutary ends by means which honor and probity condemn. Such men were Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Saville, and others whom we hold in honor as the second founders of the Whig party, as the restorers of its pristine health and energy, after half a century of degeneracy.

The chief of this respectable band was the Marquis of Rockingham, a man of splendid fortune, excellent sense, and stainless character. He was indeed nervous to such a degree, that, to the very close of his life, he never rose without great reluctance and embarrassment to address the House of Lords. But, though not a great orator, he had in a high degree some of the qualities of a statesman. He chose his friends well; and he had, in an extraordinary degree, the art of attaching them to him by ties of the most honorable kind. The cheerful fidelity with which they adhered to him through many years of almost hopeless opposition, was less admirable than the disinterestedness and delicacy which they showed when he rose to power.

We are inclined to think that the use and the abuse of party cannot be better illustrated than by a parallel between two powerful connections of that time, the Rockinghams and the Bedfords. The Rockingham party was, in our view, exactly what a party should be. It consisted of men bound together by common opinions,

by common public objects, by mutual esteem. That they desired to obtain, by honest and constitutional means, the direction of affairs, they openly avowed. But, though often invited to accept the honors and emoluments of office, they steadily refused to do so on any conditions inconsistent with their principles. The Bedford party, as a party, had, as far as we can discover, no principle whatever. Rigby and Sandwich wanted public money, and thought that they should fetch a higher price jointly than singly. They therefore acted in concert, and prevailed on a much more important and a much better man than themselves to act with them.

It was to Rockingham that the Duke of Cumberland now had recourse. The Marquis consented to take the treasury. Newcastle, so long the recognized chief of the Whigs, could not well be excluded from the ministry. He was appointed keeper of the privy seal. A very honest clear-headed country gentleman, of the name of Dowdeswell, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. General Conway, who had served under the Duke of Cumberland, and was strongly attached to his royal highness, was made Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons. A great Whig nobleman, in the prime of manhood, from whom much was at that time expected, Augustus Duke of Grafton, was the other Secretary.

The oldest man living could remember no government so weak in oratorical talents and in official experience. The general opinion was, that the ministers might hold office during the recess, but that the first day of debate in Parliament would be the last day of their power. Charles Townshend was asked what he thought of the new administration. 'It is,' said he, 'mere lutestring: pretty summer wear. It will never do for the winter.'

At this conjuncture Lord Rockingham had the wisdom to discern the value, and secure the aid, of an ally, who, to eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and to industry which shamed the industry of Grenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Grenville could lay claim. A young Irishman had, some time before, come over to push his fortune in London. He had written much for the booksellers; but he was best known by a little treatise, in which the style and reasoning of Bolingbroke were mimicked with exquisite skill, and by a theory, of more ingenuity than soundness, touching the



pleasures which we receive from the objects of taste. He had also attained a high reputation as a talker, and was regarded by the men of letters who supped together at the Turk's Head as the only match in conversation for Dr. Johnson. He now became private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and was brought into Parliament by his patron's influence. These arrangements, indeed, were not made without some difficulty. The Duke of Newcastle, who was always meddling and chattering, adjudged the first lord of the treasury to be on his guard against this adventurer, whose real name was O'Burke, and whom his Grace knew to be a wild Irishman, a Jacobite, a Papist, a concealed Jesuit. Lord Rockingham treated the calumny as it deserved; and the Whig party was strengthened and adorned by the accession of Edmund Burke.

The party, indeed, stood in need of accessions; for it sustained about this time an almost irreparable loss. The Duke of Cumberland had formed the government, and was its main support. His exalted rank and great name in some degree balanced the fame of Pitt. As mediator between the Whigs and the court, he held a place which no other person could fill. The strength of his character supplied that which was the chief defect of the new ministry. Conway, in particular, who, with excellent intentions and respectable talents, was the most dependent and irresolute of human beings, drew from the counsels of that masculine mind a determination not his own. Before the meeting of Parliament the Duke suddenly died. His death was generally regarded as the signal of great troubles, and on this account, as well as from respect for his personal qualities, was greatly lamented. It was remarked that the mourning in London was the most general ever known, and was both deeper and longer than the Gazette had prescribed.

In the mean time, every mail from America brought alarming tidings. The crop which Grenville had sown, his successors had now to reap. The colonies were in a state bordering on rebellion. The stamps were burned. The revenue officers were tarred and feathered. All traffic between the discontented provinces and the mother country was interrupted. The Exchange of London was in dismay. Half the firms of Bristol and Liverpool were threatened with bankruptcy. In Leeds, Manchester,

Nottingham, it was said that three artisans out of every ten had been turned adrift. Civil war seemed to be at hand; and it could not be doubted, that, if once the British nation were divided against itself, France and Spain would soon take part in the quarrel.

Three courses were open to the ministers. The first was to enforce the Stamp Act by the sword. This was the course on which the King, and Grenville, whom the King hated beyond all living men, were alike bent. The natures of both were arbitrary and stubborn. They resembled each other so much that they could never be friends; but they resembled each other also so much, that they saw almost all important practical questions in the same point of view. Neither of them would bear to be governed by the other; but they perfectly agreed as to the best way of governing the people.

Another course was that which Pitt recommended. He held that the British Parliament was not constitutionally competent to pass a law for taxing the colonies. He therefore considered the Stamp Act as a nullity, as a document of no more validity than Charles's writ of ship-money, or James's proclamation dispensing with the penal laws. This doctrine seems to us, we must own, to be altogether untenable.

Between these extreme courses lay a third way. The opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was, that the British constitution had set no limit whatever to the legislative power of the British King, Lords, and Commons, over the whole British Empire. Parliament, they held, was legally competent to tax America, as Parliament was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attain any man in the kingdom of high treason, without examining witnesses against him, or hearing him in his own defence. The most atrocious act of confiscation or of attainder is just as valid an act as the Toleration Act or the Habeas Corpus Act. But from acts of confiscation and acts of attainder, lawgivers are bound, by every obligation of morality, systematically to refrain. In the same manner ought the British legislature to refrain from taxing the American colonies. The Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic.

sterile of revenue, and fertile of discontents. These sound doctrines were adopted by Lord Rockingham and his colleagues, and were, during a long course of years, inculcated by Burke, in orations, some of which will last as long as the English language.

The winter came; the Parliament met; and the state of the colonies instantly became the subject of fierce contention. Pitt, whose health had been somewhat restored by the waters of Bath, reappeared in the House of Commons, and, with ardent and pathetic eloquence, not only condemned the Stamp Act, but applauded the resistance of Massachusetts and Virginia; and vehemently maintained, in defiance, we must say, of all reason and of all authority, that, according to the British constitution, the supreme legislative power does not include the power to tax. The language of Grenville, on the other hand, was such as Strafford might have used at the council-table of Charles the First, when news came of the resistance to the liturgy at Edinburgh. The colonists were traitors; those who excused them were little better. Frigates, mortars, bayonets, sabres, were the proper remedies for such distempers.

The ministers occupied an intermediate position; they proposed to declare that the legislative authority of the British Parliament over the whole Empire was in all cases supreme; and they proposed, at the same time, to repeal the Stamp Act. To the former measure Pitt objected; but it was carried with scarcely a dissentient voice. The repeal of the Stamp Act Pitt strongly supported; but against the government was arrayed a formidable assemblage of opponents. Grenville and the Bedfords were furious. Temple, who had now allied himself closely with his brother, and separated himself from Pitt, was no despicable enemy. This, however, was not the worst. The ministry was without its natural strength. It had to struggle, not only against its avowed enemies, but against the insidious hostility of the King, and of a set of persons who, about this time, began to be designated as the King's friends.

The character of this faction has been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biassed by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a

single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authenticity.

The public generally regarded the King's friends as a body of which Bute was the directing soul. It was to no purpose that the Earl professed to have done with politics, that he absented himself year after year from the levee and the drawing-room, that he went to the north, that he went to Rome. The notion, that, in some inexplicable manner, he dictated all the measures of the court, was fixed in the minds, not only of the multitude, but of some who had good opportunities of obtaining information, and who ought to have been superior to vulgar prejudices. Our own belief is that these suspicions were unfounded, and that he ceased to have any communication with the King on political matters some time before the dismissal of George Grenville. The supposition of Bute's influence is, indeed, by no means necessary to explain the phenomena. The King, in 1765, was no longer the ignorant and inexperienced boy who had, in 1760, been managed by his mother and his groom of the stole. He had, during several years, observed the struggles of parties, and conferred daily on high questions of state with able and experienced politicians. His way of life had developed his understanding and character. He was now no longer a puppet, but had very decided opinions both of men and things. Nothing could be more natural than that he should have high notions of his own prerogatives, should be impatient of opposition, and should wish all public men to be detached from each other and dependent on himself alone; nor could any thing be more natural than that, in the state in which the political world then was, he should find instruments fit for his purposes.

Thus sprang into existence and into note a reptile species of politicians never before and never since known in our country. These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or of aversion. They were the King's friends. It is to be observed that this friendship implied no personal intimacy. These people had never lived with their



master, as Dodington at one time lived with his father, or as Sheridan afterwards lived with his son. They never hunted with him in the morning, or played cards with him in the evening; never shared his mutton, or walked with him among his turnips. Only one or two of them ever saw his face, except on public days. The whole band, however, always had early and accurate information as to his personal inclinations. None of these people were high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labor, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry. Whenever his Majesty was induced to give a reluctant assent to the introduction of some bill which his constitutional advisers regarded as necessary, his friends in the House of Commons were sure to speak against it, to vote against it, to throw in its way every obstruction compatible with the forms of Parliament. If his Majesty found it necessary to admit into his closet a Secretary of State or a First Lord of the Treasury whom he disliked, his friends were sure to miss no opportunity of thwarting and humbling the obnoxious minister. In return for these services, the King covered them with his protection. It was to no purpose that his responsible servants complained to him that they were daily betrayed and impeded by men who were eating the bread of the government. He sometimes justified the offenders, sometimes excused them, sometimes owned that they were to blame, but said that he must take time to consider whether he could part with them. He never would turn them out; and, while every thing else in the state was constantly changing, these sycophants seemed to have a life-estate in their offices.

It was well known to the King's friends, that though his Majesty had consented to the repeal of the Stamp Act, he had consented with a very bad grace, and that though he had eagerly welcomed the Whigs, when, in his extreme need and at his earnest entreaty, they had undertaken to free him from an insupportable yoke, he had by no means got over his early prejudices against his deliverers. The ministers soon found that, while they were encountered in front by the whole force of a strong opposi-

tion, their rear was assailed by a large body of those whom they had regarded as auxiliaries.

Nevertheless, Lord Rockingham and his adherents went on resolutely with the bill for repealing the Stamp Act. They had on their side all the manufacturing and commercial interests of the realm. In the debates the government was powerfully supported. Two great orators and statesmen, belonging to two different generations, repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.

For a time the event seemed doubtful. In several divisions the ministers were hard pressed. On one occasion, not less than twelve of the King's friends, all men in office, voted against the government. It was to no purpose that Lord Rockingham remonstrated with the King. His Majesty confessed that there was ground for complaint, but hoped that gentle means would bring the mutineers to a better mind. If they persisted in their misconduct, he would dismiss them.

At length the decisive day arrived. The gallery, the lobby, the Court of Requests, the staircases, were crowded with merchants from all the great ports of the island. The debate lasted till long after midnight. On the division, the ministers had a great majority. The dread of civil war, and the outcry of all the trading towns of the kingdom, had been too strong for the combined strength of the court and the opposition.

It was in the first dim twilight of a February morning that the doors were thrown open, and that the chiefs of the hostile parties showed themselves to the multitude. Conway was received with loud applause. But when Pitt appeared, all eyes were fixed on him alone. All hats were in the air. Loud and long huzzas accompanied him to his chair, and a train of admirers escorted him all the way to his home. Then came forth Grenville. As soon as he was recognized, a storm of hisses and curses broke forth. He turned fiercely on the crowd, and caught one man by the throat. The bystanders were in great alarm. If a scuffle began, none could say how it might end. Fortunately the person who had been collared only said, 'If I may not hiss, sir, I hope I may laugh,' and laughed in Grenville's face.

The majority had been so decisive, that all the opponents of the ministry, save one, were disposed to let the bill pass without any further contention. But solicitation and expostulation were thrown away on Grenville. His indomitable spirit rose up stronger and stronger under the load of public hatred. He fought out the battle obstinately to the end. On the last reading he had a sharp altercation with his brother-in-law, the last of their many sharp altercations. Pitt thundered in his loftiest tones against the man who had wished to dip the ermine of a British King in the blood of the British people. Grenville replied with his wonted intrepidity and asperity. 'If the tax,' he said, 'were still to be laid on, I would lay it on. For the evils which it may produce my accuser is answerable. His profusion made it necessary. His declarations against the constitutional powers of King, Lords, and Commons, have made it doubly necessary. I do not envy him the huzza. I glory in the hiss. If it were to be done again, I would do it.'

The repeal of the Stamp Act was the chief measure of Lord Rockingham's government. But that government is entitled to the praise of having put a stop to two oppressive practices, which, in Wilkes's case, had attracted the notice and excited the just indignation of the public. The House of Commons was induced by the ministers to pass a resolution, condemning the use of general warrants, and another resolution, condemning the seizure of papers in cases of libel.

It must be added, to the lasting honor of Lord Rockingham, that his administration was the first which, during a long course of years, had the courage and the virtue to refrain from bribing members of Parliament. His enemies accused him and his friends of weakness, of haughtiness, of party spirit; but calumny itself never dared to couple his name with corruption.

Unhappily his government, though one of the best that has ever existed in our country, was also one of the weakest. The King's friends assailed and obstructed the ministers at every turn. To appeal to the King was only to draw forth new promises and new evasions. His Majesty was sure that there must be some misunderstanding. Lord Rockingham had better speak to the gentlemen. They should be dismissed on the next fault. The next fault was soon committed, and his Majesty still continued to shuffle. It was too bad. It was quite

abominable; but it mattered less as the prorogation was at hand. He would give the delinquents one more chance. If they did not alter their conduct next session, he should not have one word to say for them. He had already resolved that, long before the commencement of the next session, Lord Rockingham should cease to be minister.

We have now come to a part of our story which, admiring as we do the genius and the many noble qualities of Pitt, we cannot relate without much pain. We believe that, at this conjuncture, he had it in his power to give the victory either to the Whigs or to the King's friends. If he had allied himself closely with Lord Rockingham, what could the court have done? There would have been only one alternative, the Whigs or Grenville; and there could be no doubt what the King's choice would be. He still remembered, as well he might, with the utmost bitterness, the thralldom from which his uncle had freed him, and said about this time, with great vehemence, that he would sooner see the devil come into his closet than Grenville.

And what was there to prevent Pitt from allying himself with Lord Rockingham? On all most important questions their views were the same. They had agreed in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, the seizure of papers. The points on which they differed were few and unimportant. In integrity, in disinterestedness, in hatred of corruption, they resembled each other. Their personal interests could not clash. They sat in different Houses, and Pitt had always declared that nothing should induce him to be first lord of the treasury.

If the opportunity of forming a coalition beneficial to the state, and honorable to all concerned, was suffered to escape, the fault was not with the Whig ministers. They behaved towards Pitt with an obsequiousness which, had it not been the effect of sincere admiration and of anxiety for the public interests, might have been justly called servile. They repeatedly gave him to understand that, if he chose to join their ranks, they were ready to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. They had proved their respect for him by bestowing a peerage on the person who, at that time, enjoyed the largest share of his confidence, Chief-Justice Pratt. What then was there to divide Pitt from the Whigs? What, on the other hand, was there in common be-



tween him and the King's friends, that he should lend himself to their purposes—he who had never owed any thing to flattery, or intrigue, he whose eloquence and independent spirit had overawed two generations of slaves and jobbers, he who had twice been forced by the enthusiasm of an admiring nation on a reluctant Prince?

Unhappily the court had gained Pitt, not, it is true, by those ignoble means which were employed when such men as Rigby and Wedderburn were to be won, but by allurements suited to a nature noble even in its aberrations. The King set himself to seduce the one man who could turn the Whigs out without letting Grenville in. Praise, caresses, promises, were lavished on the idol of the nation. He, and he alone, could put an end to faction, could bid defiance to all the powerful connections in the land united, Whigs and Tories, Rockinghams, Bedfords, and Grenvilles. These blandishments produced a great effect. For though Pitt's spirit was high and manly, though his eloquence was often exerted with formidable effect against the court, and though his theory of government had been learned in the school of Locke and Sidney, he had always regarded the person of the sovereign with profound veneration. As soon as he was brought face to face with royalty, his imagination and sensibility became too strong for his principles. His Whiggism thawed and disappeared; and he became, for the time, a Tory of the old Ormond pattern. Nor was he by any means unwilling to assist in the work of dissolving all political connections. His own weight in the state was wholly independent of such connections. He was therefore inclined to look on them with dislike, and made far too little distinction between gangs of knaves associated for the mere purpose of robbing the public, and confederacies of honorable men for the promotion of great public objects. Nor had he the sagacity to perceive that the strenuous efforts which he made to annihilate all parties tended only to establish the ascendancy of one party, and that the basest and most hateful of all.

It may be doubted whether he would have been thus misled, if his mind had been in full health and vigor. But the truth is, that he had for some time been in an unnatural state of excitement. No suspicions of this sort had yet got abroad. His eloquence had never shone with more splendor than during the recent debates. But people afterwards called to mind many things

which ought to have roused their apprehensions. His habits were gradually becoming more and more eccentric. A horror of all loud sounds, such as is said to have been one of the many oddities of Wallenstein, grew upon him. Though the most affectionate of fathers, he could not at this time bear to hear the voices of his own children, and laid out great sums at Hayes in buying up houses contiguous to his own, merely that he might have no neighbors to disturb him with their noise. He then sold Hayes, and took possession of a villa at Hampstead, where he again began to purchase houses to right and left. In expense, indeed, he vied, during this part of his life, with the wealthiest of the conquerors of Bengal and Tanjore. At Burton Pynsent, he ordered a great extent of ground to be planted with cedars. Cedars enough for the purpose were not to be found in Somersetshire. They were therefore collected in London, and sent down by land carriage. Relays of laborers were hired; and the work went on all night by torchlight. No man could be more abstemious than Pitt; yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing; for his appetite was capricious and fanciful; and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table. Other circumstances might be mentioned, such as separately are of little moment, but such as, when taken together, and when viewed in connection with the strange events which followed, justify us in believing that his mind was already in a morbid state.

Soon after the close of the session of parliament, Lord Rockingham received his dismissal. He retired, accompanied by a firm body of friends, whose consistency and uprightness enmity itself was forced to admit. None of them had asked or obtained any pension or any sinecure, either in possession or in reversion. Such disinterestedness was then rare among politicians. Their chief, though not a man of brilliant talents, had won for himself an honorable fame, which he kept pure to the last. He had in spite of difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, removed great abuses and averted a civil war. Sixteen years later, in a dark and terrible day, he was again called upon to save the state, brought to the very brink of ruin by the same perfidy and obstinacy which had embarrassed, and at length overthrown, his first administration.

Pitt was planting in Somersetshire when he was summoned to court by a letter written with the royal hand. He instantly hastened to London. The irritability of his mind and body were increased by the rapidity with which he travelled; and when he reached his journey's end he was suffering from fever. Ill as he was, he saw the King at Richmond, and undertook to form an administration.

Pitt was scarcely in the state in which a man should be who has to conduct delicate and arduous negotiations. In his letters to his wife, he complained that the conferences in which it was necessary for him to bear a part heated his blood and accelerated his pulse. From other sources of information we learn, that his language, even to those whose co-operation he wished to engage, was strangely peremptory and despotic. Some of his notes written at this time have been preserved, and are in a style which Louis the Fourteenth would have been too well bred to employ in addressing any French gentleman.

In the attempt to dissolve all parties, Pitt met with some difficulties. Some Whigs, whom the court would gladly have detached from Lord Rockingham, rejected all offers. The Bedfords were perfectly willing to break with Grenville; but Pitt would not come up to their terms. Temple, whom Pitt at first meant to place at the head of the treasury, proved intractable. A coldness indeed had, during some months, been fast growing between the brothers-in-law, so long and so closely allied in politics. Pitt was angry with Temple for opposing the repeal of the Stamp Act. Temple was angry with Pitt for refusing to accede to that family league which was now the favorite plan at Stowe. At length the Earl proposed an equal partition of power and patronage, and offered, on this condition, to give up his brother George. Pitt thought the demand exorbitant, and positively refused compliance. A bitter quarrel followed. Each of the kinsmen was true to his character. Temple's soul festered with spite, and Pitt's swelled into contempt. Temple represented Pitt as the most odious of hypocrites and traitors. Pitt held a different, and perhaps a more provoking tone. Temple was a good sort of man enough, whose single title to distinction was, that he had a large garden, with a large piece of water, and a great many pavilions and summer-houses. To his fortunate connection with a great orator and statesman he

was indebted for an importance in the state which his own talents could never have gained for him. That importance had turned his head. He had begun to fancy that he could form administrations, and govern Empires. It was piteous to see a well-meaning man under such a delusion.

In spite of all these difficulties, a ministry was made, such as the King wished to see, a Ministry in which all his Majesty's friends were comfortably accommodated, and which, with the exception of his Majesty's friends, contained no four persons who had ever in their lives been in the habit of acting together. Men who had never concurred in a single vote found themselves seated at the same board. The office of paymaster was divided between two persons who had never exchanged a word. Most of the chief posts were filled either by personal adherents of Pitt, or by members of the late ministry, who had been induced to remain in place after the dismissal of Lord Rockingham. To the former class belonged Pratt, now Lord Camden, who accepted the great seal, and Lord Shelburne, who was made one of the Secretaries of State. To the latter class belonged the Duke of Grafton, who became First Lord of the Treasury, and Conway, who kept his old position both in the government and in the House of Commons. Charles Townshend, who had belonged to every party, and cared for none, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt himself was declared prime minister, but refused to take any laborious office. He was created Earl of Chatham and the privy seal was delivered to him.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the failure, the complete and disgraceful failure, of this arrangement, is not to be ascribed to any want of talents in the persons whom we have named. None of them were deficient in abilities; and four of them, Pitt himself, Shelburne, Camden, and Townshend, were men of high intellectual eminence. The fault was not in the materials, but in the principle on which the materials were put together. Pitt had mixed up these conflicting elements, in the full confidence that he should be able to keep them all in perfect subordination to himself, and in perfect harmony with each other. We shall soon see how the experiment succeeded.

On the very day on which the new prime minister kissed hands, three-fourths of that popularity which he had long enjoyed without a rival, and to which he owed the greater part of his authority, departed from him.



A violent outcry was raised, not against that part of his conduct which really deserved severe condemnation, but against a step in which we can see nothing to censure. His acceptance of a peerage produced a general burst of indignation. Yet surely no peerage had ever been better earned; nor was there ever a statesman who more needed the repose of the Upper House. Pitt was now growing old. He was much older in constitution than in years. It was with imminent risk to his life that he had, on some important occasions, attended his duty in Parliament. During the session of 1764, he had not been able to take part in a single debate. It was impossible that he should go through the nightly labor of conducting the business of the government in the House of Commons. His wish to be transferred, under such circumstances, to a less busy and a less turbulent assembly was natural and reasonable. The nation, however, overlooked all these considerations. Those who had most loved and honored the great Commoner, were loudest in invective against the new-made lord. London had hitherto been true to him through every vicissitude. When the citizens learned that he had been sent for from Somersetshire, that he had been closeted with the King at Richmond, and that he was to be first minister, they had been in transports of joy. Preparations were made for a great entertainment, and for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed round the Monument, when the Gazette announced that the object of all their enthusiasm was an Earl. Instantly the feast was countermanded. The lamps were taken down. The newspapers raised the roar of obloquy. Pamphlets, made up of calumny and scurrility, filled the shops of all the booksellers; and of those pamphlets, the most galling were written under the direction of the malignant Temple. It was now the fashion to compare the two Williams, William Pulteney and William Pitt. Both, it was said, had, by eloquence and simulated patriotism, acquired a great ascendancy in the House of Commons and in the country. Both had been intrusted with the office of reforming the government. Both had, when at the height of power and popularity, been seduced by the splendor of the coronet. Both had been made earls, and both had in a moment become objects of aversion and scorn to the nation, which a few hours before had regarded them with affection and veneration.

The clamor against Pitt appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. His name had till now acted like a spell at Versailles and Saint Ildefonso. English travellers on the Continent had remarked, that nothing more was necessary to silence a whole room-full of boasting Frenchmen, than to drop a hint of the probability that Mr. Pitt would return to power. In an instant there was deep silence: all shoulders rose, and all faces were lengthened. Now, unhappily, every foreign court, in learning that he was recalled to office, learned also that he no longer possessed the hearts of his countrymen. Ceasing to be loved at home, he ceased to be feared abroad. The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.

The difficulties which beset Chatham were daily increased by the despotic manner in which he treated all around him. Lord Rockingham had, at the time of the change of ministry, acted with great moderation, had expressed a hope that the new government would act on the principles of the late government; and had even interfered to prevent many of his friends from quitting office. Thus Saunders and Kerpel, two naval commanders of great eminence, had been induced to remain at the Admiralty, where their services were much needed. The Duke of Portland was still lord-chamberlain, and Lord Besborough postmaster. But within a quarter of a year, Lord Chatham had so effectually disgusted these men, that they all retired in deep disgust. In truth, his tone, submissive in the closet, was at this time insupportably tyrannical in the cabinet. His colleagues were merely his clerks for naval, financial, and diplomatic business. Conway, meek as he was, was on one occasion provoked into declaring that such language as Lord Chatham's had never been heard west of Constantinople, and was with difficulty prevented by Horace Walpole from resigning, and rejoining the standard of Lord Rockingham.

The breach which had been made in the government by the defection of so many of the Rockinghams, Chatham hoped to supply by the help of the Bedfords. But with the Bedfords he could not deal as he had dealt with other parties. It was to no purpose that he bade high for one or two members of the faction, in the hope of detaching them from the rest. They were to be had; but they were to be had only in the

lot. There was indeed for a moment some wavering and some disputing among them. But at length the counsels of the shrewd and resolute Rigby prevailed. They determined to stand firmly together, and plainly intimated to Chatham that he must take them all, or that he should get none of them. The event proved that they were wiser in their generation than any other connection in the state. In a few months they were able to dictate their own terms.

The most important public measure of Lord Chatham's administration was his celebrated interference with the corn-trade. The harvest had been bad; the price of food was high; and he thought it necessary to take on himself the responsibility of laying an embargo on the exportation of grain. When Parliament met, this proceeding was attacked by the opposition as unconstitutional, and defended by the ministers as indispensably necessary. At last, an act was passed to indemnify all who had been concerned in the embargo.

The first words uttered by Chatham, in the House of Lords, were in defence of his conduct on this occasion. He spoke with a calmness, sobriety, and dignity, well suited to the audience which he was addressing. A subsequent speech which he made on the same subject was less successful. He bade defiance to aristocratical connections, with a superciliousness to which the Peers were not accustomed, and with tones and gestures better suited to a large and stormy assembly than to the body of which he was now a member. A short altercation followed, and he was told very plainly that he should not be suffered to browbeat the old nobility of England.

It gradually became clearer and clearer that he was in a distempered state of mind. His attention had been drawn to the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, and he determined to bring the whole of that great subject before Parliament. He would not, however, confer on the subject with any of his colleagues. It was in vain that Conway, who was charged with the conduct of business in the House of Commons, and Charles Townshend, who was responsible for the direction of the finances, begged for some glimpse of light as to what was in contemplation. Chatham's answers were sullen and mysterious. He must decline any discussion with them; he did not want their assistance; he had fixed on a person to take charge of his measure in the House of Commons. This

person was a member who was not connected with the government, and who neither they had, nor deserved to have, the ear of the House—a noisy, purseproud, illiterate demagogue, whose Cockney English and scraps of mis-pronounced Latin were the jest of the newspapers—Alderman Beckford. It may well be supposed that these strange proceedings produced a ferment through the whole political world. The city was in commotion. The East India Company invoked the faith of charters. Burke thundered against the ministers. The ministers looked at each other, and knew not what to say. In the midst of the confusion, Lord Chatham proclaimed himself gouty, and retired to Bath. It was announced, after some time, that he was better, that he would shortly return, that he would soon put every thing in order. A day was fixed for his arrival in London. But when he reached the Castle inn at Marlborough, he stopped, shut himself up in his room, and remained there some weeks. Every body who travelled that road was amazed by the number of his attendants. Footmen and grooms, dressed in his family livery, filled the whole inn, though one of the largest in England, and swarmed in the streets of the little town. The truth was, that the invalid had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle should wear his livery.

His colleagues were in despair. The Duke of Grafton proposed to go down to Marlborough in order to consult the oracle. But he was informed that Lord Chatham must decline all conversation on business. In the mean time, all the parties which were out of office, Bedfords, Grenvilles, and Rockinghams, joined to oppose the distracted government on the vote for the land-tax. They were reinforced by almost all the county members, and had a considerable majority. This was the first time that a ministry had been beaten on an important division in the House of Commons since the fall of Sir Robert Walpole. The administration, thus furiously assailed from without, was torn by internal dissensions. It had been formed on no principle whatever. From the very first, nothing but Chatham's authority had prevented the hostile contingents which made up his ranks from going to blows with each other. That authority was now withdrawn, and every thing was in commotion. Conway, a brave soldier, but in civil affairs the



most timid and irresolute of men, afraid of disobliging the King, afraid of being abused in the newspapers, afraid of being thought factious if he went out, afraid of being thought interested if he stayed in, afraid of every thing, and afraid of being known to be afraid of any thing, was beaten backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock between Horace Walpole who wished to make him prime minister, and Lord John Cavendish who wished to draw him into opposition. Charles Townshend, a man of splendid talents, of lax principles, and of boundless vanity and presumption, would submit to no control. The full extent of his parts, of his ambition, and of his arrogance, had not yet been made manifest; for he had always quailed before the genius and the lofty character of Pitt. But now that Pitt had quitted the House of Commons, and seemed to have abdicated the part of chief minister, Townshend broke loose from all restraint.

While things were in this state, Chatham at length returned to London. He might as well have remained at Marlborough. He would see nobody. He would give no opinion on any public matter. The Duke of Grafton begged piteously for an interview, for an hour, for half an hour, for five minutes. The answer was, that it was impossible. The King himself repeatedly condescended to expostulate and implore. 'Your duty,' he wrote, 'your own honor, require you to make an effort.' The answers to these appeals were commonly written in Lady Chatham's hand, from her lord's dictation; for he had not energy even to use a pen. He flings himself at the King's feet. He is penetrated by the Royal goodness, so signally shown to the most unhappy of men. He implores a little more indulgence. He cannot as yet transact business. He cannot see his colleagues. Least of all can he bear the excitement of an interview with majesty.

Some were half inclined to suspect that he was, to use a military phrase, malingering. He had made, they said, a great blunder, and had found it out. His immense popularity, his high reputation for statesmanship, were gone for ever. Intoxicated by pride, he had undertaken a task beyond his abilities. He now saw nothing before him but distresses and humiliations; and he had therefore simulated illness, in order to escape from vexations which he had not fortitude to meet. This suspicion,

though it derived some color from that weakness which was the most striking blemish of his character, was certainly unfounded. His mind, before he became first minister, had been, as we have said, in an unsound state; and physical and moral causes now concurred to make the derangement of his faculties complete. The gout, which had been the torment of his whole life, had been suppressed by strong remedies. For the first time since he was a boy at Oxford, he passed several months without a twinge. But his hand and foot had been relieved at the expense of his nerves. He became melancholy, fanciful, irritable. The embarrassing state of public affairs, the grave responsibility which lay on him, the consciousness of his errors, the disputes of his colleagues, the savage clamors raised by his detractors, bewildered his enfeebled mind. One thing alone, he said, could save him. He must repurchase Hayes. The unwilling consent of the new occupant was extorted by Lady Chatham's entreaties and tears; and her lord was somewhat easier. But if business were mentioned to him, he, once the proudest and boldest of mankind, behaved like an hysterical girl, trembled from head to foot, and burst into a flood of tears.

His colleagues for a time continued to entertain the expectation that his health would soon be restored, and that he would emerge from his retirement. But month followed month, and still he remained hidden in mysterious seclusion, and sunk, as far as they could learn, in the deepest dejection of spirits. They at length ceased to hope or to fear any thing from him; and, though he was still nominally Prime Minister, took without scruple steps which they knew to be diametrically opposed to all his opinions and feelings, allied themselves with those whom he had proscribed, disgraced those whom he most esteemed, and laid taxes on the colonies, in the face of the strong declarations which he had recently made.

When he had passed about a year and three quarters in gloomy privacy, the King received a few lines in Lady Chatham's hand. They contained a request, dictated by her lord, that he might be permitted to resign the Privy Seal. After some civil show of reluctance, the resignation was accepted. Indeed Chatham was, by this time, almost as much forgotten as if he had already been lying in Westminster Abbey.

At length the clouds which had gathered over his mind broke and passed away. His gout returned, and freed him from a more cruel malady. His nerves were newly braced. His spirits became buoyant. He woke as from a sickly dream. It was a strange recovery. Men had been in the habit of talking of him as of one dead, and, when he first showed himself at the King's levee, started as if they had seen a ghost. It was more than two years and a half since he had appeared in public.

He, too, had cause for wonder. The world which he now entered was not the world which he had quitted. The administration which he had formed had never been, at any one moment, entirely changed. But there had been so many losses and so many accessions, that he could scarcely recognize his own work. Charles Townshend was dead. Lord Shelburne had been dismissed. Conway had sunk into utter insignificance. The Duke of Grafton had fallen into the hands of the Bedfords. The Bedfords had deserted Grenville, had made their peace with the King and the King's friends, and had been admitted to office. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was rising fast in importance. Corsica had been given up to France without a struggle. The disputes with the American colonies had been revived. A general election had taken place. Wilkes had returned from exile, and, outlaw as he was, had been chosen knight of the shire for Middlesex. The multitude was on his side. The Court was obstinately bent on ruining him, and was prepared to shake the very foundations of the constitution for the sake of a paltry revenge. The House of Commons, assuming to itself an authority which of right belongs only to the whole legislature, had declared Wilkes incapable of sitting in Parliament. Nor had it been thought sufficient to keep him out. Another must be brought in. Since the freeholders of Middlesex had obstinately refused to choose a member acceptable to the Court, the House had chosen a member for them. This was not the only instance, perhaps not the most disgraceful instance, of the inveterate malignity of the Court. Exasperated by the steady opposition of the Rockingham party, the King's friends had tried to rob a distinguished Whig nobleman of his private estate, and had persisted in their mean wickedness till their own servile majority had revolted from mere disgust and shame. Discontent had

spread throughout the nation, and was kept up by stimulants such as had rarely been applied to the public mind. Junius had taken the field, had trampled Sir William Draper in the dust, had well nigh broken the heart of Blackstone, and had so mangled the reputation of the Duke of Grafton that his grace had become sick of office, and was beginning to look wistfully towards the shades of Euston. Every principle of foreign, domestic, and colonial policy which was dear to the heart of Chatham, had, during the eclipse of his genius, been violated by the government which he had formed.

The remaining years of his life were spent in vainly struggling against that fatal policy which, at the moment when he might have given it a death-blow, he had been induced to take under his protection. His exertions redeemed his own fame, but they effected little for his country.

He found two parties arrayed against the government, the party of his own brothers-in-law, the Grenvilles, and the party of Lord Rockingham. On the question of the Middlesex election these parties were agreed. But on many other important questions they differed widely; and were, in truth, not less hostile to each other than to the court. The Grenvilles had, during several years, annoyed the Rockinghams with a succession of acrimonious pamphlets. It was long before the Rockinghams could be induced to retaliate. But an ill-natured tract, written under Grenville's direction, and entitled a *State of the Nation*, was too much for their patience. Burke undertook to defend and avenge his friends, and executed the task with admirable skill and vigor. On every point he was victorious, and nowhere more completely victorious than when he joined issue on those dry and minute questions of statistical and financial detail in which the main strength of Grenville lay. The official drudge, even on his own chosen ground, was utterly unable to maintain the fight against the great orator and philosopher. When Chatham reappeared, Grenville was still writhing with the recent shame and smart of this well-merited chastisement. Cordial co-operation between the two sections of the opposition was impossible. Nor could Chatham easily connect himself with either. His feelings, in spite of many affronts given and received, drew him towards the Grenvilles. For he had strong domestic affections; and his



nature, which, though haughty, was by no means obdurate, had been softened by affliction. But from his kinsmen he was separated by a wide difference of opinion on the question of colonial taxation. A reconciliation, however, took place. He visited Stowe, he shook hands with George Grenville; and the Whig freeholders of Buckinghamshire, at their public dinners, drank many bumpers to the union of the three brothers.

In opinions, Chatham was much nearer to the Rockinghams than to his own relatives. But between him and the Rockinghams there was a gulf not easily to be passed. He had deeply injured them, and, in injuring them, had deeply injured his country. When the balance was trembling between them and the court, he had thrown the whole weight of his genius, of his renown, of his popularity, into the scale of misgovernment. It must be added, that many eminent members of the party still retained a bitter recollection of the asperity and disdain with which they had been treated by him at the time when he assumed the direction of affairs. It is clear from Burke's pamphlets and speeches, and still more clear from his private letters, and from the language which he held in conversation, that he long regarded Chatham with a feeling not far removed from dislike. Chatham was undoubtedly conscious of his error, and desirous to atone for it. But his overtures of friendship, though made with earnestness, and even with unwonted humility, were at first received by Lord Rockingham with cold and austere reserve. Gradually the intercourse of the two statesmen became courteous and even amicable. But the past was never wholly forgotten.

Chatham did not, however, stand alone. Round him gathered a party small in number, but strong in great and various talents. Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, Colonel Barre, and Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, were the principle members of this connection.

There is no reason to believe that, from this time till within a few weeks of Chatham's death, his intellect suffered any decay. His eloquence was almost to the last heard with delight. But it was not exactly the eloquence of the House of Lords. That lofty and passionate, but somewhat desultory declamation in which he excelled all men, and which was set off by looks, tones, and gestures, worthy of Garrick or Talma, was out of place in a

small apartment where the audience often consisted of three or four drowsy prelates, three or four old judges, accustomed during many years to disregard rhetoric, and to look only at facts and arguments, and three or four listless and supercilious men of fashion, whom any thing like enthusiasm moved to a sneer. In the House of Commons, a flash of his eye, a wave of his arm, had sometimes cowed Murray. But in the House of Peers, his utmost vehemence and pathos produced less effect than the moderation, the reasonableness, the luminous order, and the serene dignity, which characterized the speeches of Lord Mansfield.

On the question of the Middlesex election, all the three divisions of the opposition acted in concert. No orator in either House defended what is now universally admitted to have been the constitutional cause, with more ardor or eloquence than Chatham. Before this subject had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away; and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches.

Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect. Oppression provoked resistance; resistance was made the pretext for fresh oppression. The warnings of all the greatest statesmen of the age were lost on an imperious court and a deluded nation. Soon a colonial senate confronted the British Parliament. Then the colonial militia crossed bayonets with the British regiments. At length the commonwealth was torn asunder. Two millions of Englishmen, who, fifteen years before, had been as loyal to their prince and as proud of their country as the people of Kent or Yorkshire, separated themselves by a solemn act from the Empire. For a time it seemed that the insurgents would struggle to small purpose against the vast financial and military means of the mother country. But disasters, following one another in rapid succession, rapidly dispelled the illusions of national vanity. At length a great British force, exhausted, famished, harassed on every side by a hostile peasantry, was compelled to deliver up its arms. Those governments which

England had, in the late war, so signally humbled, and which had during many years been sullenly brooding over the recollections of Quebec, of Minden, and of the Moro, now saw with exultation that the day of revenge was at hand. France recognised the independence of the United States; and there could be little doubt that the example would soon be followed by Spain.

Chatham and Rockingham had cordially concurred in opposing every part of the fatal policy which had brought the state into this dangerous situation. But their paths now diverged. Lord Rockingham thought, and, as the event proved, thought most justly, that the revolted colonies were separated from the Empire for ever, and that the only effect of prolonging the war on the American continent would be to divide resources which it was desirable to concentrate. If the hopeless attempt to subjugate Pennsylvania and Virginia were abandoned, war against the house of Bourbon might possibly be avoided, or, if inevitable, might be carried on with success and glory. We might even indemnify ourselves for part of what we had lost, at the expense of those foreign enemies who had hoped to profit by our domestic dissensions. Lord Rockingham, therefore, and those who acted with him, conceived that the wisest course now open to England, was to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to turn her whole force against her European enemies.

Chatham, it should seem, ought to have taken the same side. Before France had taken any part in our quarrel with the colonies, he had repeatedly, and with great energy of language, declared that it was impossible to conquer America; and he could not without absurdity maintain that it was easier to conquer France and America together than America alone. But his passions overpowered his judgment, and made him blind to his own inconsistency. The very circumstances which made the separation of the colonies inevitable, made it to him altogether insupportable. The dismemberment of the Empire seemed to him less ruinous and humiliating, when produced by domestic dissensions, than when produced by foreign interference. His blood boiled at the degradation of his country. Whatever lowered her among the nations of the earth, he felt as a personal outrage to himself. And the feeling was natural. He had made her so great. He

had been so proud of her; and she had been so proud of him. He remembered how, more than twenty years before, in a day of gloom and dismay, when her possessions were torn from her, when her flag was dishonored, she had called on him to save her. He remembered the sudden and glorious change which his energy had wrought, the long series of triumphs, the days of thanksgiving, the nights of illumination. Fired by such recollections, he determined to separate himself from those who advised that the independence of the colonies should be acknowledged. That he was in error, will scarcely, we think, be disputed by his warmest admirers. Indeed, the treaty by which, a few years later, the republic of the United States was recognised, was the work of his most attached adherents and of his favorite son.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned except the high curve of nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his dis-



course, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused, that in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but, while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition. But death at once restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honors, led forth to the senate-house by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute.—

Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The city of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honored, might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Every thing was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honors to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty-seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the Church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his own effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

## LOUISA QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

From the Literary Gazette.

"*Characteristic Traits from the Life of Frederic William III.*" By Bishop Eylert, preacher to His Majesty at Potsdam. From Vol. II., just published at Magdeburg. [This is the work from which the selections by Mr. Birch were made, noticed in our last No.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we take up that portion of Bishop Eylert's second volume, which renders the beautiful, the gentle, the highly-gifted Louisa Queen of Prussia "a familiar acquaintance" to us. There is such queenly dignity blended with the gentle sweetness of the woman—such unaffected goodness of heart set off by the most exalted and expansive Christian principle—that her life is a model, no less for the sovereign than for the humblest female in the land.

Passing over the historical events connected with her career, and the general biography—her birth, beauty, accomplishments, marriage to the crown-prince of Prussia, when both in the bloom of youth, and her lamented death—we proceed to select some of the more private traits of her exemplary life and character:—

"So great was the fame of her charity, that not a day passed without bringing her petitions from the most remote parts of the kingdom. These she generally answered by her own hand, accompanying her gifts by words of the kindest interest, thus furnishing a beautiful commentary upon that expressive text of the holy Scriptures, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

"During her residence in Potsdam," says Bishop Eylert, "the queen generally sent for my investigation the innumerable petitions addressed to her, and I had often the happiness of being the almoner of her charities. She was wont to say, 'it ought to be our chief object to remove the origin and causes of poverty, and to make the needy better and happier by their own active exertions. But then,' she added, in the genuine spirit of a woman, 'whether the poor man really deserves our aid,—that is not for us to inquire. Who can know and weigh that? The lines which separate merited and unmerited poverty are so finely traced, and run so closely into one another! And how does our heavenly Father act towards us? is he not all mercy and compassion?' This pious feeling, and the look of affectionate sympathy which expressed it, were habitual; she carried it so far, that if she beheld from the window of the palace, or in driving through the streets, a countenance which told of sorrow or suffering, she could not divest herself of the impression till she had investigated into the cause. This extreme readiness to afford relief, as we might suppose, sometimes led her into mistakes.

"During one of her walks in the park near the palace at Potsdam, she saw a pale and emaciated man resting upon one of the seats; and as he was poorly dressed, the queen ima-

gined that he was in distress, and therefore ordered her page to present him with four Frederic's dollars. He was, however, a respectable citizen of Potsdam, who had just recovered from a severe illness, and had come into the park to enjoy the fresh country air. He therefore declined the proffered gift with a proper feeling of independence. The queen, who had in the mean time pursued her walk, was no sooner informed of this, than she turned back to reassure the old man, whom she fancied that she must have hurt. 'Pardon me,' said the queen; 'I did not wish to wound your feelings; but you must at least permit me to provide for your recovery by sending you every day such nourishment as your kitchen may perhaps not furnish. The king loves the good burghesses of his own native city of Potsdam, and I join in this feeling with all my heart.' The worthy master Van der Leeden rose up in grateful emotion before his benignant sovereign; and for many weeks did he daily receive supplies from the royal kitchen.

"The allowances which the queen received every quarter from the king, through his privy-counsellor, M. Wolter, were often inadequate to supply these daily liberalities. She therefore begged him to make some advances; but Wolter was straightforward, conscientious, and very particular in his accounts: 'All my accounts,' replied he, 'are made up every month; I am not permitted to enter any advances among the expenditure—it is contrary to the king's positive orders. But indeed, your majesty, it will not do to go on in this way; you will give till you have impoverished yourself.' The queen replied, with much kindness, 'My good Wolter, I love my children; and the word *Land's-child* (*Landeskind*) sounds sweetly in my ears; and I am ravished with the thought that I am with my best friend,\* the land's-father, also the land's-mother. I cannot, dare not, separate from him; but must give help wherever it is required.' 'Well,' said the faithful Wolter, 'I will tell his majesty.' 'If you think that it will not make him angry,' rejoined the queen. But he, the most tender and happiest of husbands, with a heart and hand as ready as hers, did not upbraid. A few days after, the queen found the drawer of her writing-desk replenished. 'What angel can have placed it there?' exclaimed the queen. 'The angel,' replied the king, 'is Legion. I know not what may be his name, and I know but one; but you know the beautiful text, 'So He giveth His beloved sleeping.' (Germ. trans. Psalm cxxvi.)

"On occasion of some splendid military fête, which was celebrated in the church at Potsdam, the king and queen attended in state; every seat had been long occupied, when a worthy and highly respectable lady, who was a member of the congregation, entered the

\* This was the queen's favorite term when speaking of the king.



church. Being unacquainted with its different localities, she, in her search for some vacant spot, suddenly found herself in the passage leading to the queen's closet. She opened the door, and, to her astonishment, beheld the royal party, who were already engaged in their devotions. She was about to withdraw, when one of the ladies kindly motioned her to remain; and with the natural humility of her character, she silently took the most retired place. But she little suspected the storm which this was to draw down upon her. No sooner had the queen left the pew, than the master of the ceremonies went up to the poor woman, in virtue of his office, and censured her in the most vehement manner for presuming to force herself into the royal presence, and thus violate every law of decorum. The assurances that her offence had been unintentional were unavailing, even when she had stated the name and rank of her husband: she was treated as if she had been guilty of *lèse majesté*. She came to me," says Bishop Eylert, "in the deepest distress, but appeared most of all to be affected by the thought that she should have appeared to be wanting in due respect to the queen. While she was still speaking, Count von Brühl, the queen's chamberlain, entered with a message from her majesty, requiring my immediate attendance. On entering the audience-chamber, the queen came up instantly, saying, 'I entreat you to tell me what has happened in your church. I have just learnt that a very worthy lady has been shamefully abused by my chamberlain. And for what reason?—would you credit it?—merely because she had entered my pew during divine service. Every body knows what the king and I think of court-etiquette; it may not be altogether dispensed with, but surely there ought to be some difference made when in the house of God. I cannot tell you how deeply I am grieved at this occurrence, although I am personally innocent. But I entreat you to settle this affair. Dine with us to-day on Peacock's Island, and let me hear that this worthy lady feels satisfied; to-morrow you must come again, and bring her with you; and tell her I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance.'

"It is impossible to estimate the blessings which resulted, not only to the royal family, but even to the whole country, from the royal union. If we had not the most independent testimony of eye-witnesses, the pure, simple, heartfelt picture of domestic bliss might be taken for some beautiful idyll, rather than a scene of real life, retaining all its force and freshness under every circumstance,—a happiness such as is rarely found even in the less restrained intercourse of private life, and yet more rarely on a throne. It may readily be supposed that the devoted affection, the simple, unaffected union of the king and queen, would not submit to the trammels of old court etiquette.

"Wherever the king saw that remonstrances would be unavailing, he possessed a peculiarly

happy manner of carrying his point by some sportive act. When he had made such a resolve, he retained his wonted gravity; but there was always a singular play of the countenance, accompanied by a sarcastic smile. 'Well,' said the king one day to the Countess von Voss, the queen's first lady of the bedchamber, who was a stringent observer of etiquette,—'Well, I will conform; and to prove this to you, I will request you to announce me, and to demand whether I may have the honor of an audience of my consort, her royal highness the crown-princess; I am desirous of paying my respects to her, and I trust she will be graciously pleased to grant my wish.' The lady of the bedchamber, who had often mourned the sad dereliction of court-etiquette, was overjoyed at this triumph of the good bygone customs. She hastened to prepare herself, in order to announce the desired audience—an intimation to which she flattered herself she should receive a gracious reply. Who, then, can paint her astonishment when, on entering the apartment to announce her royal lord, she found that he had anticipated her, and was actually walking arm-in-arm with the queen, then still princess? The king burst into a loud hearty laugh, exclaiming, "You see, my dear Lady Voss, that my wife and I meet and converse together without being announced; this is what we wish and desire, and this is according to all good Christian rules. But you are a charming lady of the bedchamber, and shall henceforth be called, 'Dame d'Etiquette.'

"On another occasion, when the customary ceremonials attendant on a gratulatory visit of the court to an allied court, were under discussion, the lady of the bedchamber observed, that the departure to and from the palace must take place in one of the principal state-carriages, drawn by eight richly-caparisoned horses, two coachmen, and three of the body-jäger, in their state-liveries. 'Well,' said the king, smiling, 'thus, then, you shall order it.' When this splendid equipage drove up the next day, the king, with great violence, lifted her ladyship into it, rapidly closed the door, and calling out 'On!' to the drivers, sprung hastily, with the queen, into his ordinary carriage, which was open, and drawn by a pair of horses only, and drove himself after his grand state-coach, amid the acclamations of the crowd."

The following is a somewhat novel but pleasing proof of the perfect understanding which subsisted between the royal pair:—

"It was the king's custom, after receiving presentations in the cabinet, to hasten, though but for a few moments, to the queen's apartments, to breakfast with her; his favorite refreshment being fresh-gathered fruit. He saw on entering, a very pretty cap lying on her work-table. He gaily demanded its cost. 'Oh, it is by no means well,' replied the queen, sportively, 'when husbands require to know the price of their wives' millinery; they don't understand it, and then fancy every thing too dear.' 'But you may tell me how much this

cap cost? I should like to know.' 'Well, I have chosen a cheap one—it costs only four dollars.' 'Only four dollars? terribly dear for such a thing!' And while standing at the window, continuing to amuse himself about its price, he perceived one of the guard of invalids crossing the court; he motioned him to enter. On coming into the apartment, the king said: 'The lady sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money; for what think you, old comrade, she has paid for the cap which is lying upon the table? But don't suffer yourself to be blinded by the fine rose-colored ribbon.' The old veteran, who had but little experience in such affairs, shrugged his shoulders, and said, laconically, 'Well, it may have cost some groschen.' 'Do you hear that?' said the king; 'groschen, indeed! Four dollars did she pay for it! Go now and ask the fair lady to give you just as many.' Looking up with a smile at her husband, she instantly opened her purse, and placed four new dollar-pieces in the soldier's hand. 'But,' added she, playfully, 'look at that illustrious gentleman who is standing in the window; he has a great deal more money than I; all that I have comes from him, and he gives willingly: now go to him, and make him give you double—eight dollars.' With a merry laugh, the queen turned to see how this command would come off at the hands of the ever-ready king. On this occasion, however, there was somewhat of backwardness in his responses. Shrugging his shoulders, yet laughing and wishing the veteran all happiness, the eight pieces were forthcoming. It was the man's good fortune to have beheld the happiest of husbands and wives; and on leaving the room he overheard their mirthful and gladsome laugh."

**DECORATIVE-ART SOCIETY.**—This society, the formation of which we announced last year, has resumed its meetings. On Wednesday last, a paper was read by Mr. Cowten, 'On Paper Hangings,' in which an account was given of the rise and progress of the manufacture in this country, illustrated by specimens of various dates. It was contended that the higher principles of art were more truly appreciated and more extensively applied by the manufacturers, some sixty years since, (amongst those named were Sheringham and the Echardts, assisted by the artists Boileau, Fuseli, Jones, &c.,) than by those of the present day. During the discussion which ensued, it was observed that our paper-stainers do not, as formerly, employ artists as an integral part of their establishment, but content themselves with purchasing their blocks from the designer, whose artistic character thus necessarily merges in that of a mere dealer in carved wood. Their conduct in this particular was disadvantageously contrasted with that of the calico-printers, a somewhat analogous trade, who were said to employ from five to ten designers for their especial service, although they do not produce more pieces per annum than some of the larger paper-staining houses.—*Athenaeum*.

## COURSES OF ENGLISH READING.

From Fraser's Magazine.

It was said upon one occasion, by a very stout gentleman of the last century, that it is surprising to observe how small a quantity of reading there is in the world: yet, if his subsequent conversation with the younger Burke and Boswell be correctly reported, he has furnished a solution of his own problem. The progress which the understanding makes through a book, he conceived to have in it more of pain than pleasure; and no man, he ventured to assert, ever reads a work of science from pure inclination, the books really perused with pleasure being only such light compositions as contain a quick succession of events. The reader will, doubtless, have identified the stout gentleman of our quotation with that great Dr. Johnson, whose critical shoes have creaked over the threshold of the present generation, in all that unloiled roughness in which Boswell determined to preserve them. In uttering his last remark, he was probably thinking of the day when he read through Fielding's *Amelia* without stopping. But the assertion is not well founded, and if Johnson had known any thing of Cambridge education, he would have immediately perceived its fallacy. Peacock's *Algebra* is the *Ivanhoe* of St. John's; and we have known a man of science whose constant and favorite companion among shady lanes was Bland's *Collection of Problems*. This taste, however, is not easily imparted. Whatever may be the contagion of the gown, Mr. Blakesley or Mr. Thurtell could give some interesting illustrations to show that the infection of the differential calculus spreads slowly; and the present popular Master of Trinity cannot fail to number, among his tutorial reminiscences, a considerable party of Young England, absolutely deaf to the charmings of pulleys and Bramah. The difficulty resides in awakening a taste for a pump or a poem.

We approve of Johnson's suggestion, to turn a boy loose into a library—having previously removed all works of an injurious tendency—and to let him graze as he likes. Nothing can be worse than to enclose him in one small field of knowledge, with thorn hedges, a cord, and a staple. The confinement of the pasture destroys its relish. Instead of binding down his eye and attention to a single book, let him please his appetite in the selection; and,



above all, abstain from discouraging him by a statement of difficulties beyond the reach of his understanding. If he find the trunk of the tree too huge and knotty for his arms to encircle it, he will, of his own accord, soon abandon the attempt to climb to the boughs. Nor is another caution of the Doctor's undeserving of regard. If a man or a boy begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, he advises him not to turn back and commence methodically at the first page, lest the inclination to the task should lose its heat, or entirely forsake him. In addition to the removal of all books harmful to the spiritual health, the field ought to be carefully weeded from modern miscellanies and every body's abridgments. An opinion of Gray has been recorded that might be pondered with advantage by those whom it concerns: he thought that the abundance of dictionaries of all kinds promised badly for the literature of the age, because rich and profound learning is never derived from such sources, but drawn at the fountain-head; and the inducements to idleness which such compilations hold out, effectually weaken, if they do not entirely quench, the spirit and the industry to study a subject in the original authorities. We think it, accordingly, no topic of rejoicing, when a young man is versed in the intellectual statistics of *The Literary Gazette*, or fond of paddling, with the water just up to his toes, in the streamlet of *The Penny Cyclopædia*. This is what we call, to borrow Gray's description of Harris's *Hermes*, the *shallow profound*. "It is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people make pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair, or a hackney-coachman, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature." The words are Shenstone's and were written from London in 1740. A hundred years have certainly not diminished their truth. There is around and among us the chatter, but not the refinement of taste. The sale of 3000 copies of *Paradise Lost* in eleven years, would, according to the frank admission of Hallam, have been a very satisfactory success in our own times. Yet that success was obtained in the seventeenth century, and against the full strength of ignorance, prejudice, and vice. An internal machinery of life worked the noble ship into the haven, in defiance of wind and tide. "There is sometimes a want of congeniality in public taste, which no pow-

er of genius will overcome." But say rather, that there is always an indisposition among the many to welcome or to admire the beautiful and pure in art. Is it conceivable that Spenser should ever be the poet of the Reform Club? The atmosphere of popular feeling and thought grows every day denser and cloudier; if the song-thrush would sing, it must ascend above the mist, and out of the sight of the vulgar, and there, followed only by a few loving eyes,

"Scatter its loose notes in the waste of air."

We think that this turning free of the young intellect may often be productive of excellent results. Fergusson was made a man of science by seeing his father mend the roof of the house by the aid of a prop and lever; Vaucanson might never have exhibited his remarkable mechanical talents, if he had not in his boyhood been shut up in a room with nothing but a clock for a companion. By a similar process of imitation a few sunny hours over Hooker may make a Field, and Spenser may yet create many a future Cowley.

While we were thinking of the difficult hills which all benevolent Clarksons have to climb, in their efforts to mitigate the slavery of ignorance, we met with a volume entitled, *A Course of English Reading, adapted to Every Taste and Capacity*.\* The author is a clergyman, the Rev. James Pycroft. Now the book has merits, and may do good; but one objection to it should be stated at once. The work itself contains not only internal indications, but a distinct avowal of having been composed for the youthful scholar alone, and with a sort of wavering inclination towards the feminine gender. "Complete essays on these comprehensive subjects," says the writer, in allusion to history, &c., "are not to be expected from one who addresses himself to the young and inexperienced student, and whose chief ambition is to be useful." This caution is pointed by Pope's admonition to quarrelsome critics, about regarding

"The writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend."

Certainly not: but then, instead of page 98, these wise words should have appeared in page 1. If a course of reading be "adapted to every taste and every capacity," it must also be suited to every age; for the

\* Published by Longman and Co. 1844.

taste and the capacity fluctuate with the changes of time. If this book be addressed strictly and singly to young persons, then the title-page ought to be altered; if to persons of maturer life, then the course itself should be amended. As it is, you pass under the arch of Buckingham Palace, and find yourself in an infant school at Pimlico. The contents of the volume are also open to rebuke; there is rather too much of flippancy, and not quite enough of accuracy. Some of the remarks, however, are ingenious, and calculated to be beneficial to the young ladies and gentlemen of whom the compiler speaks in his preface. We cannot approve of his hints for educating a female order of commentators upon the Scriptures. After giving an account of a young lady, who delights in writing the marginal references of the Bible upon some paper most mystically arranged in vertical columns, he adds, "This is a much more profitable employment than knitting, though ladies may be allowed to do both;" and astonishes us with the question, "Who would not be more proud of a mother who bequeathed him a commentary than a quilt?" We are so sacrilegious as to say, with unblushing effrontery, that we should prefer the *quilt*: and the reason is obvious, and to our mind unimpeachable. We already possess several commentaries, but never had a quilt. Lady Jane Grey, reading Plato, was surely invading with sufficient hardihood the privileges of the universities; but even Ascham himself would have shrunk from the Commentary. There is truth, as well as neatness, in the lines of Cowper,—

"Great offices will have  
Great talents; and God gives to every man  
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,  
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall  
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

Mr. Pycroft professes, then, to teach us *what to read*. The offer should be welcomed. In the present day we live, as it were, in a mill, and the driving tide of business among the wheels keeps up a perpetual tumult and foam. Intervals of repose are all the opportunities of study and reflection that many of us can hope to obtain. A foot upon the cradle and a finger upon Horace, may be the fate of more than one literary descendant of Hooker. How can these intervals be best employed for the purposes of mental cultivation? Every one feels, and acknowledges with Johnson, that

snatches of reading will not make a Bentley or a Clarke, but then Bentleys and Clarkes make themselves. No man of genius ever sailed over literature by the map of his predecessors; he marks his course by the stars overhead in the heaven of intellect.

How to read, and what to read, are questions more easily asked than answered. Look, for instance, at *history*. Temple requested a mutual friend to obtain from Gray a plan for studying modern history, not confined to any particular period, but beginning and ending at the epochs he might deem to be most expedient. We gather from the recently published correspondence of Nichols, that Gray disliked the task—"You aggravate my misfortunes by twitting me with Temple, as if a pack of names of books and editions were any cure for his uneasiness, and that I withheld it from him." What Temple desired was, not a pack of names, but a list of a few of the best and most necessary in each period, sufficient to compose a historical chain, and continue it unbroken: and what he asked for himself in vain, has been supplied to all students by Gray's successor in the historic chair of Cambridge. Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History*—already recommended in REGINI—afford a clear and safe light to the inexperienced traveller along these rugged paths of investigation. Pycroft, having the professor's arm to lean upon, maintains a good pace and a very becoming attitude in this section of his labors; the suggestion, to choose some *particular branch* of modern history, is plausible, but inconvenient, if rigidly carried out. No spectacle can be more absurd, than a person familiar with an episode in the life of a nation; acquainted with its manhood, but ignorant of its childhood and old age. It is knowing one's way to St. Paul's without having ever heard of the Mansion-house. Still, by all means, select some "*strong points*." Among these Pycroft justly enumerates: (1.) The early history till about the time of the Conquest. (2.) The era of the middle ages, including the feudal system, chivalry, and the crusades. (3.) The dawn of discovery—printing—gunpowder—compass, &c. (4.) Civil Wars, (5.) Revolution of 1688. Here, with the help of Smyth (why does he call the good professor, *Dr. Smyth*? as if every stain and wrinkle in that bombasin M. A. gown did not reject the title!), Pycroft mentions some important books, and his directions for reading



them are plain and judicious. He calls Robertson's introduction to his Charles V. very valuable; but, perhaps, the reader sometimes feels with Nichols, that it is tiresome to wade into the history, through five hundred pages on feudal tenures and other barbarisms. Bacon's Henry VII. and part of Montesquieu will also do very well; but why bring us back to cheap literature, "with that very popular author, Mr. James," and his romances about chivalry and the Black Prince? It may be interesting to our readers to learn Gray's view with regard to English history. The work of Hume, he considered to be deficient in all the elements of excellence. Rapin's he esteemed as the *only general history of England*, and he said that, by consulting the copious and excellent marginal references, and referring to the original authors and authorities which they indicate, an admirable narrative might be compiled. For one interesting episode in our annals, Clarendon, of course, must be studied. Gray places him at the head of all modern historians. His power of Vandyck-painting has drawn many eyes to his page; but we should not forget, among the charms of his style, its adaptations to the scenes and transactions described. He never employs Titian's purple, except to invest Titian's senators. "Would you not laugh," said Ben Jonson, "to meet a great councillor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yonder haberdasher in a velvet gown furred with sables?" It was happily remarked by Horace Walpole, of Burnet's style, that it seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard. Clarendon may participate in this panegyric. Atterbury's letter upon this history may be consulted. Warburton, also, in his letters to Hurd, gives a slight outline of a course of English historical reading.

We have already expressed our approval of the advice given to young students to take up one great author, and study him over and over again. No system of mental training can be more healthful; all eminent persons have tried it, and profited by it. Bossuet had his Homer; Hooker, his Cicero; Chatham, his Barrow; Milton, his Euripides; Gray, his Spenser. But we complain that Pycroft does not send his pupils to the best books, nor even, in many

cases, name them. *Knight's Weekly Volumes* would have found especial favor in his eyes, had they been published a few months earlier. Now we lay it down, as an axiom of Alexandrian authority, that no modern compilation, under whatever tempting aspect it may present itself, should be allowed to usurp the place of the elder productions upon a similar subject. As a general rule we are justified in affirming, *that the old book is easier than the new*. There is no necessity to consult Mr. Jeffrey while we can refer to Mr. Addison; and why recommend "Charlotte Elizabeth" as a most able writer," when such a guide as Jeremy Taylor invites you to take him down from the shelf? Some of Pycroft's theological dissertations are particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. What advantage will a student derive from being told that Taylor is "a writer of great fertility and depth of thought?" or that Hammond wrote "a paraphrase of the New Testament?" or that Barrow's *Sermons* are "a mine of brilliant thoughts and sterling arguments?" These authors are most voluminous. Taylor alone would suffocate any weak inquirer by the unexpected rush of his rhetoric. A course of English reading should point out the *portions* of those books best adapted to supply, not only improvement, but an adequate idea of the writer's genius and mode of thought. This might easily be done. The *Holy Living and Dying*; the *Liberty of Prophesying*; and about eight sermons, including those on the *Second Advent of Christ*; the *Apples of Sodom*; the *Marriage Ring*; and the *House of Feasting*; would be sufficient to furnish a clear outline of Taylor—a bunch of grapes to draw the appetite into the vineyard. Hammond could be judged by shorter specimens; while of Barrow, not only the sermons on the Government of the Tongue (alluded to by Pycroft), but two or three on graver points of doctrine, should be carefully selected. Praise for happiness or force of expression is quite insufficient homage to his wonderful capacity. He was the Dryden of our prose, and might, indeed, be justly characterized by those verses in which Churchill indicated the genius of the poet, since, like Dryden, whenever

"His subject rises proud to view;  
With equal strength the preacher rises too;  
With strong invective, noblest vigor fraught,  
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought."

What Johnson intended to convey, by saying that Barrow was prolix and involved, we cannot comprehend. Probably Sir John Hawkins misunderstood the remark. At all events the censure is untrue. Lord Chatham studied him till he knew by heart several of his most difficult discourses; while one of the most famous preachers of modern times, Robert Hall, admired in him the splendid union of Aristotle's logic with Plato's imagination. Thus he obtained the suffrages of the senate and pulpit, and should be searched and imitated by both. We would recommend the youthful scholar to take up the sermon on Easter-day (Acts ii. 24). It is written in the best manner of Barrow, with a grave majesty of language, and a subduing dignity of thought. How noble is the argument employed to show the impossibility, of the *divine* having been divorced and sundered from the *human* nature of Jesus Christ! "For surely that nature, which, diffusing itself throughout the universe, communicates an enlivening influence to every part of it, and quickens the least spire of grass, according to the measure of its nature and the proportion of its capacity, would not wholly leave a nature assumed into its bosom, and, what is more, into the very unity of the Divine Person, breathless and inanimate and divested of its divine and noblest perfections." How naturally, in the perusal of such passages as these, do we give utterance to our applause, in the exclamation of Parr, *Θαυμάζω δὲ Βαρρόν*!

Mr. Pycroft seems to have taken for a guide in theological reading, Mr. Bickersteth, a good and devoted man, but in whose ecclesiastical literature we do not repose much confidence. Accordingly, the student is presented with a list of twelve works, to which it is said that God has assigned the utmost influence in producing extensively a spirit of religion. The list is so characteristic of the school from which it proceeds, that we give it as a curiosity.—

Adams' Private Thoughts.  
Alleine's Alarm.  
Baxter's Call.  
Baxter's Saints' Rest.  
Beveridge's Private Thoughts.  
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.  
Doddridge's Rise and Progress.  
Hervey's Theron and Aspasio.  
Law's Serious Call.  
Milner's History of the Church.  
Scott's Force of Truth.  
Wilberforce's Practical View.

Now of some of these books it would be impossible to speak with too glowing a

praise. Baxter's *Call* was lauded by Coleridge, and we think that Watts said that he would rather have been the author of it than of *Paradise Lost*. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* is admirable, with some exceptions. We have seen his *Family Expositor* upon the private table of one of the most eminent of living Bishops, and who is much nearer to *Oxford* than to *Bedford Row*. The *Private Thoughts* of Beveridge contain passages of exquisite beauty, devotion, and grace. The romance of Bunyan is familiar to half the cottage windows and old spectacles of England. How much of this popularity may be owing to that vivid facility of description which, according to Hallam, entitles him to be called the father of our novelists, we shall not attempt to determine. It is more interesting to remember, with the same critic, that almost every circumstance and metaphor in the Old Testament find a place bodily and literally in the story of the pilgrim. And this incorporation of Scriptural truth lends to his fancy a richness and charm which it did not in reality possess, and might well awaken in other minds the affectionate interest which it excited in Cowper, when he addressed him,—

"Ingenious dreamer! in his well-told tale,  
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,  
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,  
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."

The *Serious Call* of Law has won almost equal applause, though for a different cause. But who, in the name of common sense and experience (except Mr. Bickersteth), ever attributed to the *Theron and Aspasio* of Hervey an extensive propagation of the Gospel? Is this the Hervey of whom Southey said, that, being the most undeserving, he had been the most popular of writers?

To the last three names upon the list, Milner, Scott, and Wilberforce, we can have no objection; they were each and all good men and true, though we beg to dissent from many of their opinions. Let them be admitted into the catalogue of practical works, so it be not to the exclusion of higher candidates. They have no claims to have their foreheads encircled with this glory of evangelizing the world. Would they not be beneficially replaced by the *Holy Living and Dying* of Taylor, the *Contemplations* of Hall, and the shorter writings of Fuller? Surely the *Holy Living and Dying*, that divine pastoral, as Coleridge styled



it, has carried consolation and hope into unnumbered chambers of sickness, penitence, and death. If universality of reception be required, what work is more *popular*? If adaptation to the wants of daily life, what work is more *practical*? Of the two treatises, that on *Holy Dying* is more eloquent; but it is well remarked by Heber, that it may often happen, and perhaps has frequently happened, that men who have read it for its beauties have been impressed by the lesson it conveys; "and by beginning with the *Holy Dying*, have been led to study his *Holy Living* with more advantage." Hall has much of his sweetness, and certainly not less of his affectionate fervor of devotion. Fuller, differing in voice, resembles both in the language of his heart. Scripture is a garden to each, full of flowers, fountains, and sunshine.

ανθεμαδε χρυσον φλεγει,  
τα μεν χρυσουθεν απ' αγγλων δεινδρεων,  
υδωρ δ' αλλα φερβει.\*

If we are always sorry to discover a disposition to substitute modern for elder books in any path of literature, we are especially so in the science of theology. This is to dethrone the monarch, in order to set up his chamberlain. Whatever is good in modern theology is plundered from the old; it is the same coinage melted down and re-struck, with a new date and a different inscription. The ignorance subsisting with regard to the antiquities of our ecclesiastical learning emboldens the marauder; and Euripides was furnishing no inapt motto for modern Bampton and Hulsean lecturers when he wrote (*Rhes*. 69), 'Εν ορφνῇ δραπέτης μεγα σθίνει, which, being interpreted, means that *a thief is very brave in the twilight*. The amusing fact is, that the gold thus stolen, re-coined and circulated, buys reputation for the stealer, and sometimes enables him to retire with a recommendation from contemporary criticism to the pension-list of posterity. Examples abound. In Miller's *Bampton Lectures*, there is a striking illustration of a portrait seeming to turn every way upon the spectator. No thought can be happier; and Keble has not only imitated, but mentioned it in his *Christian Year*. But the image is taken from one of the sermons of Donne, dean of St. Paul's under James I., where we have read it. We say, then, to all students, and with a particular emphasis to those who, by reason of youth or leisure, enjoy larger opportunities

\* Pindar, Ol. ii. 130.

of research:—Never read modern books when old ones are extant, and can be readily procured upon the same subjects. Never go to Palmer, when every library will supply Hooker. If the well be not too deep for others, surely it is not for *you*; and there is this objection to receiving the water from another person, that you never know *what has been in the bucket!* The study of the great productions of intellect not only requires, but demands earnest, patient, devout attention. Reynolds, gradually and painfully awaking to the beauty of Raffaele, is the emblem of the student lingering over Milton, Shakspeare, or Donne; and Condillac, a French writer upon logic, has a very happy and effective illustration. He supposes a traveller to arrive, in the night, at a castle commanding a rich view of the surrounding country. If, upon the following morning, and when the sun had risen above the horizon, the window shutters were flung open for a moment, and then closed again, the visitor would catch, indeed, a glimpse of the landscape, but no object could be distinctly perceived or remembered, since all the scene would be broken up into a wavering, glimmering uncertainty of light and shade. If, on the other hand, the windows be left open, and the traveller suffered to survey, with a lingering eye, the woods, and fields, and streams, and villages, spread out before him, he acquires a distinct and lasting recollection of the scene, with all its charms. Now every book of genius is a castle from which the scenery of the writer's imagination is to be surveyed. The sunshine is the intelligent attention of the mind, and a drowsy indifference may surely be the shutters excluding at once the sun and the landscape. If this indifference be subdued, these shutters opened for a minute, a glimpse of the scenery may be obtained, but indistinct, and broken, and soon vanishing away. It is only when the full attention of the understanding is given, when the sunshine is suffered to stream in unshaded, that the eye embraces all the objects in their beauty and harmony. And, perhaps, no one has ever wandered along these sumptuous palaces of thought without experiencing sensations of awe and surprise. Telemachus, gazing upon the splendid spoils in the house of Menelaus, represents the admiring scholar

οἷδε ἰδόντες  
θαυμαζον κατα δωμα Διοτρεφους βασιλης,  
ωστε γαρ πελειον αιγλη πελεν γε σεληνης  
θωμα.—*Od.* iv. 43.

We are better pleased with the outline of "reading for controversialists," or, we should prefer to say, "reading for evidences of Christianity." The name of Paley stands, of course, at the beginning of the list. As an epitome of argument intended and adapted to give a rapid and popular view of the subject, the *Evidences*, by Paley, deserve all their reputation. His *Horæ Paulinæ* belongs to a higher order of excellence. The present Bishop of London once spoke to us of this book as the most splendid specimen of analytical and inductive reasoning to be found in any language. The summary of St. Paul's character, at the conclusion, swells into a tone of eloquence that might have rolled from the lips of Barrow. Watson's *Apology for the Bible* should, of course, be read; but it is not satisfactory, and the writer was unbecomingly anxious to conciliate the respect of Gibbon. The difference of his manner towards Gibbon and Paine, is absolutely amusing; yet, of the two, the sneering elegance of the historian was the more perilous. Of Butler's *Analogy* the perusal cannot be commenced too soon, nor continued too long. In praising one author, let us, however, be just to others. Pycroft, in giving some sensible directions for reading the Bible, and truly asserting that it comprises all that the moral philosophers of ancient and modern times overlooked or discovered, sets out his proof in this manner: "Butler may be said to have been the corrector of the ancient ethical writers; Mackintosh, Robert Hall, and Chalmers, acknowledge that they were taught by Butler, and Butler pretends only to have been taught by Scripture." But, if Butler advanced such a claim to complete originality, he was doing great injustice to one of his most eminent predecessors in the science of ethics. Hallam has shown, that a considerable portion of the second and third chapters of the *Analogy* was drawn from Bishop Cumberland's treatise *De Legibus Naturæ*, &c., published in 1672. Paley's footprints may also be traced up to the same well. Opinions have differed as to the salutariness of the argument pursued by Butler. Gray dissuaded Nichols from reading the *Analogy*, having previously given the same advice to Mason; while every one remembers the remark of Pitt, in returning the book to Wilberforce, that there is nothing which analogy may not prove, if once admitted as a mode of positive demonstration. Sharp told the

late Mr. Horner, that the merit of the *Analogy* lay in the writer's proportioning of his language to the degree of his assent, and in communicating that degree perspicuously to his readers. Horner confessed himself to be too imperfectly acquainted with Butler to feel the force of the remark, though he admitted its general importance. We are not quite certain that we comprehend the meaning of Sharp; but he probably intended nothing more than Parr, when noticing the caution and sagacity of Butler, in all his arguments from any *supposed cause*, to guard his readers from applying that supposition to an injurious use or purpose. There is a criticism on Butler worthy of perusal, by Parr, in a letter to Mr. Courteney; it is contained in the eighth volume of his collected works, p. 527.

It may be observed, that Bishop Taylor seems to agree with Butler (*Anal.* part i. pp. 81, 135) in his view of the depravity of human nature, admitting a great but not entire alienation from all that is beautiful and good. He asserted, that amid the moral ruin some fragments of the divine image might be discovered. For example (*Works*, ix. 41), he shows, that a man naturally loves his parents and himself, and revolts from certain sins. Our nature is defective in not knowing, or not voluntarily loving, "those supernatural excellencies which are appointed and commanded by God as the means of bringing us to a supernatural condition."

A first perusal of Butler is seldom agreeable; but he grows and brightens upon us, as the habit of gazing earnestly at the remote scenery of philosophic speculations gives to the intellectual eye a stronger vision. It was profoundly remarked, by an accomplished person recently deceased (Mr. Davison), that the *Principia* of Newton, on the doctrine of fluxions, may be understood by a youth of eighteen, but that the *Iliad*, or the *Epistles* of Horace, or the *History* of Clarendon, can never be comprehended in all their variety of observation, until many original efforts on the part of the reader himself shall have conducted him to that point of view from which he can survey the structures of fancy and wisdom in the posture of design and combination in which they were beheld by the architects themselves. This is peculiarly our case with Butler. He cannot be read until he has been studied. Hence it is that Paley has done such good service to the cause of religion, by reproducing, in



his own transparent diction, some of the profound thoughts of his predecessor. Pycroft relates an anecdote (new to us) of the Duke of Wellington, who, in hearing one of his officers speak lightly of Revelation, asked him, "Did you ever read Paley?" "No." "Then you are not qualified to give an opinion." Paley modernized Butler; and certainly, if the *Fables* of Dryden owed a large portion of their beauty to tales of Chaucer, the *Evidences* drew their purest lustre of conviction from the *Analogy*.

After theology and history, or indeed before the second, we should place poetry among the studies to be illustrated in a course of reading.

So much has been written on the subject, the directions for the journey are so many and so easy, that no difficulty ought to be experienced in showing or in following the way. Modern criticism has repaired all the sign-posts which had been shattered by the rough weather of time. We turned, therefore, with little fear, to Pycroft's *Course of Poetical Reading*. The opening sentence scattered our hopes. "Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will be a hand-book or guide to the poets." Yes, indeed; a hand-book to the sights of London, omitting Westminster Abbey; or a catalogue of the pictures in the National Gallery, leaving out the Correggios. Johnson's *Lives* are precisely such a hand-book to poetry; beginning with Cowley, they end with Lyttleton. Milton, indeed, is there; so are Dryden, and Pope, and Collins, and Gray. Some of the remarks on Milton are worthy of the theme; and the estimate of Dryden and Pope is conceived in a noble spirit of appreciation. But what of the learned elegance of Gray or the picturesque sensibility of Collins? Is Johnson a guide to them? does he exhibit them? did he know them? did he feel them? Some of the defects of these biographies resided in the subject, some in the author. Johnson has given a description of their manner of composition. "Some time in March," are his words, "I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste." That we have so much worth reading in these books is chiefly owing to a taste that gradually grew up in his mind while he wrote, and induced him to expand the brief prefaces originally proposed by the bookseller and contemplated by him-

self. But the imperfectness of the design remained, and could not be eradicated. He sat down to write of Poets, not only without materials, but without a plan. It is asserted that his intimate acquaintance with our poetic history rendered the task of recording its progress both grateful and easy. But this has been affirmed without sufficient deliberation. A certain kind of acquaintance with the subject he assuredly possessed; for of what branch of English literature was Johnson entirely ignorant? With our richest Elizabethan imagination, however, he was slightly, if at all, acquainted. He had, in his pillaging way, sailed down some of the broader rivers and streams of imaginative thought, and, as the diversified scenery along the banks began to return upon his meditating eye, he might readily transfer to his page some pleasing glimpses of the landscape. But, in truth, why should he take the trouble of reading, much less of describing, poetry, which he would have known only to despise? What he wanted in enthusiasm and delicacy of taste, he compensated by a recklessness of critical self-will unparalleled in our language. Hallam has noticed this feeling, when observing that Johnson, "who admired Dryden as much as he could any one," has, from his natural inclination to censure, exaggerated the defects of his poetry. "His faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his composition, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed." This assertion Hallam refutes by a reference to *Mac Flecknoe*, a poem containing four hundred lines, without presenting a single example of debility or negligence. This feature in Johnson's critical character ought to have been pointed out. It showed its presence even in his conversation upon his own feelings and prejudices; thus he professed to despise devotional poetry and the pathetic in general, and yet was often seen bursting into tears, while reciting a verse from the famous *Dies iræ, dies illa*.

Mr. Pycroft seems really to have adopted—a very unusual instance of credulity in a physician—his own prescription, and to have confidently taken Johnson's *Lives* as a hand-book to our poetry. When he tells his pupils that of Chaucer few read more than one or two tales, he ought to have advised them to increase the quantity. "As a painter of manners," said Southey, "he is accurate as Richardson;

as a painter of character, true to the life and spirit as Hogarth." The more he is examined, the more he rises in the estimation of the reader. This is a fertile and healthful field to dig in. Spenser is somewhat better treated; Shakspeare "no one should ever cease reading." In returning to the smaller bards, a rich cluster of names tempts the reader, who is, however, recommended, if of "limited opportunities," to read such poems as Johnson and other critics point out. But on consulting Johnson's work as a "hand-book to the facts," and finding there a very unpromising account of Collins and Gray, would a reader of limited opportunities be likely to look out for the opinions of other critics of better taste? Surely not: and Collins and Gray would be lost to him. When Pycroft does venture upon a note of information, by way of supplement to Johnson, we cannot bestow upon it unlimited commendation. Of Dryden he writes, "His *Fables*, *Annus Mirabilis*, and translation of Virgil, are the most celebrated." Is this criticism true? do these poems afford an outline of the poet's temper of mind and invention? would any one gather from it that, in the art of arguing in rhyme, he had attained to a consummate mastery, and that in crushing vehemence of sarcasm, he stood alone in English verse?—

"Medios violentus in hostes,  
Fertur, ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis."

We are not objecting to the works specified. His *Fables* are for the most part admirable. The *Annus Mirabilis* was one of his early works, and Hallam commends its continuity of excellencies, placing it above Waller's *Panegyric*, and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*. The translation of Virgil is remarkable for its occasional splendor, but it is not happily accomplished. Hear Hallam again. "Dryden was little fitted for a translator of Virgil; his mind was more rapid and vehement than that of his original, but by far less elegant and judicious. This translation seems to have been made in haste; it is more negligent than any of his own poetry, and the style is often almost studiously, and, as it were, spitefully vulgar." Whoever wishes to understand the peculiar genius of Dryden, should read *Mac Flecknoe*. He looked upon it with great affection. "If any thing of mine is good," he said at Will's, "it is my *Mac Flecknoe*." It was the original of the *Dunciad*, and Scott reminds us, that if the satire

of Pope has the merit of more copiousness and variety, to Dryden belongs the charm of a closer and compacter fable, and of a single and undisturbed aim. Pope scatters his ridicule like hail among the leaves; Dryden hurls down the condensed fire of his indignation, with a fury that rends the boughs asunder. We learn from Nichols that Gray placed the *Absalom and Achitophel* in the first rank of poems. With regard to his historical plays, one remark may be made to show how unsafe a hand-book the biographies of Johnson afford, even in slight particulars; he praises the *Spanish Friar* for what he calls "the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots." A criticism proved by Hallam to be utterly without foundation; the comic scenes in this play, consisting entirely of "an intrigue, which Lorenzo, a young officer, carries on with a rich usurer's wife; but there is not, even by accident, any relation between his adventures and the love and murder which go forward in the palace."

We cannot compliment Mr. Pycroft on his estimate of Pope. The *Rape of the Lock* may be, and we think it is, the best of all heroi-comical poems; but where do we read or hear that the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard* "is the most immoral and impious poem ever sanctioned?" Its morality we admit to be questionable—or, rather, quite unquestionable—but is it *impious*? Of course its immorality is essentially irreligious; and, therefore, in a certain sense, impious; but the analogy is forced, and is not that intended by the objector. It is related of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, that he would sometimes fling away Virgil, in which he took great delight, declaring that it had a devil. Eloisa's letter seems to have excited the feelings of our critic with equal vigor, though in a different direction. Nor should we say that his anger was entirely misplaced. Hallam, recording the influence exercised by Abelard upon the temper of his age, alludes in a note to the injustice of Pope, in putting into the mouth of Eloisa, in what he calls this unrivalled epistle, the sentiments of a coarse and abandoned woman; the real cause of her refusal to marry Abelard being an ardent affection, that shrank from interposing any obstacle to his career of ecclesiastical dignity. In truth, all sweeping condemnations are unwise and impolitic. When Burnet denounced Dryden as a monster of immodesty and impurity of all sorts, he awoke the indignant remonstrance of Lord Lansdowne,



which obtained a qualifying apology from the bishop's youngest son. Gray believed that Pope had a good heart: we think so too; and we think also with Atterbury that in moral subjects, and in drawing characters, he outdid himself. Even in this very epistle, with what beauty of sentiment, and light of religious fervor, he describes the pure and tranquil delights of a mind surrendered to holy thoughts and contemplations:—

"Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
And whisp'ring angels brought her golden dreams;  
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;  
For her white virgins hymeneals sing.  
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,  
And melts in visions of eternal day."

The character of Thomson is not correct. "All admire the sensibility and natural beauty of the *Seasons*." All ought, but do not. Horace Walpole was insensible to their charm. "But," says Pycroft, "he had not the art of giving effect with a few touches." Stranger still: why this was the very art which he had! When he described the autumnal gale, *brushing with shadowy gust* the field of corn, is there one man outside the Ophthalmic Hospital, who does not see the ears rustling, glistening, darkening? Mr. Wordsworth's Susan never saw the trees wave with a greener coolness in the valley of Lothbury. In truth, no true poet, brought up at the knees of Nature, and taught to read her book in the open air, ever failed to possess and to indicate this faculty. It is the eyesight of his art; what masters in this kind were Virgil and Horace! Thus, when the first writer says in the third *Georgic*,

"Aut sic ubi nigrum  
Illicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra,"

Keble remarks, that it creates the scene before us. "Rem universam ante oculos ponit, quasi quodam jactu penciilli, illud accubet." So Horace charms the spectator with the magic of a word,—

"Usticæ cubantis  
Levia personuere saxa."

With regard to Thomson, Pycroft would have been imparting to his pupil a correcter notion, if he had preserved the distinction, so happily suggested by Gray, between the *two different styles of the poet*. In the art of describing the appearances of nature, he thought that Thomson possessed a talent

beyond all poets, but that out of that walk, and especially in his moral delineations, he always became *verbose*; here, truly, he "had not the art of giving effect with a few touches."

It will have been apparent, from the previous observations, that we consider the suggestions offered for a course of reading in English poetry, to be very insufficient. Now if we were drawing up a course of reading, adapted not to any age, but to the young and inexperienced student, we should never begin by telling him that Johnson's *Lives* would be his hand-book of poetry. We should rather say to him, Your time is short, and your opportunities of study are small; you do not, therefore, wish to criticise but appreciate verses. Begin, then, by reading carefully the little sketch of English poetry which Southey inserted by way of episode in his *Memoir of Cowper*. It is brief, and necessarily imperfect, and shows one remarkable omission in the case of Goldsmith; but every fragment by such a writer, on such a subject, possesses a distinct value. Having done this, you will be able to glance, with some advantage, at the same author's *Specimens of the poets from Chaucer to Jonson*. When you have looked over these, buy the *Specimens* selected by Campbell. Our friend Mr. Nickisson will supply you with a copy for fifteen shillings. The book is well worth the money; the biographical sketches are very elegant, and the preliminary essay gives a popular and instructive view of the progress of our verse. This will be your second step. Now take Warton's *History*, not as it came from the pen of its author, but *rich with the spoils of time*. Purchase the edition issued by Tegg in 1840, in three volumes, which, embracing the additions and corrections of Price in 1824, has been improved by the numerous notes and illustrations of living scholars. You will find in these volumes abundant treasures, not only of poetic, but of general literature. First, there is Price's very interesting preface; then come the *Dissertations on the Origin of Romantic Fiction; On the Introduction of Learning*; and on the *Gesta Romanorum*—each and all full of charms to every lover of taste and antiquity. Warton had a fine eye for the gray majesty of our elder literature; and to his patient hand we owe many a sweet flower of thought that bloomed among the ruins of works which their architects expected to have been immortal. He had the enthusiasm of the minstrel,

"Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome  
pace,  
The cloysters' moonlight chequered floor to trace,  
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,  
Stream through the storied windows' holy hue."

Southey said wittily, and perhaps truly, of Warton's rhymes, that they resembled a new medal, spotted with artificial dust; his powers of execution were certainly inferior to the quickness of his perception. But he was an admirable guide to the buildings, which he had neither skill nor vigor to design to erect. The outline of the drama is only slightly and almost parenthetically included in the survey of Warton. The student who has sufficient curiosity and patience of research, will examine the subject in the pages of Mr. John Payne Collier; or, with more ease and pleasure, in his recent biography of Shakspeare. Of the subsidiaries to Warton it is not necessary to speak. Percy, to whom modern poetry owes so large a debt, carries his letter of recommendation in the title-page. Southey's specimens of the later English poets were intended as a supplement to the specimens of the earlier writers by Ellis; the one series concluding with Charles II., the other commencing with his successor James. Southey considered that the two, combined, might be consulted for a view of the rise, progress, and decline of our poetry. Of the specimens produced by Southey it may be observed, that they were selected upon a wrong principle; they give notices of *poetasters*, not of *poets*, and, with a few exceptions, contribute illustrations, not to the history of imagination, but of dulness. Among other defects, Southey, in this work, falls into the error already mentioned in Johnson. He wants the faculty of perceiving and commending the genius of those who differed from his own theory of taste. Thus, he had the courage to say that Pope had nothing in common with Milton and Shakspeare, except *verse*; but, surely, he had the power of moving the heart and of delighting the eye; and, in the picturesque and the pathetic, he belonged to the same family, though it may be as the youngest brother. The occasional essays of men of eminence, upon various poets and their works, will furnish entertaining opportunities of improving the taste. It is very interesting to look on Ariosto, painted by Titian and illustrated by Sismondi. Perhaps, of modern writers, Schlegel and Coleridge will give the deepest insight into the imagination of Shakspeare; only it

will be necessary to have made some progress in suggestive criticism, before you take up the page of the philosopher of Highgate. For example, the illustration of the union in Shakspeare of the creative power and intellectual energy, seems, at first glance, more difficult than the faculty it is thought to illustrate; he compares them "to two rapid streams that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly in tumult, but, soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice." A few moments of reflection, however, will disperse the obscurity; and these should be willingly bestowed. The water is generally clear in proportion to the depth of the spring. Again, no reader should omit Gray's essay on English metres, which Mathias printed in his edition of the poet's works. It was to have formed a chapter in the history of poetry that Gray projected, but subsequently relinquished. The remarks on Lydgate should also be read, as a model of what criticism ought to be—at once calm, generous, sensitive, and refined. Some of the prefaces to the Aldine poets will shed light upon several obscure pages of our poetic annals. Warton's history terminates at the beginning of the Elizabethan age. He died at the moment when, after passing through the outer courts of the temple of imagination, his hand was stretched out to lift the curtain from the shrine. Every scholar may bewail the catastrophe. The richest page of our verse, one on which Fancy had bestowed her most splendid illumination, lay open before him. Spenser, his own Spenser, the theme of his affection, the inspiration of his song, beckoned him to the garden, where, in the words of Warton himself, he *stood alone, without a class, and without a rival*.

There is another kind of books essential to the useful pursuit of poetical knowledge—works on taste. Pycroft offers a very scanty supply. Burke and Alison are the chief authors of reputation whom he mentions. He refers, indeed, to the critical papers in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and especially to Wilson's articles on Spenser, so elaborately commended by Hallam. The professor has few admirers more ardent than ourselves; but, while we delight in reading, we should be slow to receive all his critical canons. That eloquence, which Hallam compares to the



rush of mighty waters, bears the reader too swiftly along "in the stream of unhesitating eulogy," for him to examine, with sufficient accuracy and care, the scenery through which he is being hurried. With all his faults of mysticism, we look on Coleridge as a soberer guide. His feeling of the beautiful is equally intense, and his utterance of it is somewhat more restricted. When he seems to be most cloudy, an earnest gaze will commonly pierce the mist. Hallam says, that he does not quite understand the remark of Coleridge, that "Spenser's descriptions are not in the true sense of the word picturesque, but are composed of a wonderful series of images, as in our dreams." To us, the meaning of the passage is sufficiently obvious. The descriptions of Spenser frequently want that exquisite harmony and adjustment of parts, which we seldom look for in vain in the representations of Virgil or in the pictures of Raffaele. He could not restrain the ardor of his fancy to that chastity of composition which rejects every word or color not required to give force and tone to the delineation. Hence it happens that his pictures have a glittering haziness, like a landscape viewed in the glimmer of an autumnal sky, when the rising sun is beginning to kindle the vapor over the remote villages.

To this indulgence of the fancy, also, is to be attributed the discord between the images introduced, when the relation of parts to each other and to the whole is not preserved. And this is the characteristic of all the scenery of dreams. In this manner, we think that the remark of Coleridge becomes more intelligible. His critical works must be diligently perused. We would also refer to three writers not mentioned by Pycroft, but of rare merit and excellence in their art; Price on the picturesque, Whately on landscape-gardening, and Payne Knight on the beautiful. Gilpin's various publications on woodland scenery will suggest many thoughts of interest. We think, also, that Reynolds' discourses ought to be combined with every course of poetical reading. We like to see the Muse of Painting holding her lamp over the book of Fancy. Especially, we recommend Price and Whately, as being less known, and far less generally read. The lights which they bring the sister arts to shed upon each other, are extremely beautiful. Payne Knight, with less of elegance, has more of learning, and is far beyond Burke in all the acuteness and precision

which familiarity and research are calculated to bestow. Criticism is only of any real value when it works under the light and heat of a presiding and governing taste:—

"Turn'd to this sun, she casts a thousand dyes,  
And, as she turns, the colors fade or rise."

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.—A very interesting anecdote appears in some of the continental journals, respecting the young Queen Isabella of Spain. It seems that her Majesty, meeting the procession of the holy sacrament, descended from her carriage and walked with the priest who carried the viaticum to the lodging of a young girl who was dying of consumption. The young girl was wretchedly poor, and her Majesty, before she left her, emptied the contents of her purse, and on her return to the palace, ordered that a further sum, equal to about 310 francs, should be forwarded to her, with a small daily allowance in addition. Nor was this all. She desired two of her physicians to attend and report to her whether there was any hope of recovery. Having declared that there was still hope for the invalid if she could get into the country, the queen immediately issued orders that she should be removed to one of her own farm-houses. This admirable proof of her Majesty's active practical benevolence, has greatly increased the popular devotion of which the young queen is the universal object in Madrid.—*Court Journal*.

MEMORIAL TO DR. DALTON.—A meeting has been held among the inhabitants of Manchester, for the purpose of determining on the character to be given to a public memorial in honor of their illustrious townsman, the late Dr. Dalton—a philosopher who, as one of the speakers expressed it, "found chemistry an art, and left it a science;" and we think they have done themselves very great honor by the sentiments expressed on the occasion. The general impression was in favor of a permanent professorship of chemistry, as suited to the wants and interests of the locality, and the most appropriate expression of the claims of the illustrious dead to honor amongst his townsmen and throughout the world. This is in the right spirit; which does the noblest homage to learning when it spreads it—holds up the example of the great in the form which best helps its teaching, and supplies the peculiar wants of a neighborhood, in the name of the departed genius which served in that same ministration, all its days. A town that can boast a Dalton, would overlook a great means of distinction, wanting a school of chemistry; and, as was observed by another of the speakers, "the step they were now taking might be only the first to some great future university." There seemed to be a feeling, among some, that a statue should be added to the professorship; and a hint, offered in the way of compromise, was received with favor:—that "of three noble streets about to be opened by the corporation, that which was still unnamed should be called Dalton Street."—*Athenæum*.

## YOUNG ENGLAND.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Coningsby; or, the New Generation.* By B. D'Israeli, M. P. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

2. *Historic Fancies.* By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P. 8vo. London: 1844.

3. *England's Trust, and other Poems.* By Lord John Manners, M. P. London: 1844.

HAVING been sometimes asked, What do the terms 'Young England' import? we have been induced to gratify the less informed of our readers with a notice of the very small party who rejoice in that name—a notice brief and slight, but which may suffice, for the present, to give some idea of its composition and pretensions. Should any circumstances occur to invest it with further importance, we may hereafter be induced to resume the subject in a more detailed and elaborate manner.

We must, however, say that this party, though small, and in some of its aspects rather laughable, is yet entitled to more attention than it seems to have received. But this claim arises more perhaps from the causes from which it has sprung, and the feelings of which it is the exponent, than from any immediate practical results to which it can lead. Though, as just stated, it is nowhere numerous, it has nevertheless had some influence on the proceedings of the House of Commons, owing to the ability of its members in that house. In the House of Lords it is not avowedly represented by more than one lay peer and a bishop. But its influence is greater than its numbers, and its organization is on the whole complete. After a curious inspection and enumeration of the limbs and features of a new-born infant, we recollect once upon a time to have heard that the first observation of a wondering but intelligent child was—'Dear baby has got a little of every thing.' So it is with 'Young England.' It has got a little of every thing;—a little of history, somewhat more of metaphysics, a small portion of unintelligible theology, expanded and inflated into an enormous bubble, bright in prismatic colors, but bursting at the first touch of a feather; and a very little political economy, almost as bubble-like and inflated—not to mention other smaller accomplishments. As Swift

said of the garden of his friend Dr. Delany:—

'You scarce upon the borders enter,  
Before you're in the very centre;  
Yet in this narrow compass we  
Observe a vast variety.'

But we are far from intending or wishing to depreciate the attainments of the party. There never was one which, for its numbers, has produced so many parliamentary speakers and so many authors. Their inditers of verse are particularly numerous: 'Tam multa genera linguarum sunt in hoc mundo! et nihil sine voce est!' Among the chief ornaments of the fraternity are those named at the head of this article. Their works may be said to contain a pretty full exposition of their political creed, and exemplification of their intellectual powers. Both the one and the other appear to us to have been misapprehended in some respects. By themselves and their immediate followers, they have been made the victims of exaggerated encomium. They are possessed by the evil spirit of a *coterie*. When Mr. Smythe dedicates his 'Historic Fancies' to Lord John Manners, he takes occasion to designate that very amiable young nobleman as 'the Philip Sydney of our generation;' and, in return, the Poems of this modern Sydney are 'admirably as well as affectionately inscribed to his friend.' In 'Coningsby,' the individuals who compose the party are so clearly designated, and some of the likenesses are so striking, that the addition of their names would only be a needless formality; and they are held up to public veneration as the future regenerators of England and of mankind. Being for the most part young men, their historian, Mr. D'Israeli, declares war against age, and proclaims that England is alone to be saved by its youth; and he decides with equal confidence, that the very restricted circle of which he is the eulogist, contains all the patriots and apostles who are to produce a new order of things. 'Thou art the man!' he says to his hero, with all the emphasis of a self-inspired and self-accredited prophet. On the other hand, those who depreciate 'Young England,' represent them as vain, disappointed, and selfish adventurers, with whom the *spretæ injuria formæ* is the only moving power; and who, if they had been admitted to a share in the distribution of political honors, would have been the panegyrist of much that they are now the loud-



est to condemn. Had they been made Lords of the Treasury or under Secretaries of State, it is sneeringly suggested we should have heard less of them as authors or moralists. The praise is absurd and exaggerated; but we think the censure still more unjust. There are larger and higher principles appealed to—there are occasionally more generous aspirations to be discovered among them, than can, by any reasonable possibility, be reconciled with low, sordid, or insincere views. And if we shall have occasion to deal somewhat severely with their faults and their mistakes, it is because we think that many members of the party are deserving of better and nobler things than belong to the destiny which they are striving, by fantastic means, to work out for themselves.

Their first characteristic is their presumption. Desirous to fix their own statues on the most elevated pedestal, they act as determined iconoclasts,—thinking that to build they must first destroy, and that it is from among ruins only that they can obtain their materials.

'The time is out of joint, O cursed spite!  
That ever we were born to set it right.'

They apply these lines with this qualification only, that they never express any aversion to the task, nor any doubt of their ability to perform it. 'The Whigs,' say they, 'are worn out.'—'Conservatism is a sham, and Radicalism a pollution.'—'Loyalty is dead, and reverence is only a galvanized corpse.' They accordingly conclude that they, and they alone, are called forth, and competent to effect the salvation of the country. Politically connected, whilst in opposition, with the Tory party—giving to that party now in office a general, though occasionally a vituperative support, they must be held as possessing a competent knowledge of what Conservatism is. The following dialogue between the heroes of Mr. D'Israeli's very clever, but in some respects very objectionable Novel, describes their feelings, after the triumph of the Conservative cause, at a successful election for the borough of Cambridge:

"By Jove!" said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, "it was well done—never was any thing better done. An immense triumph—the greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had; and yet," he added, laughing, "if any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say."

"Why, it's the cause of our glorious institutions," said Coningsby; "a Crown robbed of its prerogatives—a Church controlled by a Commission—and an Aristocracy that does not lead."

"Under whose genial influence the order of the Peasantry—a country's pride—has vanished from the face of the land," said Henry Sydney, "and is succeeded by a race of serfs who are called laborers, and who burn ricks."

"Under which," continued Coningsby, "the crown has become a cipher, the church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges."

"It's the great constitutional cause," said Lord Vere, "that refuses every thing to argument—yields every thing to agitation. Conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors—that has no objection to any change, provided only it be effected by unauthorized means."

"The first public association of men," said Coningsby, "who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle."

"And who have established political infidelity throughout the land," said Lord Henry.

"By Jove!" said Buckhurst, "what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week!"

Conversations such as this are likely to have taken place at the close of very many elections besides that at Cambridge; and we know well in how many circles, and among how many politicians, this language is now held in bitterness of heart and disappointment. We also know how reluctant is the support given to the present government by men professing such opinions.

In another and more serious passage, we are informed on the same authority, that 'Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disavows progress: having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future.' This, to a certain extent, we admit to be true, and it is the result of the false position in which the government has placed itself. They fear to acknowledge boldly the principles on which they are acting; and they dare not act on the principles which they so long openly professed, or permitted their friends to profess on their behalf.

Such is the estimate formed of the Conservative leaders by a section of that body.

The results of their system of government are described in terms not more flattering, by another of their accredited organs;—'The misery of the lower orders was never in any country more universal or more intense. Our foreign relations are unstable and precarious. An income-tax has been resorted to, for the first time in a season of peace. The House of Commons has stultified itself on two occasions. The House of Lords, virtually abdicating in 1832, has become little more than a mere chamber of registry.' This, again, is an exaggerated picture; but it must be borne in mind that it comes from the pen of no opposition writer, but from that of a supporter of the very government whose acts are censured in such unmitigated terms. The fact, we believe, is, that Young England, like a much larger and more important portion of the public, are indignant because they have been deceived. They feel the want of some fixed political faith, or of some strong and binding political attachments. The government neither avows any distinct political creed, nor commands any personal sympathies. The elements of strength which depend on respect and on attachment, are alike wanting. Cold and apathetic indifference—the most fatal symptoms of a political paralysis—are visible both in and out of Parliament.

The second failing of this party is almost as much opposed to their usefulness and success as the first. Presumption is invariably productive of exaggeration. Rejecting all experience, separating themselves from all the great parties, their opinions become singular and forced. 'If the Whigs take the road through Hyde Park, and the Tories the Hammersmith road,' said Grattan, 'you will be sure to see Harry Banks creeping along the Park wall on his hands and knees.' This applies to Young England in all respects, except in the submissive attitude of creeping. On the contrary, they are professed posture-masters. We must be permitted to call their affectation of singularity and exaggeration, a vulgarity. To excite surprise is no such very difficult task. It is done more certainly by a monster than by an Apollo. For one painter who can emulate the delicate and transparent skies and distances of Claude, a hundred pretenders to art may be found to parody the blood-red sun and inky mountains of Martin. Every sound with this school becomes a shriek, every attitude a distortion. A few extracts will disclose the

tone of the School, and at the same time exemplify the phraseology of their principal author. The preparation for a first meeting between an Eton schoolboy and a somewhat formidable uncle, is there described as denoting 'that desperation which the scaffold requires. His face was pale; his hand was moist; his heart beat with tumult.' The attachment of schoolboys is depicted in this piece of fantastic jargon:—'At school, friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All love of after life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing; no pangs of despair so keen; what insane sensitiveness; what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in the single phrase—a schoolboy's friendship!' The only resemblance that we have ever met to this, is in a description said to have been given by an American citizen to his favorite horse. 'He is a thunder and lightning creature, with a dash of the earthquake in him.' In another passage, a storm in the forest induces Mr. D'Israeli at once to borrow and to deform one of the most exquisite passages in Mr. Taylor's noble Poem of 'Edwin the Fair.' 'The wind howled, the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. The various voices of the mighty trees were distinguishable as they sent forth their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its deep and long-drawn groan, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.'

These passages are not to be viewed as merely exemplifying vices of style. In fact, they do much more. The same absurd inflation, as already noticed, extends to principles and opinions. The politics of the school are founded on the rejection of all experience; its philosophy on a contempt for all experiment. 'Great men never want experience,' is the dogma of Mr. D'Israeli; and upon this theory he argues that youth alone can perform great or good actions, and that the age of thirty-seven is the fatal bound which neither patriotism nor genius can pass. The inutility of experience he seeks to prove by a long catalogue, in which are whimsically united as inexperienced men, Raphael and Grotius, Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, Luther and Lord Clive, Innocent III., William Pitt, and Don John of Austria. This is abundantly ridiculous. The men with whom we are dealing, delight in rejecting all common sense



as the type and evidence of vulgar expediency.

‘To shun the expedient and the good pursue,’

they take as their motto. But they never condescend to distinguish between that low and selfish principle of action which is misnamed expediency, and that generous and enlarged expediency which is but another word for wisdom. True expediency is but the application of a just principle to practice;—not by any sacrifice of the principle, but by applying it with a wise adaptation to circumstances. To shorten sail in a storm, to spread out canvass when the wind abates, is acting according to expediency; but yet neither the one alternative nor the other frees the pilot from the duty of keeping the vessel in her true course, studying the best chart, and fixing his eyes on the stars or on the compass. It is only when expediency is mean and selfish that it is debased; and debased more especially when it resolves itself wholly into personal interests. How far the expediency of which Young England most loudly complains comes within this category, it is for that party and not for us to decide.

The conclusions drawn from English history on their principles, are as extravagant as the principles themselves. ‘Man is only great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.’ Going in search of these, it is therefore in the relation between the feudal monarch and his subjects, between the baronial noble and his vassals, that Mr. D’Israeli seeks for the true ties of obligation and sympathy. As to our present condition, it seems that we cannot even boast of being governed by a legitimate sovereign. Lord John Manners informs us, that it is at the tomb of the Stuarts

—‘that religion sings  
Her requiem o’er our latest rightful kings;’

and he asks despondingly,

‘Where now is that fond reverence which spread  
A holy halo round each royal head,  
And show’d the world that more than earthly thing,  
The Lord’s anointed in a sceptred king?’

Hence, also, Beckett, Wolsey, and Laud, are designated as saints and martyrs—the regular clergy as ‘a staff of holy men;’ ‘her once keen sword’ is still described as the just attribute of the Church; and we are conjured to imitate those times, when,

‘unrestrained by mortmain’s jealous laws,  
piety was permitted to offer gold and gems,

‘To deck the forehead of the queen of heaven.’

All that marks the progress of modern times, is denounced—

‘Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our old nobility.’

Nor are these frenzied ideas confined to poetry only. The Revolution of 1688, is denounced as authoritatively in prose as in verse. Our Parliamentary constitution is represented as copied from the Venetian Senate—the representative system as but ‘a happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilization, but a system which now exhibits many symptoms of desuetude.’ The happiest expedient of the political philosophy of modern times for combining liberty and order, power with responsibility, is scornfully rejected. The only real principle of representation adapted to our era, Mr. D’Israeli considers to be public opinion, of which the public Journals are the practical expositors, and which, with the Monarch, is to be supreme.

The state of society is dealt with, as might be anticipated, in quite as extraordinary a manner as our laws and constitution. The middle classes seem to be excluded, as unworthy of all consideration. The eyes of Young England can only discover in the body politic, what they consider the head of gold and the feet of clay;—the heart, which carries on the circulation, forms no part of that body. For the very lowest class of all, the strongest sympathy is professed, and we believe honestly felt, but it is strangely manifested. It is not proposed to improve their condition by the extension of knowledge. On the contrary, those times are spoken of with respect, when

‘On them no lurid light had knowledge spread,  
But faith stood them in education’s stead.’

But though education, law, commerce, and liberty, are proscribed, it may be some consolation to learn, that an equivalent will be found in the unrestrained practice of almsgiving;—that all will be set to rights by the re-establishment of monasteries, and the resumption of those happy days,

‘When good and bad were all unquestion’d fed,  
When monks still practised their dear Lord’s  
[command,  
And rain’d their charity throughout the land.’

To accomplish the mighty purposes of political and social regeneration, a holy alliance is recommended between the Crown and the Chartists! The former must be gratified by unrestrained power; the latter soothed by food and sports. *Panem et circenses*; bread and bulls—Mummers and Morris-Dancers. If these blessings are not speedily communicated to the people, or if, when given, they do not satisfy, we are informed, that

‘The greatest class of all shall know its rights,  
And the poor trampled people rise at last.’

Mr. Smythe, it is true, seems to suggest a link between the Crown and the People, which, if restored, might do much, according to his ‘Historic Fancies,’ to unite them. He would reintroduce the practice of touching for the Evil—a ‘graceful superstition,’ which operated a ‘direct communication between the highest and the lowest, between the king and the poor. Dr. Johnson, a man of the people if ever there was one, was yet prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune.’ A further agency, extending over all, is sought for in the Church, altered, however, in its constitution and its principles. It is to be rendered democratic in character. ‘The priests of God are to be the tribunes of the people,’ observes Mr. D’Israeli. ‘The church is also to be relieved from its alliance with the state, by being placed above it, and no longer subject to the indignity of having its bishops virtually appointed by the House of Commons, now a sectarian assembly.’

We must here, for the present, take leave of these harebrained speculators; not, however, without acknowledging, that amidst their extravagances we find strong indications of a high-minded and generous spirit. We, in particular, see much to approve and to admire in their sympathy for human suffering, and in their active desire to relieve it, wherever found. But let them ‘love wisely, not too well.’ It is not by wordy declamations against the New Poor-Law, or in such unjust and unwise interferences with Labor, as were last Session so unanswerably and eloquently exposed by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, that their duty will be best performed. It is by laboring to free industry from restraint—to procure a repeal of all restrictive laws and oppressive duties—and not by the empirical nostrums of their present creed,

that they will best serve the cause of the laboring poor, and the social interests of their country. We would fain find some apology for their heresies. The stream is as yet near its fountain, and in its shallow bed only bubbles and frets itself into foam. A time may, and we hope will come, when its course will be more calm, and its waters equally pure. We are much inclined to think that their errors may in great measure be ascribed to the disgust felt at the want of all true elevation of purpose on the part of our Rulers and the Legislature. It is from the want of a solid Temple and a true Faith, that men betake themselves to Idols; and we are not without hopes that among the disciples of this errant school, which is not without redeeming characteristics, Truth may yet find some of her most rational worshippers.

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SUE’S WANDERING JEW.—The immorality of M. Sue’s romance of *Le Juif Errant* is gravely assailed in some of the leading periodicals of the French capital. We ask seriously, says one of the journals, can the description of those infamous orgies with which M. Sue has filled the last two numbers, produce any other feeling than disgust? The blasphemous language he puts into the mouths of the populace, whole pages filled with accounts of drunkenness and vice, from the reality of which we should turn away in horror—are such scenes proper for publication in a work destined to penetrate every where, and to fall under the eyes of our wives and daughters? It is preposterous to say that descriptions of this nature are written with a view to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. The morality of the public house is a disgrace to our civilization. If, continues the critic, we suffer the *Roman-feuilleton* to be carried on in this way, it will peril the moral and literary reputation of France in the eyes of the whole world.

We know from undeniable authority, that M. Eugene Sue has sold *Le Juif Errant* to his publishers for 210,000 francs.—*Court Journal*.

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PROPOSED RAILROAD FROM CIVITA-VECCHIA TO ROME, PROHIBITED BY THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—The Papal Government has refused the proposition made by an English company, for the establishment of a railroad from Civita-Vecchia to Rome. The King of Naples, on the contrary, would willingly extend as far as Gaete the line which is now arrested at Caserte. It might even be carried to Terracine, if the Pope would consent to establish a road from Rome to that city. But as yet, all propositions have been rejected by his Holiness.—*Ibid*.



## LOUIS PHILIPPE'S VISIT TO VICTORIA.

From the Court Journal.

LOUIS PHILIPPE has once more landed on our shores, after an absence of nearly thirty years, during a greater part of which Europe has witnessed in his person the spectacle of a great man struggling with adversity. His master mind has, however, enabled him to grapple successfully with difficulties, before which many a bolder and less adventurous spirit would have recoiled. The presence of the King of the French as the honored guest of our Sovereign is an event of deep and stirring interest to all classes of the community. Whether we regard this auspicious interchange of courtesy, at the present juncture, between the two most powerful monarchs of the universe, in a political or social point of view, its importance as an historical occurrence of the first magnitude must be conceded by all who take the slightest notice of public affairs. The principle of hereditary succession is a part and parcel of our constitution, and any departure from the fixed rules and spirit of legitimacy is viewed with distrustful jealousy by the great majority of the British people, but it should be remembered that there is a tide in the affairs of nations as well as of men, and this tide was taken at the flood by Louis Philippe. The bark which bore this adventurous Cæsar and his fortunes was steered by him with surpassing dexterity in its perilous course, until he was carried by the current of events to his present lofty position, where we have since seen him upholding the dignity of his country, and by his prudence, skill, and indomitable perseverance, enabling France to maintain her place among the nations of Europe.

Louis Philippe, by the steady policy he has pursued since his accession to the throne of France, has entitled himself to the respect of the world. He has preserved peace when that was no easy task; he has maintained the dignity of his crown without disturbing the tranquillity of Europe; and by the firmness of his government he has prevented the irritable feelings of his subjects from embroiling his country in war. France and England have but too often regarded each other, from their position, as "natural enemies;" let us hope that, in future, this circumstance, which has been so frequently a cause for war, will be good ground for peace.

There could be in this country but one feeling of respect for the talents and the station of the illustrious Monarch, now on a visit to her Majesty. It is impossible that Louis Philippe could expect other than a warm welcome in England: and in this he has not been disappointed. A century ago such a visit as that paid by our loved Queen to France last year, and the return which Louis Philippe is making, would have been considered next to impossible. But the petty jealousies which then existed between nations and individuals have

now happily passed away, and given place to more open and kindly feeling amongst crowned heads, a feeling which cannot fail to have its influence on other classes.

The King of the French, as the monarch of a great country, was entitled to our respect and attention; and as the personal friend of our Sovereign, he has received a welcome which he cannot hereafter reflect upon but with feelings of the highest satisfaction. His Majesty has lived too long in the world, and has seen too much of the vicissitudes of fortune, not fully to appreciate the genuine and manly expression of a nation's feelings which he has experienced on this occasion. His reception has been warm and generous—it was the respect which a great nation can afford to pay to a great man.

Since his arrival the proudest and the haughtiest nobles of the land have flocked from their feudal castles to pay their respects to him whom all have delighted to honor. Men of high principle and of every shade of political opinion have laid aside their prejudices to offer their respectful homage to the Monarch who has achieved such magnificent and such peaceful triumphs. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by the illustrious Hero of the age, hastened to greet the august traveller, and welcome him to our shores, ere he had yet landed from the stately vessel which conveyed him across the Channel.

There are two circumstances connected with this visit which have impressed us with even a higher opinion of Louis Philippe;—the first is the feeling manner in which he alluded to the friendship existing between him and our own loved Queen:—"I account it my very good fortune," said his Majesty, at Portsmouth, "to be again visiting your shores, and enabled to express to her Majesty my sincere affection, my warm friendship, and my gratitude for the many tokens of friendship she has bestowed upon me." We are happy in believing this the language of sincerity. This compliment to the Queen of Great Britain was delicately uttered in the midst of the subjects of both countries, and before the King had touched our shores. Nor can the visit to Twickenham on Thursday be regarded but as an evidence that Louis Philippe has not forgotten the protection and hospitality he once experienced as an exile in this country. We repeat, that the friendly intercourse between the Sovereigns of France and England cannot fail to have an influence, however remote, upon the political relations of both countries, and to strengthen his Majesty's hands in the good work of peace, which it has been his aim to preserve since his accession to the throne of France.

This, it must be acknowledged by all who have the welfare of their country at heart, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and at which all must rejoice. The record of this auspicious event, and of the triumphant

reception which the King of the French has received at the hands of the English people will be perused by posterity with pride and pleasure, and will fill one of the brightest pages in the history of this country.

There is but one drawback to the general satisfaction which has been experienced in the manner of his Majesty's sojourn in this country. The absurd and ridiculous cant of a portion of the French press cannot but have given pain to the illustrious Monarch now in England. It is true that these records of fancied insults to the honor of France are put forth, not because they are believed, but from a desire to keep alive those feelings of hostility to England which no doubt exist amongst a certain class in France. We are so far sorry for this, as it may be a matter of annoyance to the King; but we have full confidence in the assurance of his Majesty that, in the preservation of the friendly relations between the two countries, he will be assisted by the right-thinking and the majority of the people of his own. The warmth with which his Majesty has been greeted must be an assurance to him of the respect in which he is held in Great Britain, and that the feeling of the great bulk of our countrymen is with him in his determination to preserve peace between France and England.

#### TO LOUIS PHILIPPE

ON HIS VISITING ENGLAND.

WE bid thee welcome to our friendly shore,  
Lord of the vintage bowers of sunny France;  
And call the Magnates of the Isle to pour  
Their greetings forth, with festal song and dance.

Not that thou art enthronéd, do we sing  
The votive lay, or sweep the breathing lyre;  
Holy and pure the Muses' offering,  
Nor diadems their plaudits can inspire!

But thine the gifts which sanctify and raise  
The peasant's cottage or the kingly throne;  
Thine the just tribute of the warmest praise,  
From hearts with feelings kindred to thine own!

Nestor of Monarchs! o'er thy thoughtful brow,  
If ruthless Time with furrowing hand hath past,  
Still lingers there the imperishable glow  
Which worth and wisdom round their votaries  
cast.

A Patriot King! 'tis thine, with steady hand,  
The lawless rage of faction to control;  
To shed the light of science o'er the land,  
And waft thy France's fame from pole to pole.

Thou smilest calmly at th' assassin's knife;  
No dastard fears thy steadfast soul can know;  
Nor mortal guilt shall touch thy guarded life,  
For round thee Heaven its Ægis bright shall  
throw.

Not here thy full reward! yet even here  
The sacred ties of social love are thine;  
Ties which can hallow sorrow's gushing tear,  
And o'er affliction breathe a calm divine.

Then welcome to the stronghold of the brave;  
Valor and worth shall twine the wreath for thee.  
We hail thy passage o'er the bounding wave,  
And hymn thee to the Island of the Free!

H. B. K.

#### AKERMAN'S NEW TESTAMENT.

From the Literary Gazette.

*The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* The text from the Authorized Version. With Historical Notes and Numismatic Illustrations, by J. Y. Akerman, F. S. A. Part I. 8vo. J. Russell Smith.

An edition of the New Testament with popular *explanatory* notes has long been a desideratum. The notes which have hitherto been added to the text, are generally of a doctrinal character, and for the larger class of readers, are, to say the least, of very little use. There is much in the New Testament, which the ordinary reader is totally unable to understand without the help of historical notes; for it abounds with allusions and expressions borrowed from the manners and passing events of the day. No passages are more difficult than those which relate to the money of the time: they are translated either by words which give no exact idea of the original, or by the general expression, *a piece of money*, when the word in the original conveys a more exact and definite idea. There is no person more capable of explaining this part of the subject than Mr. Akerman: and we are rejoiced to see that he has entered upon the task with zeal. His numismatic illustrations are not confined to the explanations of the direct allusions to different kinds of money in the sacred text; but he brings his numismatic knowledge not only to explain historical difficulties, but to furnish new and most decisive evidence of the authenticity of holy writ. In fact, he has done as much (if not more) for the New Testament as the Gronovii and Grævii of former days did in this department of criticism for the classical writers of antiquity. His notes are entirely explanatory and he has carefully avoided entering into all subjects of a controversial or doctrinal nature; so that we can safely recommend his edition of the New Testament to all classes of readers, to whatever religious sect they may belong. We will only add one or two specimens of his notes and illustrations. On our Saviour's denunciations against Tyre and Sidon (Matt. xi. 21), it is observed:

"*Tyre and Sidon.* Of these great and famous cities of antiquity we have many numismatic monuments, the types of which show that idol-worship reigned in them. Though often in the neighborhood of both, our Lord appears not to have entered within them. In the mention of these cities in the same sentence with



Bethsaida and Chorazin, he seems to allude to the idolatrous practices of the people. Even an outline of the histories of Tyre and Sidon could not be comprised within the limits of a note. Specimens of their earliest known coins are here given; but these are not anterior to the days of the Seleucidæ, who struck money in both these cities on the same model. The first is a tetradrachm of Tyre, with the laureated head of Hercules, the Baal or lord of their city (see *Arrian. Exped. lib. ii. 16*). reverse, an eagle standing on a rudder. Legend: ΤΥΡΟΥ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΣΑΥΟΥ; i. e. (money) of Tyre the holy and inviolable. This is probably an example of the pieces mentioned by Josephus (*Bell. Jud. lib. ii. c. 21, s. 2*) as coins of Tyre, containing four Attic drachmas. The titles of 'holy,' or 'sacred and inviolable,' boasted by many Greek cities, and pompously inscribed on their coins, were probably of service to Tyre and Sidon at a later period, when Cleopatra endeavored to persuade Antony to give her those cities (*Joseph. Ant. lib. xv. c. 4, s. 1*). The other coin is of Sidon, and of the same denomination. The obverse bears a turreted female head, personifying the city; the reverse has the eagle and palm-branch, with the legend, ΣΙΔΟΝΙΩΝ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΣΥΛΟΥ. i. e. (money) of the Sidonians the holy and inviolable; 61., i. e. the year 19 of the era of the Seleucidæ."

In the translation of Matt. xvii. 24, "Doth not your master pay tribute?" under the word *tribute* is concealed the name of the coin which in the original indicates the sum paid; Mr. Akerman observes:

"Doth not your master pay tribute? 'Ο διδραχμος ἡμῶν οὐ τέλει τὰ διδραχμα; the didrachma here mentioned was the half-shekel which the Jews were commanded to pay yearly for the support of the Temple (see *Exod. xxx. 13*). On the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, they were compelled to pay this sum to Jupiter Capitolinus (see Xiphilin's Abrid. of *Dion. Cassius*, lib. lx; and Josephus, *Bell. Jud. vii. 6, § 6*). The hemi-staters current in Syria at this time, in all probability were occasionally used for the half-shekel, the stater being equal to the shekel, as ver. 27 shows."

We only add another example, shewing how the editor sometimes, in explaining his text contrives to convey more general information of an interesting nature. The text is Matt. xx. 2.

"A penny a day: The penny here mentioned was the denarius, which, at the time of our Lord's ministry, was equivalent in value to about sevenpence-halfpenny of our money. With the decline of the Roman empire the denarius was, by degrees, debased; and, before the time of Diocletian, had entirely disappeared, or, rather, had ceased to be struck in the imperial mints; but this emperor restored the coinage of silver, and denarii were again minted, though reduced in weight. This reduction went on after the division of

the empire, until the denarius, once a very beautiful *medalet*, became a coin of very inferior execution, low relief, and reduced thickness and weight. On the model of these degenerated coins some of the types of our Anglo-Saxon money were struck, under the denomination of 'penny,' and of the weight of twenty-four grains; hence the term 'penny-weight.' The weight of these pennies declined before the Norman Conquest; and, in subsequent reigns, they were gradually reduced until the time of Elizabeth, when the penny in silver was a mere spangle, as it is at this day. The term 'denarius' is yet preserved in our notation of pounds, shillings, and pence, by £. s. d. The relative value of money in ancient and modern times is a subject of much difficulty of illustration, and need not be discussed in this note; but it is worthy a passing observation, that, in this country, in the middle ages, a penny-a-day appears to have been the pay of a field-laborer. Among the Romans the denarius was the daily pay of a soldier (*Tacit. Ann. lib. i. c. 17*)."

CHAIN BRIDGES.—The Liverpool Albion reports as follows, of a scheme so gigantic, that it needs all our modern faith in the miracles of science to believe in its success.—"We have heard that the practicability of connecting the opposite shores of the Mersey by a stupendous chain bridge, is under consideration. It is said, that, by the formation of a viaduct, on the principle of an inclined plane, on arches, commencing at the top of James-street, to the margin of the river, a sufficient elevation may be obtained. A similar erection on the Woodside bank of the river would, of course, be requisite. Our active and enterprising Cheshire neighbors would, no doubt, readily assist in promoting a project so magnificent. Such a work would throw all other suspension bridges into the shade, and be a world's wonder."—To this notice, we may add, that an iron bridge is about to be thrown over the Neva, at St. Petersburg, to replace the Bridge of Boats, the Isaac's bridge—the ironwork for which has been contracted for by a Liverpool house, and the piles are to be of the granite of Finland. The bridge will be 1678 feet in length, and will have seven arches, the centre of 156 English feet, and the others on each side respectively 143, 125, and 107 feet. This great work will supply the means of communication, in the very centre of the Russian capital, which the tides from the gulf, with a west wind, and the ice from up the river, have long been supposed to render impossible. The modern application of iron to bridges has lessened the difficulty; and the Emperor, with his characteristic impetuosity, has ordered that the bridge shall be completed within a time impossible anywhere but in St. Petersburg,—and greatly in favor of the future operations of the gulf-tide and the floating ice.—*Athenæum*.

## BENEKE'S THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EDUCATION.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Erziehungs und Unterrichts-lehre.* Von Dr. Friedrich Edward Beneke. (Theory of Education.) 2 Bände. 8 vo. 2te Auflage. Berlin. 1842.

'Tis now within a few months of a full century, since 'on the margin of fair Zurich's waters' was born the great apostle of regenerated pedagogy in modern times—Henry Pestalozzi; and Pestalozzi, if German Switzerland is a part of Germany, was a German. This man, indeed, was not the first German, whose healthy instinct had brought him as an educator directly in contact with living nature, making a breach in the hard wall of separation between the school and the world, which the 'humanists' with their stone and lime classics so long doggedly upheld: the pious Francke in Halle, Salzmann, Rochow, and Bazedow, had preceded him; but Pestalozzi was the first who caused the word 'education,' like a new gospel, to thrill through Europe, and made the little town of Yverdon, with its old castle, as famous in the moral world as Paris, with its bastiles and butcheries, was in the political. Since his day much has been done for the good cause in many places; but amidst all the echoing of famous educational names at home and abroad, it requires no very nice-discerning judgment of the ear to know that Germany has been, and is, the key-note of the song. 'Das paedagogische Deutschland' is the name of one of Diesterweg's books; one might apply this appellation to the whole country—'paedagogic Germany,'—and, adopting an idea of Wolfgang Menzel, suggest, that instead of an eagle, the arms of the nation (when the nation appears) should be a goose, with a professor standing beside as a supporter, and plucking a quill out of its wing; for truly, as a shrewd observer once said, when we trace matters to the fountain head, 'Deutschland is governed by its universities much more than by its princes.' We do not here intend to stir the discussion which Herr Huber's recent work\* provokes: whether the German gym-

\* It is a common remark, that love goes by contrast as much as by similarity. So Milton's favorites, among the ancient poets, were Euripides and Ovid, men in every respect the reverse of himself; and Professor Huber, in his work on 'the English Universities,' (English by Newman 3 vols., 1843,) seems to have set himself the task

nasia or the great English schools are the best: but as a country, no man we suppose of common information will be disposed to deny that not Prussia only, but the whole of Germany, is much better supplied with education, both as regards quantity and quality, than Great Britain. This being the case, it is only natural to expect that German literature should exhibit the greatest number of original and standard works on education: that these indefatigable workers in the prolific world of books should have reduced their manifold experience in this matter to some system of generally recognized and universally available principles: that in fact pedagogy in these latter days should constitute with them a new science, as political economy does amongst ourselves. Here, in England, indeed, where it has long been the practice to make any body a schoolmaster, and to make no very particular demands on the energy or eloquence of professors, the claims of the science of teaching *a b c* or *alpha, beta, gamma*, to a place in the learned roll, may not be very distinctly understood; but a French statesman, who knows something about the matter, speaks in very different language. 'The science of education,' says he, 'is an essential branch of moral and political philosophy, and, like all other departments of science worthy of that name, it has need of being surrounded by the light of experience; and to avoid the danger of being misled by fantastic theories, we must lose no opportunity of obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the various systems of education that are followed by all great civilized nations.\*' We shall therefore say that the Germans have done well to erect 'paedagogik' into the dignity of a separate science; and that their voluminosity in this department is at once a sign of their past, and a prophecy of their future progress in the noble art of which this science deduces the principles, and systematizes the rules. Let us now see what Herr Beneke has got to say.

The Berlin professor commences, as an English one would do, with a 'Vorrede' (a preface); from that he goes on to an 'Einleitung' (a leading into—an introduction; and this 'Einleitung,' extending over

of championing these institutions through thick and thin, for no other reason than that they are in all respects precisely the reverse of the corresponding institutions in his own country.

\* Cousin on 'Education in Holland,' by Leonhard Horner. London, 1838.



101 pages, starts in the true German style, with a 'Grundbegriff,' or fundamental notion of what education is. In the preface to the first edition, which was published in 1834, we are informed that 'while in the first decennium of the present century the indefatigable diligence and sound judgment of Niemeyer, the nice practical tact and the fine human warmth of Schwartz, the piercing perspicacity of Herbart, and Jean Paul's sparkling combinations, had in close succession, done much for the science of pædagogy, and since that time many treatises on separate branches had appeared, still, in respect of scientific completeness, no work of any note on education had issued from the German press.' This fact concerns us little, but the alleged cause of it is worth our hearing. 'The science of pædagogy,' says the professor, 'depends altogether on the science of psychology; it is, in fact, only the application of psychology, as astronomy, projectiles, and other branches of natural philosophy, are the application of mathematics. But in Germany, for the last twenty years, psychology, or the experimental science of mind, has been almost altogether neglected. Our high soaring countrymen allowed themselves to be carried off their legs by the Bacchantic whirl of speculation; and transported now into one system and now into another, by help of which they hoped at last to gain that sublime point from which they might be able to 'die Welt und Gott in ihrem innersten Wesen zu erfassen und zu construiren' to comprehend and to construct the world and God in their inmost substance; from this position they considered themselves entitled to look down with contempt on experience, and such experimental sciences as Psychology and Education. But now,' continues the professor, 'we have boxed the compass of abstract thought, and are content to learn wisdom, like other fools, from *experience*.' Our high flown Hegelian and Schellingian philosophers condescend to take a lesson from Locke, and Bacon, and the schoolmaster abroad.' Now this, if it be true, (as we know from divers signs it is), is the best news we have heard from Germany for a long time. There are to be no more Hegels in Berlin. The last one died of the cholera in 1832. The Germans are going to be practical. They are about to traverse the intellectual, as they are even now doing the physical, world, with something tangible—with railroads. They are going to

write sentences that have a beginning and an end, and to billow out thoughts whose depths may be sounded. This is very good. Let the duty be taken off to-morrow, that we may all buy German books.

Having in his introduction based pædagogy upon the fundamental principles of psychology,\* our author divides the whole subject with great judgment into two parts. The doctrine of 'education' (*Erziehungslehre*), and the doctrine of 'instruction' (*Unterrichtslehre*). This is the favorite distinction made by that excellent educationist, Mr. Stow, in Glasgow. To instruct, says the northern philanthropist, 'is comparatively an easy matter; a retail dealing in special commodities, a dexterous juggling with so many balls; but in order to educate, you must not merely instruct, but you must *train*; to have an educational system at all, it must be a 'training system.' This is what the inquisitive traveller will find written in large letters in the lobby of the Normal school of Glasgow; and to the same purpose the German tells us that *instruction* deals almost exclusively in mere intellectual notions or exercises of external dexterity, while *education* has mainly to do with the formation of the character through the emotions.' There is nothing new in this, certainly; but is a great and important truth; a mere *teacher* does not do half his work: he must work on the heart and on the habits, as well as on the head of his pupils. A brain is not the only part of a boy; and his brain is a thing of living growth and arborescence, not an empty box which an adult can furnish with labelled tickets of various arts and sciences, and then say—my work is done, behold an educated young gentleman! Herr Beneke, then, proceeds to divide the '*Erziehungslehre*' into three great branches: the training of the intellectual powers, consciousness, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, &c.; the training of the moral, religious, and æsthetical emotions, and the training of the body, or what we commonly call physical education. This exhausts the first volume. The second volume systematizes the '*Unterrichtslehre*,' or theory of instruction, in the following order. 1. General views and bearings. 2. Comparative value of the

\* It may be mentioned here, that professor Beneke has published several works on mental philosophy that have attracted considerable attention in Germany. He is a philosopher of the practical and experimental school; and this is a novelty in Deutschland.

different subjects of instruction. 3. General view of the most famous methods of instruction. 4. View of the special methods for the different subjects. 5. The different sort of schools. 6. The organization and administration of schools.

From this short outline of the comprehensive contents of the present volumes, the reader will see at once that it would be in vain for us to attempt any thing like a separate discussion of the whole subjects embraced. Under the single head of 'methods of instruction,' for instance, Pestalozzi alone, and his influence, direct and indirect, on all the modern improvements in pædago-gy, would furnish matter for a separate discussion no less curious than instructive; then there are Bell and Lancaster, men most wise of all mortals to transmute a sorry necessity, on occasions, into a sovereign virtue; in the teaching of languages, again, how much might be said in commendation of Hamilton and others, who, though not philosophers of the very highest class, have at least had sense enough to see that, in the art of imitating sounds, a reasoning man may not be ashamed to take a lesson from an unreasoning parrot; and last of all we have Jacotot, a man splendidly made, as Frenchmen are apt to be, with one idea, but in whose one idea, as in all fresh natural ideas, there is an essential truth, which those will certainly find who have toleration enough to exclude nothing from its proper place in the world, and discrimination enough to know where that place is. But there is a wide question, before the discussion of the methods of instruction; and it is one on which the practical educationists in this country are more disagreed perhaps than on any other. *What* are you to teach the little boys? Are you to rate their intellectual proficiency by a Latin rudiments and *qui, quæ, quod* merely, as they do in Aberdeen? or are you to teach them with Biber, to build up castles of cubes architecturally that they may see before them in solid incarnation, the great algebraic mys-

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tery  $a+b=a^2+2ab+b^2$ ?—or are you to set them rambling through the fields, and wading through the bogs, that they may finger stamens and pistils, and learn that what was once called a geranium is now called a pelargonium, and that a water-lily is no lily at all, but a *nymphæa alba*, or *lutea* as the case may be? Are you to teach this or that or the other, or all the three? These are questions about which

all men who philosophize on the subject are not quite agreed; and even when they are agreed, they may beat the air, how often with unapproachable blasts of truth: but there is an army of pedants that have battering rams. To repeat all these blasts, and to encounter the strokes of these battering rams in formal array, and in pitched battle, cannot be our object here; we shall merely, by a few extracts, endeavor to let our readers know how Herr Beneke reconciles the combatants. He has done it, to our judging, with admirable tact: he has given a verdict in favor of both parties;—the Humanists and Realists (as the two great educational parties are called in Germany\*) are not only tolerated but encouraged; and while each is taught that it is for its own benefit to borrow as much from the other as may be, both are advised for the maintenance of their independent existence, to keep themselves separate: for they have different objects, and belong to different spheres. This is an important catholic truth in education by no means sufficiently recognized in this country; and therefore we particularly request the reader's attention to what follows.

What you are to teach your children, says the professor, depends altogether on what they are meant for: in other words, according to their probable future destiny in life ought to be their present preparation for the business of life in the schools. Now if we take a survey of the different classes of persons claiming education from the state, we shall find that there are three classes, whose position in society, and vocation in life, are so distinct that they do not admit of receiving a well calculated course of education in common. There are, in the first place, those who are destined with material means to work on matter—laborers and artizans: these receive an education fitted for their wants in a separate class of schools called in Germany 'Volkschulen,' or schools of the people. Then, above these, there is a large class of men whose destiny it is to work on the same external world, but by intellectual means; thus a mason works on stone and lime with his hand, an architect with his mind. Those who are in this position are educated in schools of their own, called 'Mittelschulen' or 'Bürgerschulen,' middle schools, as being placed midway between the 'Volkschulen,' and the third class that we are about to mention; 'Bürger-

\* Corresponding to the classical ascendancy and useful knowledge parties among ourselves.



schulen,' because the mass of those who in commercial and manufacturing cities belong to the 'Bürger' or citizen class will, under a well-ordered system, find their most appropriate education in these schools. Lastly, there is a class of persons in society whose high privilege it is to work by mind upon mind; to this class, statesmen, clergymen, teachers of youth, literary and scientific men of all kinds, belong. For those who are destined to put forth their energies in this sphere, a higher, more extensive, and more speculative education, is necessary. For such the 'Gymnasien' or 'Gelehrte Schulen' are open; and open not as a finishing school, but merely as an introduction to the universities.

This threefold division of the great public schools in Germany being distinctly in his eyes, the reader will now be prepared to appreciate the justice of the author's reasoning in the following extract. The question discussed is a much controverted one in Germany, but not less so among ourselves. 'Whether in schools destined for the sons of the middle classes, in the 'Bürgerschulen,' the learned languages, and especially the Latin, ought to be admitted as a subject of instruction.' Herr Beneke answers decidedly, 'No!' and for the following reasons:

"Those who advocate the claim of the learned languages are wont to bring this forward in the first place, that our modern intellectual culture is historically so intimately connected with antiquity, that into any thorough course of education, going beyond the claims of mere necessity, at least one of the ancient languages ought to be admitted. But the answer to this is evident; our intellectual culture in modern times has made itself gradually more and more free from the influence of ancient literature, in such a manner as that it is now able to stand on its own merits and in a position altogether independent. Those, indeed, whose position in the social system calls upon them to know and to teach, not only what the world now is and ought to be, but also how it came to be, what it is, and through what strange mutations and metamorphoses it has passed, may, nay must, go back to the original germs and far withdrawn beginnings of things; but for such as mean only to work on the prepared foundation of modern society, and whose activity is principally directed to the external relations of life, such laborious pilgrimages into the remote past are neither necessary nor expedient. It is to be particularly observed, also, that the ancients, however high they stand in literature and philosophy, are in those branches of science which are most useful to the classes we now speak of, particularly de-

fective; in mathematics and natural history and physics, the staple of a good Bürger education, we can learn little from the ancients which will repay the trouble of studying them; and the little that may be learned, is to be learned by him only who is at once a man of profound science, a philosopher, and a scholar, not certainly by a merchant, an agriculturist, or an engineer.

"As little weight are we disposed to allow the argument that Latin ought to be taught in Bürger-schools as a sort of preparation and test for those who may possibly be advanced from those schools to the gymnasien and the universities; for it is perverse and preposterous for the sake of one or two to miseducate the whole; and, besides this, an elementary instruction in Latin is by no means a thing peculiarly calculated to afford such a preparation and test as is supposed. Many a boy will make admirable proficiency in Latin vocables and paradigms merely because he is too dull and stupid for any thing more intellectual; dead words and formulas will find a ready entrance where the lack of strong vital pulsations leaves the chambers of the brain empty. There are many better ways of judging of a boy's aptitude for the higher branches of learning than by forcing him to tack a few Latin sentences together; and if parents have so miscalculated their son's inclinations and capacities as to send him to a Bürger-school, when he ought to have been sent to a gymnasium, they must just take consequences and go back to the starting point.

"But the Latin language, we are told further, is in many views the only proper basis of all knowledge. To this I answer directly,—name the branch of knowledge to the attainment of which Latin is *now* essential, to which Latin is to such an extent the key, that the profit to be obtained will stand in an intelligible relation to the labor expended? That many technical phrases in the different sciences are derived from the Latin, is an argument that scarcely can be advanced seriously. These phrases can easily be explained etymologically as they occur; and besides, this reason, if it were any reason at all, would be a much stronger plea for the introduction of Greek than of Latin into the education of a German merchant or engineer. As for what is commonly said that the Latin is the root of most modern languages, and must, therefore, be studied, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of these, there is a practical fallacy in this, too obvious to demand any labored refutation. The time spent in the Latin preparation for learning the modern languages, might have been as well spent in learning the languages themselves. The bulk of the language, that is to say, the vocables, can be taken up as readily in an English, or a Spanish, as in a Roman shape. And what should we say of the man who, when building a house, first throws away all his money on a magnificent threshold, and then finds that he

has been laboriously constructing an entry to nothing? Such is the wisdom of many of those who learn Latin, that they may with the greater ease learn French, Spanish, and Italian.

"The next argument is that drawn from the more formal side of the question. Latin, it is urged, however useless as an acquisition, is so admirable as a mental discipline that it cannot be exchanged for any other subject of study that might seem more directly to bear upon the education of the 'Bürger' class. But here also, unfortunately, the advocates of classical ascendancy are found sadly at fault. No well-instructed educationist will deny the superior virtues of the ancient languages as instruments of mental discipline; but this discipline is most beneficial in the higher steps of advancement, when the spirit of ancient literature begins to be breathed sensibly upon the soul of the student; the mere external elements of language, and the simple combinations of syntax, have comparatively little power in training the intellect; can achieve nothing that may not be attained in a far superior degree by the study of the mother tongue and foreign languages.

"But, continue the Latinists, granting all this, is not the learning of the Latin language, if nothing more, at least one of the best exercises for improving the memory that the circle of school instruction presents? This argument is the weakest of all. For to exercise the memory on that which does not materially advance the understanding, is surely any thing but wise; and then considering how rich the materials are which modern science presents for exercising, nay, severely trying the retentive powers of the mind, what need is there that we should resort to the artificial machinery of the vocables of a dead tongue? There is a danger, moreover, that by overtaxing the memory with extraneous things (which Latin words certainly are in a Bürger-school) a general distaste to learning may be generated in the minds of the scholars. And, after all, it is a great mistake in psychology to suppose, that there is any abstract faculty of memory which can be improved by exercise: memory is improved by exercise, not absolutely, but only in the particular direction of the exercise: and so it may be that the improvement of the memory in the direction of the dead languages, however great, may, to all the effects and purposes which belong to the educated modern Bürger, be worse than fruitless."

Latin, therefore, is to be altogether excluded from the Bürger-schools, in the opinion of Herr Beneke; and the Berlin professor, it is instructive to see, merely systematizes the current opinion of a great class of intelligent citizens in our commercial and manufacturing cities. These men have long been convinced that the old grammar-schools, in which Latin and

Greek are exclusive or preponderant, however useful as preparatory palæstræ for philosophising clergymen and gentlemen with a large library, are not the schools for them; and they have, accordingly, in Glasgow and elsewhere, taken various steps, more or less successful, to hunt down the pedantic old autocracy of the Humanists. This is good; but it does not, therefore, follow, as some eager innovators will have it, that Homer and Virgil are to be banished from our public schools altogether, and steam-engines and calculating machines substituted in their place. *Μη γένοιτο!*—Let it not be!—Let us not snap cruelly the golden chain that has so long and so pleasantly bound us to the past!—Let us not unbridge the mystic gulf of centuries profanely!—Let Virgil and Homer live, as good things, and among the best, for those who have time and capacity to 'drink deep of the Pierian spring,' that never yet gave strength to shallow bibbers. How this is to be done, we have already, we think, sufficiently indicated. Let Latin and Greek be reserved for a higher class of schools, for the gymnasia; and let none be sent to begin Latin there who is not likely seriously to carry it out in the university. This is Herr Beneke's opinion; and, however different the practice of good old England in many places may be, there can be no doubt it is a sound opinion. But we shall now hear at greater length how chivalrously our catholic-hearted educationist champions those very classics in the gymnasia, which in the Bürger-schools he had so decidedly condemned.

"As to what they urge against the ancient languages, in the first place, that they are too far removed from our modern habits of thought, too strange, to interest or to edify us, I must be allowed to say, without meaning to say any thing paradoxical, that this very strangeness is precisely the thing that ought to invite our familiarity. For, while the classical student works himself sympathetically into the sentiments and manner of expression of the ancient world, he by this very act necessarily receives a mental expansion and a breadth of view that the study of no modern languages could have conferred; for in these last both the modes of thought and the matter coincide so much with our own that for the purpose of supplementing our intellectual deficiencies, they must ever be comparatively feeble. Besides, this greater contrast between the ancient habits of thought and the modern, has a strong virtue to stir the interest, and to fix the attention; an ancient author, even where he is only second or third rate, is in-



finitely more suggestive than a modern, merely because he is ancient; it is by the strong power of contrast that we most readily learn to compare: and in the habit of extended comparison and faithful deduction, the art of philosophizing consists.

"In the second place: if it be a more difficult task to attain an available knowledge of the ancient languages than of the modern, this difficulty also is an advantage. It has been and is the most perverse of all methods of proceeding in education, to think only how we may make all instruction as easy as possible for the learner. Knowledge of any kind can be easily taken up and appropriated only in proportion as it is superficial. When the time for instruction commences, the time for play is over; the time for intellectual exertion is come; and it is the business of the teacher so to select and apportion the objects of teaching that they may afford a course of gymnastics to the learner. Instead, therefore, of inventing methods to make study easy, some talk might be expected to be made of the best art of inventing difficulties. Now there are few studies that present such a complete course of intellectual gymnastics as the study of ancient literature. We do not speak here of the mere external elements of ancient literature—the lexicographical and grammatical framework—all this we most willingly give up to the objector, as by no means peculiarly fitted either to expand or to strengthen the mind; and the more such merely mechanical processes, can be facilitated and accelerated, the better. But the sacrifice which we make in mastering the mere externals of ancient learning, is more than compensated by the developing power which they possess in so eminent a degree when duly followed out. Those compositions which can be had without any great demands on our intellectual activity, slip across our minds superficially, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Take, for example, any historical or poetical work in our mother tongue or in any modern language. Spurred on by an interest in the subject, we drive rapidly forward from one point of prominence to another; but this very celerity of progress, which is so pleasant, prevents us from thoroughly grasping and detaining the characters and events as they pass before us; at the end of our movement there remains but an imperfect shadowy outline of what we have read; and in a short time even this shadowy outline vanishes. The same thing happens with the mere style and manner of expression. We may pause, perhaps, for a moment over this and the other passage, peculiarly pointed and impressive; but in general we are in too great a hurry to receive any distinct impression from the beauties of style; or will not dwell on a passage long enough to know in what its rhetorical excellence consists. And if this be so with grown up men, how much more must it be the case with young persons whose minds are so disposed to triviality and dissipation. It is the duty of

the teacher, therefore, rather to put a drag on the light and rattling spirits of youth than to pioneer the road too smoothly before them. Now this salutary drag on the precipitancy of youthful minds is exactly what the ancient languages are so well calculated to supply. While the scholar is laboriously employed in constructing piecemeal a historical, poetical, or rhetorical whole, from the biographies of a Plutarch, the tragedies of a Sophocles, or the orations of a Demosthenes, he is forced to expend as much intellectual strength on a single elementary trait as he does on a whole work in the mother tongue, or on a whole comparison in any modern tongue; and in this way both the matter and the manner of the thing read are appropriated and assimilated in a way most conducive to a healthful reproduction on the part of the receiver, and to a free development of the higher powers of reflection on the phenonema of the intellectual world.

"But it is not only that ancient literature, by power of contrast, is more suggestive to us moderns; there is, at the same time, a simplicity of character both in the thoughts and in the manner of expression of the ancients that is more readily appreciable by the youthful mind than the more complex relations of our modern development. The works of the ancients, are a mirror of the childhood and boyhood of humanity: our children and boys now understand these works by a natural sympathy, better than our men. There is too much reflection and philosophizing of all kinds in modern literature for the juvenile taste; there is something more elementary and immediate, more fresh, and, as it were, transparent among the ancients. The ancient world also presents something more self-contained, less straggling and involved than the moderns. If the approach to the view be, as we have admitted, more laborious, the objects, when they fairly start out from the mist, are more tangible and more comprehensible.

"This holds true of ancient literature in a triple sense: it is true of the grammatical combinations in the first place (compare Herodotus, for instance, in this respect, with Hume or Gibbon); it is no less true of the forms which art assumed in the hands of antiquity; the ancient Epos, the ancient tragedy, and the ancient eloquence and philosophy, are nearer to the mind of young persons in modern times than works of the same class in our own tongue; and it is true, finally, of the matter of the classics as well as of their style, of the characters of the various relations of life, social and political. The distance in point of time between an ancient and a modern is more than compensated to the young mind by the proximity in point of tone, and sentiment, and character. Ancient history, for example, how infinitely more simple than the modern! it is more the history, in fact, of individual men, or of separate groups and masses of men easily distinguishable; and the relations that occur between

them are at the same time comparatively simple; the passions and the motives also of the historical characters (think only of the patriarchs in the book of Genesis, or the leaders in the Trojan war) are simpler and more kindred to the habits of thought and feeling that characterize young persons. Modern history, on the other hand, the nearer it comes to the young student in point of time, the farther it recedes from him in point of affinity; its complicated relations, its strange disguises, its state plots and counterplots, and diplomatic intrigues, may be made to envelope the youthful mind, but they can never mould it. In whatever light, therefore, we view the matter, ancient literature, when the scholar fairly enters into the spirit of it, affords a much more congenial nourishment for young minds than modern.

"It is to be observed, moreover, that this bond of connection which attaches us to the ancient mind, is not one of psychological relationship merely; it is essentially also an historical tie. Our whole modern culture is what it is in a great measure as a growth from the fertile soil of antiquity, and continues still to draw no inconsiderable part of its nourishment from the same source. As the modern languages can be grammatically comprehended only through the medium of the Latin out of which they sprung; so in tracing back the various branch streams of modern intellect we arrive, from whatever point we may have set out, always at the same two fresh fountains of Greece and Rome; so that if a man will not be content to receive traditionally, and by a blind instinct, but strives with a full consciousness and a sympathetic reproduction to understand the modern mind, he can do so in no way at once so speedily and so thoroughly, as by beginning with the ancient. The food which whether we will or no, we must receive from the ancients with shut eyes, a classical education enables us to adopt and to enjoy with open vision.

"Whatever truth there may be in these representations is independent altogether, it will be observed, of any mere external elegance and polish that may belong to the remains of ancient literature handed down to us. The advantages of which we have been talking result from the essential character of ancient works, in thought, and emotion, and expression: these advantages belong to them as products of the ancient mind, not as models of what is finished and satisfying in works of art. But when we consider further, that in addition to the simplicity and tangibility of their contents, and their less complex character generally, the works of the ancients stand unrivalled as models of chasteness and truth in art, we find ourselves provided with another and a most salutary check against that looseness, ill-regulated luxuriance, and extravagance, by which the compositions of modern literature have too frequently been characterized. There is another matter, also, of no small importance

in estimating the influence which the pattern specimens of ancient literature exert on the modern mind; on account of the different situation in which we are placed, and the different circumstances by which we are surrounded, there is much less danger of a slavish and passive imitation of antiquity, than there is in the case of a modern model. An ancient model will be admired, and exercise a beneficial influence on the taste of those who admire it; but as it does not excite, and is not meant to excite to any imitation of exactly the same kind, it seems to stimulate exertion without inciting a discouraging comparison. The classic models of our own literature, on the other hand, stand so near to us, and so obviously incite comparison with our own performances, that a servile imitation, or a despairful abandonment of self-development, is too apt to be the result of the early admiration which is fixed on them.

"To meet these views, many persons interested in the education of youth have proposed, that instead of the classical languages, the old German should be used in our higher schools. In our early Teutonic literature, it is alleged, we have a contrast to the modern development of the German mind, sufficiently strong to stimulate the reflective faculty, and at the same time an extension of the view beyond the narrowness of the present horizon. But to this proposal there are two obvious objections. Our old German literature, in the first place, though different in several accessory modifications, is, in its fundamental ideas, the same as the modern. The contrast, therefore, is not sufficiently marked and decided for the purpose. In the second place, even supposing the fundamental ideas of our old German poetry were every thing that could be desired in this respect, the forms of art in which they have been handed down to us, are any thing but models. As in every other point of human culture, so in literary development, the progress of the northern nations was at first exceedingly slow and painful. It was not till after they had appropriated and worked up the early ripe literature of the southern nations that they began to exert their independent energies in a more vigorous form, and to create works in some respects superior to the models by which they had originally been stimulated. In consequence of this difference of historical development, it is altogether impossible for us Germans to go back to the sources of our civilization with the same intellectual benefit that the Greeks did to theirs, or that even we ourselves can go to the civilization of the Greeks; much less can young persons grow up healthily in an environment that is full of waste places and monstrosities even for full grown men.

"But, continue the advocates of the old German education, do we not historically grow out of German ground—are we not Germans—and shall we be at home at Rome, and at Athens, and every where—only not amongst



ourselves?—Here also there is a fallacy. What we are as a literary people, we are in a much greater degree through the influence of the Greeks and Romans, and more lately of the English and the French, than through the continued working of our own most ancient national literature. Nay, it has been experimentally manifested (as it was supereminently in the late war of liberation in 1813) that as often as an attempt has been made to bring old Germanism into the fore-ground of our modern culture, so often (after a little artificial parading) has it been thrown aside. People, however patriotic, had such an instinctive, if not always conscious, feeling of the inferiority of these northern productions to those of the south and east, that, in spite of all patriotic trumpeting, and blowing up, the Niebelungen was forced in a few years to leave the Iliad and the Odyssey in quiet possession of the academic ground. We do not pretend to decide which course of development is the preferable for a people, a development thoroughly and entirely national, or a complex growth springing from varied foreign impregnation; but Providence has so ordered it that the development of the German people should be in this latter fashion decidedly: and with this, as an arrangement of Providence, beyond the hope of human change, we must ever be content.

"We conclude, therefore, on a review of the whole matter, that for him who wishes to plant himself upon the highest position of intellectual cultivation, an initiation into ancient literature is absolutely indispensable. Only when so initiated is he in a condition to survey comprehensively, to contemplate clearly, and to see profoundly into what human nature under its various aspects can achieve; by the aid of ancient learning alone is the educator enabled to extend his view beyond the narrow horizon of the now which encompasses him, and to distinguish between that which is merely local or temporary, and that which is of universal and human significance. And this extent of vision alone, it unquestionably is that entitles a man to say, that he is *educated* in the highest and complete sense of that word."

We have patently followed our author through this long defence of classical education, because, hackneyed as the theme may be, it is not always that it is handled with the requisite degree of discrimination and appreciation. Many of our eulogizers of a Latin and Greek education in this country, plead the cause of classicality on grounds which are satisfactory enough in the abstract, but which have no bearing whatsoever on the circumstances to which they are meant to be applied. Herr Beneke, however, takes anxious care that he

shall not play off upon us any sophism of this kind. He tells us not only *what* classics are worth, but *for whom*—'für denjenigen welcher auf die höchste Bildungsstufe gestellt werden soll,'—for him whom it is intended to plant upon the highest platform of intellectual culture. Thus his championship of a classical education for the gymnasia, is in the most perfect harmony with his determined exclusion of the same studies from the Bürger-schools. 'Non omnia possumus omnes;' the merchant goes to his counting-house, the young agriculturist to his model farm, when the young philosopher is going from Homer and Herodotus in the gymnasium, to Plato and Immanuel Kant in the university. This is the way they manage matters in Germany; but among ourselves there is still reason to fear that the true position and value of classical education in relation to the different classes of society, and their intellectual wants, is not every where distinctly understood; that there is too much of a general indiscriminating idol-worship of the mere letter of Greek and Latin, to which languages, in their mere rudiments and disciplinarian externals, a sort of magic virtue is attributed, as if they alone, without aid from living poetry and philosophy, and without the least regard either to social position or intellectual wants, had the power of turning every thing into gold. On some such notion as this the exclusive classicism of Oxford, and whatever in England is connected with that, seems to depend; while in Scotland we find, in many places, herds of young men who should begin and end their education at a commercial school, drilled for five years principally into the mere beggarly elements of Latin, and then sent to college (still in the shape of mere *boys*) for a little more Latin, and a little Greek, that they may forget both in a year or two over the toils of the *comptoir* and the recreations of the circulating library. Now how do the Berlin educationist's sensible remarks apply to such a case as this? Plainly thus, that one-half of the lads, who in Scotland study Latin and Greek at grammar-schools and universities, should have been sent to a Bürger-school, from which the classical languages were excluded, and the other half should have been brought beyond the point of nibbling at a shell, and really taught to live in the atmosphere, and drink from the fountains, of ancient wisdom. As things stand at present we have good reason, with the late Profes-

sor Walker,\* to despair altogether of the cause of classical literature beyond the Tweed, and to denounce the present system, not merely as a futile abortion in itself, but as one of the greatest hindrances to a rational system of education, that the three angles of our triangle contain. In England, wherever the old system of exclusive classicality still prevails, we have at least one thing thoroughly studied in the schools, and carried afterwards in the universities to that point of perfection in which intellectual pleasure and profit are combined; but classicality in Scotland is a mere obstructive heap of grammatical thorns and brambles, neither producing any fruit of itself, nor allowing seeds of a more hopeful character to find their way through its choking superincumbence.†

We shall now give the English reader a sample of Herr Beneke's sensible and thoroughly practical views on the 'methods of education;' and from this part of his subject we can select nothing more appropriate than the remarks on the monitorial system. Fully alive to the necessary defects of this overtrumpeted machinery, the Berlin professor has too much judgment to overlook its manifold advantages. The monitorial system, wisely applied, teaches the educator to make a virtue of necessity; and he who can do this commands a charm, not of the highest kind, but one which, in such a world as the present, is likely to be more generally available than any other.

"Let us first consider the quantity of instruction given by the method of Bell and Lancaster; and here it seems to us evident where there is an ordinary degree of skill displayed in the school arrangements, that each individual scholar receives a greater share of the master's time and attention under the monitorial system than by the common plan, according to which scholars of all different degrees of advancement fall to be instructed by a single teacher. For in proportion as diversities of this kind exist in a class, the master is forced to split his time and attention into so many altogether independent sections; and while he is occupied with one section the others will either be less beneficially occupied than

\* Evidence before the Royal Commission for visiting the Scottish Universities, 1827.

† We happen to have lay besides us an extract from an old number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which expresses in a single sentence the essentially false position of classical learning in Scotland. 'Nothing has more contributed in this country to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of ALL. With us the learned languages are taught at once too extensively, and not intensively enough.'

they might be, under monitors, or are altogether idle. On the other hand, if the teacher can devolve the exhausting business of mere preparation and repetition on others, it is clear that so much time and strength as was lost on this can now be devoted to the proper business of instruction.

"As little, however, is it to be denied that even this preparation and repetition, and much more so the instruction, properly so called, when they are superintended by scholars, do not admit, with regard to all subjects, of being efficiently carried into practice; for there is always something 'mechanical' about the teaching of a monitor which, if teaching is to be intellectual, necessarily renders the instrument inadequate to the effect desired. This may be granted; but there are certain subjects that admit of being communicated, if not altogether, at least in some degree, only in a manner that may comparatively be termed mechanical; nay, we may go further and say that the extraneous admixture of spurts of spirit, so to speak, into these subjects, tends to produce confusion rather than to excite interest, and is, consequently, more prejudicial than beneficial to the real work of teaching. We shall, therefore, do wisely to make a distinction; and, unless where sorry necessity compels, apply the monitorial method only to those subjects in which the instruction given must necessarily be in a great measure mechanical; as spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and the external frame-work of geography and history. To the province of the monitorial method (to repeat what we have said under another phase) belong all those subjects, and those subjects only, that can be transferred so completely by a good teacher to an apt scholar, that the scholar can feel the communicated elements, so far as they go, perfectly in his own power, and is ready to transfer them distinctly and without confusion to another; while, on the other hand, all those subjects are to be withheld from the handling of a pupil teacher, which are capable only of a very imperfect transference from the master to the scholar. To this category belong all exercises prescribed especially for the training of the understanding, all instruction in religion, in morality, and in the inner spirit and significance of history. But with all this limitation, is it not a decided gain that what may and must be taught, to a certain degree, mechanically, is by the monitorial method taught more certainly in a school with only one master than it can be without this instrumentality?

"If we consider further to what an extent this merely mechanical part of instruction is and must be practised in every school, let the teacher be as vivacious and intellectual as he pleases; we shall be forced on a review of the real details of the matter to admit that unless in a few peculiarly fortunate cases, a certain number of the scholars will, in all classes, soon begin to fall behind; and whenever this takes



place, the teacher, where he has no assistants, must either allow this number to lag, and finally give them up as a hopeless job, or by extraordinary care bestowed upon a few dillards, deprive the good scholars of that attention of which they are more worthy. I know it from the best authority that, high as our system of elementary instruction in Prussia undoubtedly stands, and zealous as are the exertions of our educational officials, there are nevertheless children even here, in Berlin, who, after four or five years regular attendance at school, can neither read nor write with any readiness. If such things happen in the green tree, what are we to expect from the dry? And is it then wise, to remain in a state of vain self-satisfaction with an imagined perfection, and refuse the aid of a method, which, whatever may be its defects, can certainly, when actively superintended, be made to achieve that which our most active men without it must in the nature of things often fail to do? Let monitors, therefore by all means be employed, to do that which can be done by monitors: and if the instruction which they can give is at best merely mechanical, let us bear in mind that this intellectual mechanics is at least in itself better than nothing, and that when once there, it may readily be made the bridge to something higher, that could never have existed without it.

"It now remains to make a remark or two on the quality of the instruction communicated by the mutual method. Now here, the main advantage seems to be—what indeed we have already mentioned—that by portioning out the scholars, according to their different progress and capacities, into a great many separate groups, and giving each a suitable drilling by appropriately furnished monitors, every scholar at every individual moment is kept actively employed according to the exact measure of his wants and attainments, and neither above nor beneath this mark. Now when details are to be taken up mechanically in teaching, this is not something merely, but it is all.

"Such is the clear gain for the taught scholar; for the teaching scholar the profit is much higher. The object that had hitherto been his only by actual adoption, becomes, in the very act of teaching, his by inward energetic vitality, the inalienable property of his knowing faculty. The frequent repetition which he practises gives him certainty and confidence in the application of what he knows; what he had first learned diligently it may be, but imperfectly and more or less clumsily, he now learns to use with ready dexterity and decided talent. Then there is the special pleasure that arises in the mind from the consciousness of a thorough command of a subject: this again begets a warmer love to the subject, and acts as the most active of all spurs to further acquisition; so that, taking every thing together, the mechanical part of teaching becomes to the teacher-scholar what it never can be to the prin-

cipal teacher, not merely not mechanical in the offensive sense of that word, but one of the most healthy and beneficial of intellectual exercises.

"But there are indirect advantages resulting from the monitorial system, not inferior, perhaps, to its immediate influence; and among these we must mention the various postures and movements which the execution of this method renders necessary, and which form a most convenient channel for the outlet of that instinct of corporeal movement which is so characteristic of healthy young persons. But besides this incidental gymnastics the scholars are thus accustomed to submit not merely to the direct power of discipline embodied in the person of the master, but to subordination and control in a much wider and more varied sphere. For however much of mere surface work there may be in this sort of school training—something analogous to the externalities of which common military drill is made up—it is not the less certain that the observance of this external discipline removes the occasion for many an offence both of an inward origin, and drawing inward and moral consequences in its train. Discipline once acknowledged in a few mechanical outward acts, may by degrees control and mould the whole character. And accordingly we find, that, while within the walls of the school, the Bell and Lancaster teachers have been able to boast that their method has enabled them to dispense with every kind of corporeal punishment, beyond these bounds it is alleged that of those who have been subjected to thorough discipline under this system, a smaller proportion has been convicted for police offences than of children educated in the ordinary schools. In addition to all this, we must observe the important moral lesson daily taught to those who are under the influence of the monitorial system; namely, that no man lives for himself alone in this world, but that every man, according to his ability and opportunities, must endeavor to make himself useful to his fellows: and this great truth is not impressed upon the memory of the young scholar merely, but it is imprinted on his heart, transferred to his will, and worked into the daily habitude and custom of his existence.

"A single word now remains for the influence of this method on the principal teacher. On this head the most discordant opinions are every where expressed: and we hear in the same breath the complaint that the constant superintendence and eager watchfulness over every part of a complicated machinery which this method requires, is too much for the strength of a common man; and that other complaint, which is certainly not consistent with it, that by handing over the principal part of his work to his scholars, the master is apt to become lazy and inefficient. Now with regard to this point it appears to me that they are decidedly in the wrong who imagine that the Bell and Lancaster method, because it enables a good teacher to do more than he could other-

wise accomplish, is therefore an easier method for him, and a method which may be satisfied with a less efficient man than the common service demands. So far from this, it seems certain that to teach by monitors is a more difficult task for the masters than to teach without them: a more vivid and energetic power of generalship must be exhibited. The commander-in-chief in a great battle, though he has and can have no particular post, is in fact present every where. As a compensation, however, for this greater demand upon his energy, the monitorial system spares the teacher a great part of that merely mechanical inculcation which is so wearisome; and saves him from that stupifying and blunting influence, which long continued and unremitting occupation with the mere elementary part of teaching never fails to exercise on the intellect."

Here our limits command us to refrain. The extracts we have made are sufficient, we think, to convince the friends of education in this country that a complete treatise, conceived in the same catholic and comprehensive spirit, and so thoroughly discriminating and practical, must be regarded as a most valuable contribution to a branch of social science, more talked about in these times than perhaps any other, but less understood. There are plenty of loose ideas, indeed, afloat on this important subject, but comparatively few fixed principles; and the cause of this confusion is plain: people must study so complex a subject before they can hope to comprehend it; study first its principles in the psychology of the human mind, and then its details in the practice of various skilful persons. To all who are in search of a wise pilot through these seas, we can most conscientiously recommend Dr. Friedrich Beneke.

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ALGERIA A VICEROYALTY.—We have positive information that there has been lately discussed in the Council of Ministers a question of erecting Algeria into a viceroyalty, and conferring it upon the Duc d'Aumale. It has even been intimated to the Court of Naples, that the daughter of the Prince de Salerno is destined to fill the rank of Vice-Queen. The idea has been adopted by the council in principle, but we are not able to say that any final decision as to its mode of execution has been come to.—*Galignani*.

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TALLEYRAND.—Those who may be disposed to study the character of that modern Machiaval, Prince Talleyrand, will find it admirably portrayed in the remarkable work of the Baron Menneval, entitled *Napoleon and Marie Louise*.—*Court Jour.*

## LORD JEFFREY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

From the North British Review.

We promise our readers much pleasure and profit in the perusal of this article, our first cutting from the new Review. We think, from the specimens before us, we shall be inclined often to use it.—Ed.

### *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.*

By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. London. 1844.

THE name prefixed to these volumes would, at any time within the last forty years, have ensured for them the attention and interest of the public. The author's early celebrity and long-sustained reputation, must have rendered any effort from his pen an event in the republic of letters which a faithful historian would hasten to record. To us, who are just commencing our career of criticism, the present work comes laden with peculiar lessons and recollections; and on these we may be allowed to dwell shortly without apology to our readers. It is a service of honor and duty, as well as of gratification, to introduce our efforts in the cause of sound literature by some notice of this remarkable collection, and to consider what instruction we may derive in our self-imposed labors from the writings of the greatest living master of our art.

Other eminent writers in the Edinburgh Review have already published separately the most celebrated of their contributions. A comparison of those now before us with the essays of contemporary critics, naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate test we could use, for estimating accurately their peculiar merits in the school of composition to which they belong. But however high we may be disposed to rate them in such a contrast, it occurs to us, that it is not in that way, or under a process of discrimination so conducted, that their qualities—their best and highest qualities—can be rightly appreciated. They were not written for publication in such a shape; neither were they intended as popular writings, simply suited to catch the taste or excite the enthusiasm of the day. They were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism; and the object aimed at in by far the greatest proportion of the essays before us, was not so much to pro-



duce a pleasing, or attractive, or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought—to scourge error, and bigotry, and dulness—to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature—and to disperse and wear away, by constant energy, that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country, at the commencement of the present century.

None of these Reviewers, certainly, wrote for separate publication; but perhaps it is only of Jeffrey that any such systematic plan can be predicated. Not only had the occasional contributors to the Review the advantage, for the most part, of choosing their own subject, and their own time, which an editor could not enjoy; but, in general, their writings partake much more of the nature of fugitive essays than of disquisitions connected by any common object, or tending *collectively* to any specific result. Macaulay's Reviews, for instance, are not criticisms, and might often more appropriately have had men than books for their subject. They are philosophical discourses—gorgeous descriptions—picturesque reflections on history and literature; but they have seldom any claim to a place in the pages of a Review beyond the use of it as the vehicle of their communication to the public. With Jeffrey's criticisms it is altogether different. They are occupied much more with the work immediately in hand, and treat it as a subject for analysis more than as a mere text for discourse. The dissertations which occur in them are always brought directly to bear upon the peculiar task of the Reviewer. No man, indeed, who reads these volumes can fail to admire the vast range of subject which this selection embraces, and the wonderful versatility which has so successfully compassed so wide a circuit of literature and philosophy. But these are not their greatest triumphs. They are to be regarded not merely as the types or indications, but as, in a great measure, the instruments of a great intellectual progress—of a change which, for its extent, might almost be called a revolution—in the tone of thought prevalent in this country both in politics and letters.

At no time in our history, perhaps, had originality or manliness of thought sunk so low as at the end of last century. On all subjects, independence of action or opinion seems to have been renounced by the great mass of the people. Men had ceased to

think for themselves, either on matters of public policy, or on the lighter subjects of literature and taste. Terrified by the horrors of the French Revolution, the great majority of the nation abandoned all concern about their liberty, and trusted blindly to their rulers for freedom and safety: and the universal feeling which absorbed nearly all the enthusiasm of the age, was dread and detestation of revolutionary principles. It is difficult, indeed, to look back without a smile to the childish panic which appears to have possessed the country, of which more than one indication may be found, even in the calm and philosophical pages now before us. In the crisis of the imaginary danger, every thing venerable and sacred to British liberty was forgotten. Even its first principles became suspected, if a Jacobin taint could be discovered in them; and all were laid, with the confidence of infatuation, at the foot of the Crown, or the Minister of the day.

It cannot be denied, that however unenlightened these sentiments may now appear, they entirely occupied the minds, not merely of the majority of the Houses of Parliament, and of the aristocracy, but the great body of the people. On the other hand, there was another, an infinitely smaller class, whose opinions, though very different, were hardly more conducive to the health and vigor of public feeling. These were the disciples of the French Revolution—men who, looking to that great event as the harbinger of a renovated state of society, regarded the name of antiquity as equivalent to tyranny—seeing nothing august or wise in any established institution, and searching for the foundation of liberty in the dispersion of all acknowledged axioms of religion or government. There was a foppery about these men and their opinions, which, even if they had not been distracted by the turmoil of the times, and the danger to which the minority in which they stood exposed them, was as fatal to the freedom of thought, or the generous action of the mind, as the blind zeal of their opponents. Between these two sections there stood, indeed, a middle party, which with all its faults, kept alive the flame which has since burnt so brightly, under a leader, who may well be regarded as the impersonation of broad, manly intellect. But, great in talent, it was a band of little weight with the country. The stain of the Coalition, and the personal enmity of the Sovereign, had left Fox, during the remainder of his polit-

ical career, without the means of public influence—a star too far removed from the political orbit, to warm by its beams, even while it dazzled by its brilliancy. It was one, and not the least of the calamities of the time, that England's greatest statesman was excluded from her service, and his vast endowments of mind, exercised for half a century in his country's service, produced no result so great, as has that legacy he left her, in the lessons of masculine philosophy, and the burning love of freedom, which breathe through the disjected remains of his eloquence, and will last while the constitution endures.

That such a state of public sentiment should have chilled and repressed all the independent efforts of genius, is not wonderful. But the poverty of the land in literature, at the time we speak of, can hardly be traced to any cause so recent. Indeed, speculations on the causes which lead to that constant ebb and flow of literary talent, which may be observed in the history of all countries, are at the best unsatisfactory. The contingencies from which they spring are generally too intricate, and their causes too remote, to admit of accurate deduction on the subject. We might theorize long and learnedly enough on the dreary interval between Pope and Cowper, without discovering any satisfactory solution of it in the state of the community, public or social, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Looking at it in the mass, from whatever causes the result may be supposed to arise, no similar period of British history, since the age of Elizabeth, was so little respectable in learning or in fancy. The earlier portion of it, no doubt, produced Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—names as great in their own sphere, as any of which our country can boast. Bolingbroke, their superior in power as in acquirement, was a giant of a former age. Burke, his pupil, belonged rather to politics than literature; and his writings, ardent and enthusiastic as they were, rather served to scathe and wither up independence of spirit in the nation. The great historians, on the contrary, alike in the florid delineations of the English and the classic accuracy of the Scottish authors, are marked by an artificial coldness and indifference, which was one of the features of the time. No natural passion, no heart-born enthusiasm or forgetfulness of art, find place in their great and elaborate works. In poetry, the retrospect is still more barren. To a few, indeed,

who flourished during the commencement of the period, it is impossible to deny a respectable place among British authors. Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, were all, individually, poets of no mean order; and although none of them entitled to rank in the first, may be considered as high in the second class. But whatever their individual power or merits may be, and these cannot be denied or undervalued, they not only did not rise to the highest walks of the art, but they eminently failed in producing effect on the public taste, or stamping their genius on the character of the times. The fetters which Pope had worn so gracefully, remained as an heirloom to his poetical descendants, till all the fancy and elegance of the first master had disappeared, and nothing remained but a certain smooth and empty monotony, without music or strength, and full of exote tropes, and insipid extravagance. This slavish adherence to the artificial rules of a school which it required all the genius of its author to reconcile with vigor or energy, completely degraded the poetry of the age. The whimsical humors of the *Rolliad*, or Peter Pindar, or the *Anti-Jacobin*, do infinitely more credit to its originality, than many volumes of what in those days, passed for the inspired efforts of a more ambitious muse. The hermit voice of Cowper, speaking from his solitude, in rough and nervous English, and the impassioned strains of Burns, couched in a language all but foreign to ordinary readers, were among the first examples of emancipation from this ancient thralldom, and the assertion of the genuine power of vigorous and unfettered fancy. But they were no indications of a purer tone of public sentiment. Thrown on their own resources, and drawing from the deep spring of their own thoughts, the English recluse, and the Scottish peasant, spoke the language of nature, because in them it had not been corrupted by constant contact with a vitiated standard of taste.

But towards the end of the century, the waters were being stirred. When society is moved to its depths, powers otherwise dormant are called forth; and thus great public convulsions are always found to produce unusual manifestations of intellectual vigor. So the Augustan age followed the wars of the Republic; and all our own great masters of literature burst into a blaze, from the struggles of the Reformation and the Commonwealth. The singular agitations of the public mind, produced by



the political convulsions of the Continent, while their first effect in this country was, as we have seen, rather to banish than to stimulate independence of intellect, could not fail ultimately to promote it. It is easy to discern at that period the dawning efforts of our national genius to free itself from its long imposed restraints, and to give itself natural vent, through unaccustomed channels. But, as might have been anticipated, in its first exertions, it strayed into all devious paths, and, while endeavoring to shake off its old chains, was in danger of aspiring after a license equally at variance with the just rules of taste. Originality and novelty were sought for, from sources as far as possible removed from the authorized models which had so long sustained their supremacy. "*Ignotas accedere fontes*," seemed to be the common object. William Taylor was exploring the newly found mine of German literature; Wordsworth courted nature and simplicity in lyrical ballads; Southey alternated between sapphics and dithyrambics, and Scott was searching for an unexhausted theme among the lays and romances of the Troubadours. The feeling of disgust and weariness at the threadbare topics and flat style of the preceding age was so intense, that the most palpable solecisms of taste and metre were likely to come into fashion as a mere relief. It was at this juncture, happily, that a censor suddenly arose—a tribunal was erected—singularly exempt from extravagant excitement—professing to seek its canon of criticism from the pure fountain of nature, and the deep wells of our ancient literature—and administering its self-created laws with all the cold severity and calm determination of an acknowledged judge.

The object of the "Edinburgh Review" was not only to establish a higher standard of merit, but a purer, bolder, and simpler taste, and to induce on the public mind habits of calm and just thinking, and a spirit of unprejudiced inquiry after truth and justice in politics. How far it succeeded in applying true normal rules of judgment in the discharge of its judicial functions, we may inquire immediately. What it did accomplish was astonishing. Without patronage, without name, under the tutelage of no great man, and uncaressed as yet by any fashionable circle, propounding heresies of all sorts against the ruling fancies of the day, whether political, poetical, or social, by sheer vigor of mind, resolution of purpose, and

an unexampled combination of mental qualities, five or six young men in our somewhat provincial metropolis laid the foundation of an empire, to which, in the course of a few years, the intellect of Europe did homage. For the time, no despotism could be more complete. The "Review" was the mirror by which men of taste adjusted their thoughts, and poets adorned their numbers. The young aspirant after fame looked fearfully to the dreaded oracle, while he waited for the response which was to fix his literary destiny. The believers in the virtue of all existing things stood aghast at the unconsecrated hands which were laid on the objects of their idolatry, but they too learned to fear its power, and to smart under its lash. Merciless in chastisement, and fearless in opinion, it rudely dispersed the dull tribe who for years had sung and said to a drowsy public the praises of the King and Constitution, and cleared the ground for worthier and manlier occupants. The device they bore upon their shield, "*Judex damnatur dum nocens absolvitur*," carried as much terror as ever a war-cry did over a field of chivalry. Spurred by the defying challenge, men of might buckled on their armor and tasked their utmost strength, and were considered to have acquired renown if they only kept their seat against so formidable a foe.

A periodical work on such a scale, entirely devoted to criticism, was a happy thought, and much of its first effect upon the public undoubtedly was derived from the novelty and propriety of the design, as well as from the vigor of its execution. It was a step in advance in the science of criticism, reducing it to a more systematic form, and affording more enlarged opportunities for its exercise. Since the days of Johnson there had been nothing vigorous or efficient in the shape of criticism. The sturdy old moralist himself no doubt wielded his mace with great effect, and, although to modern taste his language is oppressively redundant, and his principles of judgment sometimes capricious, and oftener minute and desultory, his writings afford a rich vein of sound appreciation of the true elements of genius, and the peculiar beauties and powers of the English language. Since his time, although critics formed themselves on the models he had left behind him, the art had gradually degenerated, and had entirely ceased to produce any influence in the correction or chastisement

of offences against sound taste. The monthly periodicals of the day to which, in general, critical dissertations were confined, down to the date of the Edinburgh Review, were constructed after the fashion approved ever since the year 1730. These magazines were compilations, thrown together without much attention to method, and consisting partly of original writing, but chiefly of extracts from such works of the day as were likely to be interesting, mixed up with the ordinary gossip of the newspapers. They were thus a pleasant medley of every thing; where a new invention in mechanics, or a recipe in cookery, or the particulars of some astonishing *lusus naturæ*, might be found in the same page with dissertations on the deepest subjects of philosophy or science. There is much ability and good writing in some of these magazines. In the *New Monthly*, for instance, any one who chooses to take the trouble, may extract from the superincumbent mass a great deal that is interesting. But the talent which was contributed to such publications was, in fact, for all practical purposes, completely smothered by the load of matter by which it was surrounded. Succeeding to these cumbrous and unmanageable vehicles of public opinion, the method, clearness, and vivacity of the Review showed in favorable contrast, as a smart four-in-hand stage-coach of the present day may be supposed to do, compared with the lumbering conveyances in which our ancestors travelled. It thus started with all the attractions of novelty, as well as with those of power.

While the Review was received with singular favor by the public generally, the feelings it excited were by no means those of unmingled admiration in all quarters. On the contrary, it hit so hard the prejudices of many influential classes, that its vigor and ability only rendered it more obnoxious. Authors were also not unwilling to impugn the partiality or fairness of a tribunal, through the ordeal of which so few could pass with credit. In looking into the "Memoirs of William Taylor," lately published, we find, in the letters of Southey, who was a great correspondent of his, a good illustration of the feelings by which our author and his Review were regarded by the irritable race to which the poet belonged. He never speaks of Jeffrey but with a degree of bitterness which indicates much of the fear, as well as the smart, of injured vanity; and we have no

doubt that many of his tuneful brethren at that time participated in his sentiments. It is worth remarking, however, that Taylor, so far from taking the trouble to apply any balm to his wounds, never fails to put in a word of praise of the Scotch Reviewers. Taylor's commendation is valuable, as the expression of the opinion of a rival critic, speaking of genius which had eclipsed his own. He was the principal contributor to the "Monthly Review," and is fairly entitled to the praise, not only of having done much to introduce the taste for German literature in this country, but also of having first adventured the broader and more scientific style of criticism which the Edinburgh Review afterwards carried to so much perfection. While he was well able to appreciate the kindred merits of the new Journal, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his praise adds greatly to its value. "It is not," he says in 1809, in answer to one of Southey's invectives, "with Jeffrey's politics that I am in love; but with his brilliant and definite expressions, and his subtle argumentative power. I have not seen the Quarterly Review. It is said to rival that of Jeffrey; but *I should be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers.*"\*

This brings us to speak of the work which is at present our more peculiar theme, and of its author, the director and head of this formidable confederacy. It is simply a reprint of selected articles from the Review, without any addition by the author, with the exception of the preface, and some occasional notes. Here and there he has curtailed an article, sometimes to adapt it to modern readers, and sometimes for other reasons, explained at the places where they occur. Apart from its other merits, it cannot fail to interest as a memorial of the wisdom, policy, and triumphs of the government of the autocrat of criticism, to which, unlike most abdicated monarchs, he looks calmly back with honest but well-tempered pride, undisturbed by the cravings of ambition, and undisquieted by the recollection of former strife. The dignity proper to his station may have, in some degree, moderated the vivacity and point for which the subjects of the little annotations scattered up and down these volumes afford considerable scope; but, on

\* Memoirs of William Taylor, vol. ii., p. 272.



the other hand, there is something most attractive in the mellowed light thrown over the whole, from a flame which once burned so fiercely;—in the gentle candor and the unassuming and considerate reflection, untinged by a single drop of gall, with which he recurs to conflicts which are now matter of history in our literary annals. Not a vestige is to be found there of the touchy vanity common to authorship; nor even of the natural dogmatism of a man engaged during an ardent life in the maintenance of strong opinions. It is with a kind of apologetic diffidence, rather than with any vaunt of consistency, that in writing of his earlier feuds, he intimates that he still thinks as he then thought, but with all kind words of the antagonists who remain, and kinder of those who are departed, and an amiable and unbidden regret for the strength of words, which grate upon his memory, while he cannot feel them to be undeserved. Such was the mind of the man whose name at one time, among a certain class, was a synonym for bitterness, revilings, and all uncharitableness, and who certainly enjoyed no small amount of fear and hatred among those who knew nothing of him except through the terrors of his lash.

It is not fair, perhaps, to contrast the ebullitions of a poet impatient of the recent smart, with the quiet reminiscences of such a work as this; but having just spoken of Southey, and we would wish to speak reverently of the memory of so powerful an intellect, we cannot but turn to the tribute paid by the once dreaded critic to the two most inveterate of his adversaries.

"I have, in my time, said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey:—and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry: and if I have noted what I thought its faults, in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more, than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, any thing which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem; which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to

his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry. And forgetting, that even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression. And indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable.

"I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of 'The Excursion,' which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr. Wordsworth; set forth, too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say farther, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed: but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and goodwill."—Vol. ii., p. 233.

The preface is conceived in the same gentle spirit. The episode concerning Sir Walter Scott, with which it concludes, is not without interest; but we would certainly have preferred its omission. *Pace tanti nominis*, it was hardly worth Jeffrey's while to have taken such anxious notice of the observation, even though it came from Scott.

It is explained in the preface, that these volumes do not contain a third of the author's contributions to the "Review," independently of the constant labor of revising, altering, and editing those of his coadjutors. When it is recollected that the party on whom this task was thrown, was, during the entire period, a barrister in

great practice, and that he arrived ultimately at the highest honors, both officially and professionally, which a Scottish advocate can hold, some idea may be formed of the wonderful versatility of powers and rapidity of execution which he must have had at his command. Any one who has had the duty of an editor imposed on him, will understand how greatly the extensive occupations of the reviewer enhance the merits of his literary labors. For a dull, ill-tempered man, fancy could not imagine a more refined and perfect torment than the life of an editor. Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumbings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending—still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labors of the fabled sisters, “speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow”—an editor might well require leisure the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long. Indeed we are satisfied, that not all the intellectual qualities which he brought to the service, could have enabled Lord Jeffrey triumphantly to accomplish both his literary and professional distinctions, but for a natural sweetness and suavity of temper, that left his mind serene and unruffled for all his tasks, and enabled him to throw off with his books, equally the harassments of the editor, and the anxieties of the law.

Written amid such avocations, the selections contained in these volumes are presented to the public in a separate shape. The articles are arranged, not chronologically, but under distinct classes of general literature, history, poetry, politics, and miscellaneous subjects.

This arrangement has certainly the advantage of presenting, in a continuous and unbroken view, the author's sentiments on the varied subjects embraced in the collection. On the other hand, it exposes the articles themselves, as the author seems to be aware, to the most trying test to which they could be subjected. As despatches sent out from time to time—orders in Council, so to speak, promulgated as occasion or delinquency required—it might frequently happen that the same doctrines might be often enforced, and the same reprimands repeated with advantage. But when thus collected, after the emergencies have passed away, and read continuously as

contemporaneous essays, it was inevitable that they should present the recurrence of analogous discussions to a much greater degree than would be either natural or agreeable in a connected work; and the classification adopted, of course increases the effect of these repetitions.

This defect is most prominent in those treatises which are otherwise the most valuable; as the author most frequently reverts to those topics on which he had thought most deeply, and which he considered most important. In fact, it is a defect quite inseparable from the style of composition. We do not say, as Fox did of reported speeches, that if these treatises make a good book, they must have been bad reviews; but nothing can be clearer, than that in following out a bold and extensive system of criticism, intended and adapted to correct the corrupted taste of the age, much of their weight and influence depended on the frequency with which the blow was repeated. Articles which stand side by side in these volumes, were separated by the distance of years; and during the interval, the changes in public feeling, or the revolutions of literature, gave zest and propriety to reflections, which, as they are here placed, seem merely echoes or reproductions of the thoughts of a few pages before.

Perhaps there is another leading feature of these Essays, which is calculated to diminish their popularity as a connected work; we mean the didactic or metaphysical cast which distinguish the most elaborate of their number. The prevalent taste for studies of that nature which reigned in Scotland at their date, naturally led the pupils of Reid and Stewart to exercise on literature and politics, the habits of inquiry which they had learned in those celebrated schools. Fashion has, in some degree, antiquated the science; and at the present day, the mysticism of metaphysics is more in favor than its pure inductions. But while it cannot be denied, that this character of the work before us may detract a little from its qualifications as a competitor for popular favor, it is far from diminishing its intrinsic merit. It was, as we have said, one of the leading objects of the Review, to introduce and enforce more correct principles of reasoning and taste. As Lord Jeffrey says in his preface, the “Review aimed high from the first:”—

“And refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere liter-



any merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into the *Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested; as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted, that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course, and some considerable blunders; abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier numbers; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarizing the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions, and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings, not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free States of America; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish, of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for 'the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion."—P. ix.

Now, in the attainment of this object, it was essential that the subjects of controversy should be reduced to their elements, and that the foundation of a more solid and enduring canon of judgment should be laid on a correct basis of sound principle. Hence the great utility of that habit of analysis which was favored by the taste of the time, and of which our author is so great a master. It is true, some of these analytical processes read now like a series of self-evident propositions; and we sometimes think it was hardly worth while to use an instrument so subtle to extract so plain a truth. But it must be borne in mind, that what we think self-evident and axiomatic, were the very propositions, the denial or disregard of which lay at the root of the misgovernment and perverted taste of the day; and the fact, that these principles, which were so utterly forgotten when his labors commenced, and so frequently derided and repudiated during his advocacy of them, are now received and acknowledged on all hands as rudimental—so that the demonstration of them appears superfluous—is perhaps the most flattering testimony which could be paid to the efficiency and moral influence of his writings.

No better illustration of these remarks occurs to us than the Review of Mr. Leckie's

"Essay on the British Government," vol. iv., p. 1. So gross and foolish a libel on constitutional liberty, would hardly, perhaps, at present find a reader, and certainly not a reviewer; nor, on the other hand, would any politician, or class of politicians, so far commit themselves with the public, as to deny, that all government flows from the people, and has the good of the people as its only end. But when this elaborate defence of very plain principles was composed, a man was not thought either a knave or a fool, but, on the contrary, a truly loyal British subject, deserving of great rewards, and very often receiving them, who stood up for the divine right of kings, and the sinfulness of questioning the absolute wisdom of any constituted authority. Nor must we rashly conclude, that although such notions are now obsolete, they are necessarily extinct. We have seen some strange resurrections in our own day. Opinions which have at any time taken a strong hold on intelligent men, never die, however pernicious or absurd; nor is a country or age ever safe against their re-appearance. It was by exorcisms such as those of the Edinburgh Review, that the incantations which deluded the nation were broken, and the rabble rout dispersed; but even now, when so many seem disposed to forsake modern light for ancient darkness, and when we find dogmas which we thought buried with the monks that held them, re-acquiring their power over even the learned and enlightened, it is impossible to say how soon we may be sent back to the very demonstrations which we think so elementary, for weapons to defend all we hold sacred in our national institutions.

But passing from these peculiarities, we regard this work as a very valuable addition to the permanent literature of the country. It is a book not to be read only—but studied. It is a vast repertory, or rather a system or institute, embracing the whole circle of letters—if we except the exact sciences—and contains within itself, not in a desultory form, but in a well digested scheme, more original conception, bold and fearless speculation, and just reasoning on all kinds and varieties of subjects than are to be found in any English writer with whom we are acquainted, within the present or the last generation.

It would be a very unwarrantable trespass on the time of our readers, to follow our author in detail through the work before us. It presents all the variety of an un-

dulating landscape, with deep recesses and sunny glades, and smooth still lakes, and dashing torrents, and here and there less fertile plains, and anon bright broad green meadows, redolent of cheerfulness and joy. We could but faintly sketch its more prominent and striking features; for it seems very ill spent labor to attempt to describe or condense writings which have been to us as household words from our youth, and with which our readers are probably as familiar as ourselves. We cannot, however, dismiss our subject without inquiring a little more anxiously into our author's peculiar merits and qualities as a writer, and an attempt to form a somewhat more specific estimate of the school of criticism, of which he was the founder and the head.

The most natural comparison, as we have said before, to which every one is prompted to subject these volumes, is to the writings of Sydney Smith and Macaulay: and on a first or superficial impression, the comparison is not in their favor. The quaint wit of Sydney Smith, and Macaulay's stately rolling periods, and glittering images, beguile the time more quickly, and rivet the attention closer. Those who expected to find Jeffrey's essays of a similar stamp, have probably read or tried to read, the book, with a feeling of disappointment. It wants sustained interest for the more indolent class of readers, and is not a work for a lounge to skim over of a morning. The difference arises in a great measure from causes we have already adverted to: for these articles are truly *criticisms*—intended to teach and instruct. But in other respects they have merits of a higher order, and in a higher degree than either of these authors. In the first place, as pure English compositions, we think Jeffrey's writings incomparably superior, not only to his brother reviewers, but to most writers of his time. Sydney Smith's style is careless though effective. Macaulay's is an artificial costume. He is always in full dress, and marches perpetually to the same majestic but rather pompous strain. We read through his three volumes with great delight, but as we read, the everlasting re-verboration of his sentences, like a great sea-wave on a sandy beach, made our head reel at last.\* Jeffrey does not drive over the

ground so smoothly, but he is infinitely better worth loitering with. His choice of words is unbounded, and his felicity of expression, to the most impalpable shade of discrimination, almost miraculous. Playful, lively, and full of illustration, no subject is so dull or so dry that he cannot invest it with interest, and none so trifling that it cannot acquire dignity or elegance from his pencil. He can rise to the heights of the most exalted argument, or gossip with equal ease with Mary Montague or Pepys, and neither his flights nor his descents seem to cost him an effort, or to interrupt the unencumbered flow of his thoughts. Other writers have been more stately, more accurate, more witty, more florid, than he; but few have ever combined so much facility and so much excellence in all. In playful satire, he stands, in our opinion, without a rival in his time. It was his favorite and most dreaded weapon, of which his rapid fancy, quick sense of the ridiculous, and his command of happy expression, rendered him as complete a master as ever practised the art.

Independently, however, of mere style, and apart from the great variety of subject embraced by his pen, the distinguishing feature of his writings, and that in which he excels his contemporary Reviewers, is the deep vein of practical thought which runs throughout them all. He is not what would now-a-days be thought an *original* thinker. He has no mysteries. He does not startle by unexpected fancies, or by every-day thoughts arrayed in half-intelligible language. On the contrary, he plainly eschews such things as offences against good taste and nature, and handles them unmercifully when they come under his cognizance. In particular, he is altogether untainted by the bastard philosophizing strain which the passion for German literature has introduced of late years—which, in our humble judgment, has obscured and damaged a great deal of vigorous thought, which, in a sober, natural, and English dress, would have been far more distinguished and useful. But the habit of his mind is to search after principle, and to discover the germs of truths in the more complicated phases of intellect, and the artificial states of society. He is the professed votary of simplicity and nature in all their forms, and therefore the whole strain of his reflections, which are always clear, acute, and just, and very frequently profound, is to deduce from his subject some

\* We speak here of Macaulay's collected essays, which embrace his earlier writings. His more recent style is much more free of these characteristics, and while he has lost nothing of its attractiveness, has gained in vigor and simplicity.



general principle in ethics or dialectics, by which a canon or rule may be derived for general guidance and instruction.

In his preface, he remarks—

"If I might be permitted further to state, in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavored to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue; and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty—or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim. But, for the proof—or at least the explanation of it—I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow."—P. x.

With one qualification, we think, he is well entitled to the praise which he here assumes. He has a strong and ardent love of humanity, and delights to look on the sunny side of life. Human griefs and passions—the deeper sorrows and the minute unhappinesses of existence—find constant sympathy with him; and no little joy, no flash of true-hearted merriment, fails to find an echo in his breast. He is none of those grumblers of whom Seneca speaks, who accuse the order of the world, and would wish the gods amended, not themselves.\* He admires and deeply venerates all that is august and glorious in this visible diurnal sphere, and labors, with earnest sincerity, to teach those lessons of high philosophy by which he thinks public and social happiness consist.

The qualification we refer to, is one which, perhaps, might have no place, if the volumes alone were before us; but in con-

sidering the school of criticism which he founded, and the decrees of that tribunal of which he was the head, it is impossible to omit the remark, that the highest and truest standard of right, if it was admitted at all, was never allowed to occupy its appropriate place. Let us not be misunderstood. There is nothing in the Essays before us which can do violence to the keenest religious sense; indeed, if we except one or two casual expressions in the review of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, there is little we could wish altered in that respect. On the other hand, there are many passages—as, for instance, in the remarks on Bishop Heber's *Journal*—which breathe a tone of deep reverence for sacred things. With the scourging of hypocrisy, and the exposure of pretended sanctity, we should not only not quarrel, but sympathize. Nor is the least agreeable impression produced by these volumes, that softened and more solemn air which time and experience always produce on minds truly great. We do not complain, however, of what we find, but we desiderate what is absent. In so far as the critic derived his laws of judicial determination from the eternal truths of morality, and deals his censure and awards his praise in proportion as the great ends of man appear to be advanced or injured by the subject of the inquiry, he approached to the formation of a perfect standard of criticism. But why should the process stop there? If, after all, the true canon is to be found in the tendency to ameliorate and improve the race, will not that rule be purer and more perfect, if it embrace not temporal only, but the eternal interests of man, and have reference not merely to fallible conscience and a clouded moral sense, but to the clear, unchanging dictates of divine truth? The spirit of evangelical religion applied as a rule of judgment, is so far from excluding or superseding the principles of taste, that it strengthens and purifies these principles, and superadds an unfailing touchstone to that ethical test which Lord Jeffrey claims as his ultimate criterion of right;—with this difference, that certainty is substituted for speculation, at best doubtful, and AUTHORITY comes in to confirm the wavering opinions of man on the great questions of moral excellence and fitness. There is no more reason why a sound spirit of religion should quench the lamp of genius, or shed a gloom over the paths of literature, than there is for a similar effect being produced by making

\* "Contra ille pusillus ac degener, qui oblectatur, et de ordine mundi male existimat, et emendare mavult deos quam se."—*Sen. Epist.* 107.

both subservient to a spirit of mere morality. If the moral musings of the sages of antiquity only give additional interest to their writings, and charm while they instruct;—if we love to stray with Plato in meditation through academic groves, or dwell with rapture over the darkened but delightful wanderings of Cicero after a futurity he dimly foresaw, but could not fathom;—if in these ancients, *their* religion, dim and doubtful, detracts nothing, but only adds to their classic grace—why should the charm be lost because we walk in broad noon, where they groped in twilight? Or, if moral judgments can best discern and preserve truth and unity, and nature, in all manifestations of intellect, surely those judgments must be the most accurate and the most exalting, which are founded on an unerring rule of right, and embrace the welfare of man, even in his everlasting destiny.

The true operation of the spirit of religious truth as a criterion of just criticism, is a subject which would lead us far away from our present theme; it deserves separate and full consideration for itself. We must, however, observe, that it would be impossible to speak of the Edinburgh Review, as a work—at least of its earlier and most celebrated numbers—without the use of terms of much stronger reprehension. Its careless, and even scoffing tone, and a certain irreligious air which it assumed, exposed it justly to great reproach, and did more to counteract the influence of the great and enlarged principles which it advocated, and to blunt the point of its brilliant sarcasm, than any other element. The age in which it started was one of much professed attachment to the Church, and clamorous fear of bringing her into danger, but of little real piety, and one in which sincere and simple religion was despised and derided equally by the skeptic and the bigot. By such articles as that on Missions, in 1807, not only was just offence and scandal given to the serious part of the community, but an excuse was afforded to those to whom the cry of “Church in danger” was convenient, to raise a popular outcry against an antagonist otherwise so formidable. It may not perhaps be easy to estimate accurately the amount of injury which was done to the really free and enlightened principles which it was the professed object of the Review to proclaim, by thus associating them in the minds of many good and worthy people with infidel-

ity or carelessness, and inducing the belief that those who held the first, must of necessity be tinged with the last also. It is satisfactory to find, that while the great principles of freedom, and the just rules of thought, for which the Review contended, have gained strength every year of their advocacy, those very evangelical opinions, which were made the subject of ridicule and assault, have, like “birds of a tempest-loving kind,” beat steadily up against the storm, until they have even found a resting-place in the pages of some of their opponents.

The principal department to which our author turned his attention, and to which the most important and effective of these criticisms relate, is that of belles-lettres and poetry. The dissertations which these volumes contain on the lighter literature of our language, and the inquiries into the elements in which the merit and excellence of true poetry consist, were those on which the critic's reputation was first founded. It does not follow, that they form the most interesting articles to a modern reader. But it was in that field that the power and effect of the Review was most eminently successful. Prior to the establishment of the Quarterly Review, Jeffrey remained absolute monarch of this kingdom; and although there may be some things which seem to us rather elementary, and others that appear to be unnecessarily repeated, when we read these essays now, we owe to him more, perhaps, than we have the means of calculating, for his constant, unceasing, and powerful efforts in the erection and defense of a sound standard of taste.

The foundation of his principles of criticism, and the cause also of his success in permanently establishing them, is to be found in his deep admiration, and thorough knowledge of the early English dramatists. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he draws little either on classical literature or the foreign writers of modern Europe; and this, perhaps, detracts from his reputation as a catholic author. It increased, however, that which is his greatest recommendation, the thoroughly *English* spirit which pervades all his dissertations. For the first time, for nearly a century, the public were sent back to refresh themselves at those long-forgotten springs. Dryden was perhaps the last example of the nervous English writers. Pope borrowed from him “the long resounding line,” and indeed improved on his master, if not in strength,



at least in the rhythm and melody of his diction. But as the founder of a school, he led away his followers in a search after pointed antithesis and glittering conceits from the manly, vigorous style of those ancient models, on which Milton formed his majestic numbers, and from which Dryden learned the secret of his power. So much, indeed, did the fashion introduced by the brilliant wits of Queen Anne cast into the shade their rougher and more masculine predecessors, that during the last century Shakspeare himself was considered as an obsolete writer of a more vulgar and a ruder age. It is Jeffrey's greatest triumph to have instilled into the minds of his countrymen a sound appreciation and befitting reverence for these great fathers of English song, and to have recalled the taste for the graces of natural thought and passion, of which they are such abundant storehouses. Shakspeare, indeed, he worships, not with blind, but with most profound idolatry. He is the tutelar deity of his Parnassus, in whose half-inspired conceptions he sees all that is most wise, perfect, and fair, in the charms which human imagination can throw over the thoughts, actions, and relations of man. We extract the following passage from the review of "Hazlitt's Essays on Shakspeare," both as a tribute of homage to the Prince of poetry, and as in itself furnishing an example of rich and glowing eloquence, which for fire of thought, or exuberance of expression, may rank with the finest writing in the language:—

"In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality—and more room than Mr. H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has

poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose! HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendor, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world: and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator!"—Vol. ii., pp. 317, 318.

We do not think that we arrogate too much to our author, in tracing to this deep devotion to the early Elizabethan literature, and the impulse in that direction which he was so instrumental in promoting, much of that spirit of natural emotion, and that fathoming of the deep springs of human action, which so nobly distinguish Southey, and

Wordsworth, and Scott—and Byron, the greatest of them all, from the versifiers in blank and in rhyme of the preceding century. No doubt they all waged petty war with the Corypheus of criticism, and assailed the analytic tests to which they were exposed in his fiery crucible. In these minor controversies, the critic may sometimes have been in error; but the result, beyond question was, that, tried by these ancient standards, authors discarded artifice, and trick, and mere sound; and each strove with his neighbor in the endeavor to portray natural human feeling, in all its lights and shadows; and even Byron himself, who at last bore away the palm, owed his greatness to the wondrous power with which he stirred the deepest recesses of the heart, and transfused its strongest and darkest passions into his burning page.

The severity, and, as it was the fashion to term it, the malignity of the Review, was a subject of frequent accusation, particularly among those whose fame or vanity suffered by it. It was thought, that its style of chastisement, even when deserved, was too savage and remorseless, and that its extreme rigor clipped the wings of genius too close. But there never was any real foundation for these complaints, and they have long since died a natural death. A certain measure of exaggeration is perhaps essential to success in all efforts of intellect. If individual faults received sometimes too sharp a visiting, the Reviewer only practised the art which a painter so well understands, and heightened the color in details, in order that the whole might have the effect of nature. "Tamers of genius," as they have been called, the Edinburgh Reviewers certainly were not. But they knew that, to produce any effect upon the public, their task required to be boldly executed. They fostered genius far more successfully by their wholesome discipline and the salutary awe which they inspired, than could have been done by volumes of ill-placed commendation. Perhaps some "mute inglorious Milton" may have held his peace from terror of the suspended rod; but the greater probability is, that all the real genius of the time, confident in its own strength, braved the trial, while the public were preserved from the flood of mediocrities and puerilities which had disgraced the preceding age.

To one class of writers, in particular—the Lake Poets, the school of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Jeffrey has

been accused of an unjust and inexcusable aversion. As he undoubtedly exerted his powers of chastisement with great freedom on these gentlemen, and as his appreciation of them has been much canvassed and impugned, it may be worth while for a moment to consider the subject of controversy, although the public voice may be said to have substantially decided it.

Undoubtedly, all three were men of strong intellect, and very original genius, and have produced some compositions, at least, that will only perish with the language. Wordsworth, in particular, is a poet of the first order, and we are inclined to think, that his great beauties, and the high general character of his writings, hardly received full justice at the Reviewer's hands. Indeed, we do not think that any reader could form a just estimate of him from the portrait presented of him by the Review. His faults appear to us to be exaggerated, and his merits too sparingly praised. If our limits would permit us to go into detail, we think we could show, that even in some of the passages which the Reviewer selects as feeble and unintelligible, there is both poetic beauty and justness of conception. To this extent, therefore, we disagree with the general estimate which Jeffrey has formed of his writings. But while we think the estimate of the poet defective and erroneous, we do not blame the Reviewer's severity. If Wordsworth's faults had been native to him, we should have thought otherwise; but his warm admirers—and we profess ourselves of the number—cannot deny that he perpetually and wilfully obscures his strong and vigorous powers of fancy by an affectation absolutely indefensible; and an affectation all the more revolting that it consists in the intentional expression of plain and strong thought in language at once obscure and feeble, like a robust and powerful man putting himself in leading-strings. Scott himself expresses his wonder, "why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven."\* For this wilful degradation of genius we have no sympathy, nor could we ever find an excuse. Whether or not it was the result of a peculiar theory of the poetical, really signifies nothing; if there was such a theory, it was a false one. The mannerism, both of thought and expression, was deliberate, and it truly deserved no



more mercy than it met with. To one accustomed, like the Reviewer, with the unencumbered action of Shakspeare, and Johnson, and Massinger, this perpetual walking in voluntary fetters was intolerable; and he scourged the delinquency all the more smartly, that the perpetrator could have thrown them off at pleasure, and given the efforts of his free genius to the world. We can only regret that the punishment had less effect in the way of correction than of warning; for we have always thought that if Wordsworth had only allowed unconstrained scope to his powers, and written as freely as Milton or Byron wrote, few names would have ranked higher among the poets of England.

Southey has very well expressed the real fault of his mystical brethren. "Both he (Coleridge) and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended, by their way of stating them—instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labor of digging wells." This from the hand of a friend, and a member of the brotherhood, is nearly as severe as any thing Jeffrey ever said of them.

We have little of Southey in the collection. The single review reprinted is that of *Don Roderick* in 1815, selected, plainly, from the unwillingness, on the part of the critic, to wound the admirers of the departed bard by recalling the harsher censures he had passed on his earlier works. And *Don Roderick* is perhaps Southey's best poem, written after much of his false taste had been purged by public opinion and his own experience. But we would rather have had the original review of "*Thalaba*," which we presume, on our own responsibility, to attribute to the same pen, as a better example of the style of chastisement which has been so much questioned. It was the first public assault on the poets of the simple school; and although the Reviewer would now probably moderate much both of the sentiment and the expression, it exhibits very strikingly the flood of false taste and conception which he undertook to stem, and the unrelenting severity with which he discharged his task. The review of "*Thalaba*" is an exaggeration, undoubtedly. Perhaps the novelty of the metre, and the lawlessness of the structure of the poem, jarred more on the critic's ear than it would now.

And this general remark may undoubtedly be made of his principle of criticism, that he was sometimes too intolerant of "extravagant and erring" genius, and visited their trespasses out of bounds with a schoolmaster's disregard of the spirit or enterprise which tempted them to the transgression. Thus he extols Crabbe and Rogers in proportion as he objurgates Wordsworth and Southey, because the former wrote according to rule, violated no solemn canon, and set no pernicious example of forbidden license. Yet although, for the same reason, Crabbe and Rogers will always be popular authors when Wordsworth and Southey may be sparingly read, few, we think, would now hesitate to place the latter in a class of poetry to which the former have no pretension. When Southey does rise free from his trammels, he soars a flight far higher than the pinion of Crabbe or Rogers could ever reach. After all, the strictures of the Reviewer were not only well-founded in regard to his faults of style and manner, but they were also not without effect. Southey's brilliant diction, and fine sense of natural beauty, were endowments too great and rare to be sacrificed to the artifice of so constrained a system. Vain as he was—and his vanity seems to have been marvellous—his later works were much more under the control of sound judgment; and he appears to have been the only one of the fraternity who, while he abused the preacher, endeavored to amend his life.

We need not enlarge on these topics. The Reviewer's task is done—his wand is broken. The bards over whom he wielded it sleep in their graves; or living, have ceased to sing. The impress of the judgment of another generation is beginning to be stamped upon their numbers, and to separate the immortal from the less ethereal parts. What share soever the critic's art may have had in directing their genius, and however far his sentences may be found to coincide with those pronounced by the age in which they flourished, all this is now matter of history. Distance, which has softened their defects, enables us to discern and to appreciate their true magnificence. We look back with mourning to that brilliant galaxy; and gladly would we now see on the horizon one flash of that radiant fire which blazed with such glory, and lighted up the firmament, in the days of our fathers. Let us hope that the spirit of poetry may again awake after so long repose, and that it may be our lot, in the career we

have just commenced, to hail a new revival of English song.

While, however, the department of poetry was the Reviewer's peculiar care, the reputation of our author as a writer for posterity stands, we think, even more firmly on another class of compositions. Less strictly critical, and partaking less of a literary aim, the political essays in these volumes deserve deep study. While the more piquant and racy castigations excited at the time more popular interest, justice, perhaps, has not been generally done to the enlarged and statesmanlike conceptions of the Reviewer, both on the general principles of government, and the details of public policy. The great value of these volumes, in their separate form, consists, we think, in preserving, from an oblivion into which they were quickly passing, these valuable reflections on the science and practice of politics.

The services of the Review as an advocate of freedom—of human liberty and happiness—cannot be too highly rated; nor are these forgotten, or in any danger of being so. It started during the full torrent of revolutionary violence, and monarchical bigotry. Perhaps, at the first blush, the Reviewers did not discern so clearly, amidst the din and dust of contending parties, the precise course to steer; but from the first, liberty was their aim, and they speedily guided their bark into the true current. They erected a noble bulwark against tyranny and oppression in all quarters, fearless of the frowns of the great, and the remonstrances of the timid. They hurled indignant denunciation against corruption in high places. The persecuted in all stations, from the Queen on the throne, to the wretched slave, found in them undaunted defenders. In the days of apostacy, they were found faithful among the faithless, and lifted up an undying testimony for the pure doctrines of constitutional right, and the personal independence of British subjects. For the courage, consistency, and consummate power with which they fought that battle, we in this day owe them a deep debt of gratitude. If there is aught of reverence for our ancient birthright—if any abiding good in free speech, free action, freedom of conscience, opinion, or government—if any charm in those golden links which unite our democratic constitution to all the stability of monarchy—and if we have gladly seen the gradual dissipation of those palpable clouds of darkness which so long brooded over the venerable fabric—never

can *their* labors be forgotten, who with constancy kept the standard flying, when the handful that surrounded it was at the lowest. We have seen honor descend on those at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and against whom all the artillery of power was brought to play. Men who began life as a contemptible and derided band, proscribed for their principles, have, by their steady adherence to them raised themselves and their principles together to public reputation and power. These things have come to pass, and teach us, how soon, after all, *ERROR*, though arrayed in robes of state, and armed with authority, may melt like a summer cloud. They teach us to look with a less unquiet eye on the vicissitudes of human affairs, or the reverses which are suffered in the battles of the truth. In the revolutions of states, as of seasons, periods of darkness are given us, that we may the more prize the too neglected light.

"*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia Lunæ.*"

And not time and the tide only, but steadfastness and true hope will wear out the roughest day.

In this great conflict the whole strength of the society was engaged;—the fierce energy of Brougham—the deep power of Horner—and the wit and satire of Sydney Smith, were all concentrated in this high vocation. It is not now easy for any one, having no access behind the scenes, to assign his share to each; therefore we are the more indebted for the selection of the Essays before us, as giving us the means of appreciating Jeffrey's peculiar merits as a political writer.

Three of these strike us as being of singular ability, and very great interest. The review of Sotheby's *Song of Triumph*—that of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, and that of O'Driscoll's *History of Ireland*. They exhibit the author's general manner of treating public questions in a favorable light, and afford a good criterion of the general cast of his political reflections.

The feature which chiefly gives them a distinctive character, is the prospective spirit in which they are all conceived. The author is prone to vaticinate; not from fancied inspiration, but from quiet reasoning on the impulses which generally move large bodies of men, and from the lights which history affords. These three articles illustrate this peculiarity. They are



all full of anticipations—more or less borne out by results—but conceived in such a spirit of practical wisdom, as to deserve and amply repay the intelligent study of them.

The review of the *Song of Triumph*, was written immediately after the battle of Leipsic, and affords an interesting example of the tone of feeling which actuated such men at the time, and the way in which they were affected by the startling and exciting events which had succeeded each other so rapidly. It is in itself, as the Reviewer indicates in a note, such a *Song of Triumph* as few now would be disposed to join in. But amid the

“Roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,”

it was natural that men of all parties should share in the general enthusiasm. Europe was sick of war, and men naturally welcomed with joy a new order of things, which seemed to promise a respite from excitement which had become intolerable; and the dreamers after perfectibility, who had hailed the dawning star of the French Revolution, were the first to sacrifice the visions of their youth to the prospect of peace and quiet. It had not then appeared, that those who had struck the Eagle down were only doing homage to the Wolf. And thus we find Lord Jeffrey joining in the universal shout of exultation over the fallen Emperor, extolling the clemency, chivalry, and magnanimity of Alexander, and foretelling, if not exactly Saturnian days, at least a probable career of rational liberty for France.

We certainly do not refer to this article as exemplifying the infallibility of his prophetic vein; but chiefly as showing the general course of deduction on which his prognostics were founded. It is needless to observe, that his estimate of the great military leader of France must have suffered as much modification by the lapse of years, as his admiration for the Czar. Napoleon was a usurper, and ruled with an iron rod; and therefore all true freemen must reprobate his career. But his soul was lofty, and his conceptions magnificent, and some of the epithets in the article before us quadruple ill with the verdict already returned on the greatest chieftain of modern Europe. On the other hand, the sagacity of the Reviewer was altogether at fault in the expectations he had formed of the exiled family. No wonder;—he

thought like the rest of the world, that in their exile they must have learnt and must have forgotten something—and like the rest of the world he found himself mistaken. As little did he dream that the Alliance, which he then thought united in defence of the common liberties of Europe, was so soon to become the watchword and *soubriquet* of despotism in all its monarchies.\* But he saw the contingencies before him clearly, and states them with singular precision:—

“The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the court can effectually attach to itself the Marshals and Military Senators of Bonaparte, in addition to the old Nobility;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the Court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the Government;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties—of the old Noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have sought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other—it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions; and that while the Court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old Republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. *By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital;—and then, unless the Prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.*”—Vol. iv. pp. 64, 65.

He was wrong in the alternative which he assumed as the most probable, but he was eminently right in his statement of the lesson which these events, properly deciphered, ought to read to the monarchs and nations of the earth. They are so full of grave instruction that we may be excused for quoting the following extracts;—

“The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must always be insecure; and that, after na-

tions have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute for ever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French Revolution; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause, was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion; but it was the system which withheld all honors and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train, and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of France been free in 1788, the throne of its monarch might have bid a proud defiance to *deficits* in the treasury, or disorderly ambition in a thousand Mirabeaus. Had the people enjoyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrection, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression; and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connexion of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would have ever been hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*:—and his fall and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscious interest of a free and intelligent people.”

—Vol. iv. pp. 68, 69.

“The true theory of that great Revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs. And the grand moral that may be

gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community.”—P. 74.

“The events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those prettexts for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do: and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met with the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of mal-administration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and extreme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments, to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings.”—Vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

The selections given from the review of



Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, are general meditations on the state of Parties, devoted principally to unfolding and illustrating the true position and real principles of the Whig party in Great Britain. The article was written in 1826, when the lull of politics was so profound as to give no note of preparation for the tempests about to break, and before the death of Lord Liverpool had dissolved a cabinet which was apparently beyond the reach of assault. Although public opinion had made great progress since the days of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the Whig party seemed as far removed from power, and their adversaries as firmly seated, as they had been for forty years preceding; and the hopes of the friends of liberal government were rather directed to the conversion or compulsion of their adversaries, than to supplanting them in office. There had also grown into consideration what was then, and still is, termed the Radical party, flourishing under the expansive shade of Bentham and his Westminster disciples, and directing their censures then, as they sometimes do now, as bitterly against the Whig aristocracy, as against the Tories themselves. In defence of this middle party, standing on the ancient ways, and repressing the excesses of either extreme, this essay was composed. It is calm and philosophical—more so than it would have been had it been dated a year later, or indeed at any subsequent period—and demonstrates, with admirable clearness, the true vocation of the party, and the claims it possessed even on those by whom its prudence was considered timid, and its constitutional tenets as prejudice. We have no room to make lengthened extracts, but the following paragraph has something of sagacious prognostication, although the party, and our author himself, were doomed at no very distant period to experience a considerable mitigation of that rigor of exclusion which he so contentedly foretells.

"In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough; for it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what may be called a Tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness—by a Tory party, however, restrained more and more in its propensities, by the growing influence of Whig principles and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in Parliament and out of it; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the pro-

gress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles; and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent: and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected, by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion. It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride—thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that in thus seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views."—Vol. iv., pp. 162, 163.

The review of O'Driscoll's *Ireland* deserves to be written in letters of gold. It speaks a voice of warning and of wisdom to the united countries, which at this day are singularly seasonable; and it is remarkable with what precision the essayist has portrayed the very results which are now threatening a dismemberment of the empire. We content ourselves here with extracting the following passages:—

Protestant Ascendancy is thus treated—

"They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced, and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population, and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamor and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally gained, and to keep down that spring-tide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant ascendancy*—and that whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connexion*. While the alliance of the two countries was indeed no more than a *connexion*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or at least it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, how

ever, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority: and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation, and an eager thirst for revenge.

“The natural and necessary consequences of the Union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely indeed to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the Union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine, and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience:—and this unhappily is such, that unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, or America, the great body of the nation should rise in final and implacable hostility, and endeavor to throw off all connexion with, or dependence on Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!” \* \* \* \*

“One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject, that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made equal and complete on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction.”—Vol. iv., pp. 140, 141, 145, 146.

The field before us is so wide that we should exceed all pardonable bounds were we to attempt to exhaust it. The author's character as a metaphysical writer, if it stood only on his celebrated Essay on Beauty, would entitle him to rank in the highest class of mental inquirers. It is needless for us to criticise a performance so universally known and appreciated, wherever the philosophy of mind is cultivated. We are also compelled to pass, without the notice it deserves, another class of these Essays, which, perhaps, form the most entertaining part of the collection—we mean those general accounts or abstracts of works of lighter literature, in which his office and object was not so much either to praise or to condemn, as to cull the beauties, and distil them for his readers. Such are the articles on Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame du Duffaud, Pepys, Cumberland, and the Novelists. The light, easy, gossiping style in which they are treated, make the reader acquainted with the author, without his attention being distracted by the Reviewer's individual speculations. After the formal introduction is over, he lets the author tell his own story, but never at such length as to be tedious, and interposes whenever the spirit of the interview begins to flag. But, although much might be said of these things, and of others, our limits compel us to desist. “*Mira illis dulcedo, mira suavitas, mira hilaritas,*” and truly may we add, “*cujus gratiam cumulat sanctitas scribentis.*” \* For though we have endeavored, with what accuracy we could, to form a calm estimate of the work, we cannot disguise how difficult we find it to assume the critic when there stands before us one whom Scotland has so much reason to honor. It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in a most literary age—the highest honor of his profession spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial seat, which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanor—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and “honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” encircling his

\* Plin. Ep. 3. 1.



later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country, whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character, that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege. Our rod of office drops from our hand;—we remember the warning—we trust not too rashly disregarded—

"Nec tu divinam Æneida tenta,  
Sed longe sequere, et vestigia semper adora!"

ICE.—We remember to have announced, some years since, the arrival at Calcutta of a cargo of ice from America, subsequently of the increasing importance of this strange trade. Ice has since been imported to Liverpool, and we have the following interesting particulars from the *Liverpool Standard*:—"As we are henceforth to have this cooling luxury regularly supplied to us, and its great superiority, both in clearness and thickness, over the home article (owing to the precarious nature of our winters and other causes) is acknowledged by all who have tried it, a short notice of its uses, the manner of keeping it, and of cutting and securing it in America, may prove interesting. Ice has become a great article of export in America. Sixty thousand tons are annually sent from Boston to southern parts, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as saw-dust is solely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The ice-houses near the lakes and ponds, are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls,—that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with saw-dust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of 10 feet in thickness. The machines employed for cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses, in the following manner;—The ice that is intended to be cut is kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2,000 tons. By keeping the snow off it freezes thicker, as the frost is freely allowed to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line, until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with the 'marker'—an implement drawn by two horses,—which makes two new grooves parallel with the first, 21 inches apart, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on, in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of 21 inches. In the mean while, the plough is following in these grooves,

drawn by a single horse, a man leading it; and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy or hard, according to the weather in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in keen frost; in comparatively softer weather, it is more ductile and resistible. Platforms, or low tables, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel, with fine sharp points. With these the ice is hooked, with a jerk that throws it on the platform on the sides, which are of the same height. On a cold day every thing becomes covered with ice, and the blocks are each sent spinning along, although they weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow the ice to drain, and three tons can thus be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather be favorable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks the ice-crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw may come that will destroy the labor of weeks, and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off; and if the latter freezes, the result is *snow-ice*, which is of no value, and has to be planed off. The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane gauged to run in the grooves made by the 'marker,' and which will shave the ice to a depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inch for inch—for what has been taken off above. The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line; and is conveyed in properly constructed box-wagons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) 10 to 18 miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building the houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and a failure of the ice crop in America would be a great calamity."—*Athenæum*.

VICTORIA'S PONIES.—The ponies ridden by her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, during their sojourn at Blair Athol, have arrived at the Royal Mews, Windsor, with the other ponies of her Majesty, having been handsomely presented to their royal riders by Lord Glenlyon. Five roe deer have also been brought from Scotland, presents from the same nobleman to his royal and illustrious visitors.—*Court Journal*.

MILL'S ESSAYS ON SOME UNSETTLED  
QUESTIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

From the Spectator.

THIS able work, with some others of a quality adapted to keeping, was put aside during the pressure of the Parliamentary season. We take the first opportunity to recur to it.

Of the five essays in the volume, the fifth, "on the Definition of Political Economy, and on the method of Investigation Proper to it," has been previously printed. The other four were written in 1829 and 1830, but retained in manuscript because of the temporary indifference of the public to the discussion of abstract questions in political economy. They are now published in consequence of the controversies excited by *The Budget* of Colonel TORRENS; and the first paper relates to the question at issue between that subtle economist and his opponents; Mr. MILL agreeing in principle with the Colonel.

One main object of the work is to "see that no scattered particles of important truth are buried and lost in the ruins of exploded error." "Every prejudice," continues Mr. MILL, "which has long and extensively prevailed among the educated and intelligent, must certainly be borne out by some strong appearance of evidence; and when it is found that the evidence does not prove the conclusion, it is of the highest importance to see what it does prove. If this be thought not worth inquiring into, an error conformable to appearances is often merely exchanged for an error contrary to appearances; while even if the result be truth, it is paradoxical truth, and will therefore have difficulty in obtaining credence, whilst the false appearances remain."

A principal topic of the first article is the notion, which originated in feudal times, that duties levied on commodities imported, were a "tax upon the foreigner." Mr. MILL not only considers that this result may really be brought about under certain circumstances—he even holds it to be possible that a tax on a foreign commodity, or an export-duty on a home manufacture, may not merely be paid by the foreign nation, but may cause a gain beyond the tax to the one, and an equivalent loss to the other country, by the manner in which it may operate upon prices through an action upon the respective currencies. The main causes by which this singular result is brought about, are the state of the supply and demand, and the exchanges, or rather the economical condition which primarily acts upon the exchanges and permanently influences both currency and prices. The arguments and illustrations are of too abstruse a character to be followed out here; and would not be relished, and scarcely be apprehended, save by the economist, who will doubtless seek them in the volume. However, the scientific conclusion to which the author comes, is, that the peculiar conditions necessary to produce the

effect predicated, are so complex that we can scarcely ever ascertain them, or know, even after the event, that is by the imposition of the tax, whether we have been gainers or losers. The practical result therefore is, that no tax should ever be imposed with any such refined objects: but custom-duties on foreign produce should be used as diplomatic weapons, and only relaxed in return for some "corresponding degree of freedom of trade with this country, by the nation from which the commodities are exported;" except as regards duties for protection, or on the necessities of life, or the materials of manufacture—which are always injurious to the country imposing them, or taxes for revenue—in which the amount yielded is the first consideration.

The second essay, "on the Influence of Consumption on Protection," incidentally discusses the question of the influence of absentees upon the wealth of a country; and decides to a considerable extent against Mr. M'CULLOCH. Part of it rests upon principles involved in the preceding essay, and part upon an examination of the effects of custom upon an individual trader. As we conceive that all which the absentee landlord personally swallows, and all the foreign commodities, such as wines, which his household would absorb at home, may as well be consumed abroad, but that all his other consumption is an absolute loss to the country which he leaves, and a gain to that in which he resides, we are disposed to agree with Mr. MILL in his conclusion; because the case is too complex for any one to settle the precise extent of the injury inflicted by absenteeism. This paper, however, does not strike us as being the happiest example of scientific disquisition. It seems to combine a singular mixture of the largeness of scientific principle and the abstruseness of scientific discussion with the narrowness of practical individual transactions; nor do we fully recognize the truth of some of its propositions. Perhaps, too, the discussion is deficient. In a thorough consideration of the subject of absenteeism, we suspect that the question of productive and unproductive expenditure is a main element. If an unproductive expenditure is a benefit, it seems clearly to follow that absenteeism is an evil.

The "Words Productive and Unproductive" form the subject of the third essay, in order to their more accurate definition. After noticing the views of other writers upon the mooted question of what is productive labor and what is unproductive, Mr. MILL puts forth his own; which is more refined and less marked in the distinctions than most of the others. The illustrations and limitations occupy more space than we can afford; but the following passage contains the pith of his theory, and will fully indicate its character.

"The end to which all labor and all expenditure are directed, is twofold. Sometimes it is enjoyment immediately; the fulfilment of



those desires, the gratification of which is wished for on its own account. Whenever labor or expense is not incurred *immediately* for the sake of enjoyment, and is yet not absolutely wasted, it must be incurred for the purpose of enjoyment *indirectly* or *mediately*, by either repairing and perpetuating, or adding to the *permanent sources* of enjoyment.

"Sources of enjoyment may be accumulated and stored up; enjoyment itself cannot. The wealth of a country consists of the sum total of the permanent sources of enjoyment, whether material or immaterial, contained in it: and labor or expenditure which tends to augment or to keep up these permanent sources, should, we conceive, be termed productive.

"Labor which is employed for the purpose of directly affording enjoyment, such as the labor of a performer on a musical instrument, we term unproductive labor. Whatever is consumed by such a performer, we consider as unproductively consumed: the accumulated total of the sources of enjoyment which the nation possesses is diminished by the amount of what he has consumed; whereas, if it had been given to him in exchange for his services in producing food or clothing, the total of the permanent sources of enjoyment in the country, might have been, not diminished, but increased.

"The performer on the musical instrument, then, is, so far as respects that act, not a productive, but an unproductive laborer. But what shall we say of the workman who made the musical instrument? He, most persons would say, is a productive laborer; and with reason, because the musical instrument is a permanent source of enjoyment, which does not begin and end with the enjoyment, and therefore admits of being accumulated.

"But the *skill* of the musician is a permanent source of enjoyment, as well as the instrument which he plays upon; and although skill is not a material object, but a quality of an object, viz: of the hands and mind of the performer, nevertheless skill possesses exchangeable value—is acquired by labor and capital, and is capable of being stored and accumulated. Skill, therefore, must be considered as wealth; and the labor and funds employed in acquiring skill in any thing tending to the advantage or pleasure of mankind, must be considered to be productively employed and expended.

"The skill of a tailor, and the implements he employs, contribute in the same way to the convenience of him who wears the coat—namely, a remote way: it is the coat itself which contributes immediately. The skill of Madame Pasta, and the building and decorations which aid the effect of her performance, contribute in the same way to the enjoyment of the audience, namely, an immediate way, without any intermediate instrumentality. The building and decorations are consumed unpro-

ductively, and Madame Pasta labors and consumes unproductively; for the building is used and worn out, and Madame Pasta performs immediately for the spectators' enjoyment, and without leaving, as a consequence of the performance, any permanent result possessing exchangeable value: consequently the epithet unproductive must be equally applied to the gradual wearing out of the bricks and mortar, the nightly consumption of the more perishable 'properties' of the theatre, the labor of Madame Pasta in acting and of the orchestra in playing. But notwithstanding this, the architect who built the theatre was a productive laborer; so were the producers of the perishable articles; so were those who constructed the musical instruments; and so, we must be permitted to add, were those who instructed the musicians, and all persons who, by the instructions which they may have given to Madame Pasta, contributed to the formation of her talent."

Surely, "were considering too curiously to consider thus"—introducing finesse rather than refinement into philosophy—distinguishing after the fashion of the old schoolmen; and that too without a purpose, for, after all the saying, nothing of the doing will be changed. In despite of all the arguments and no small portion of casuistry that have been printed upon the subject, we are still inclined to adhere to the broad, clear, and sensible definition of ADAM SMITH—that that alone is productive labor which "fixes and realizes itself in some particular subject or vendible commodity, which lasts for some time at least after that labor is past." If we are to admit, with Mr. MILL, that a soldier by affording protection, or a public functionary by upholding order, is in part, or with some other economists that he is wholly a productive laborer, because he *indirectly* contributes to production, that is to production by other people, we may change the nature of any thing by its relation to some other thing. Good roads greatly contribute to locomotion; but roads are not locomotion. Credit, (nay, it is said railroads by simplifying business,) reduce the amount of money which would otherwise be necessary to carry on the transactions of a country; but credit and railroads are not money. Those, however, who wish to see the examination of the words "productive and unproductive," pursued through all their ramifications and refinements of representing labor and expenditure, will do well to consult Mr. MILL's essay.

The fourth paper treats of "Profits and Interest." One of its objects is to show that the rate of interest is not so true a measure of the rate of profit, as is generally supposed,—that interest, for example, may rise, and to a high rate, without any material change in the rate of profit; and Mr. MILL seems to think that such was the case during the late war. His principle we believe to be sound: it turns upon the question of demand raising price.

The instance we doubt, because the home outlay of the greater part of the public loans on matters connected with the war, and the monopoly (which Mr. MILL himself refers to in another place) of the foreign markets possessed by the British, produced great activity of industry, and a great demand. RICARDO'S theory of wages and profits is also handled, to exhibit a case of exception, where profits might rise without any change in the wages or increased productiveness of industry: but as the hypothesis assumed is so unlikely as to seem impossible, the principle seems a barren principle. It is this—if a commodity could be produced without any outlay for implements or materials, all this previous expense might be added to profits, yet wages remain the same. The example given is corn. Strictly speaking, however, this might be held a greater productiveness of industry.

The fifth essay, "on the Definition and Method of Political Economy," is devoted to a defence, or rather to an exposition, of the propriety of proceeding by hypothesis. Upon this point we must confess an inclination to differ with Mr. MILL and the greater part of the modern school. It may be necessary in *abstract sciences*; but we doubt whether political economy ever can be an abstract science, any more than medicine, politics, war, or any other pursuit which deals with animal or intelligent life or its relations. It is true that the point and line of geometry are hypotheses, since no geometer can produce a line or point that shall fulfil the geometrical definition. But this assumption misrepresents nothing. The nature of the two pursuits is moreover essentially different. Geometry and its cognate sciences deal only with extension, &c.: in astronomy the nature which it contemplates is too remote—in geography too large, or what is practically the same, on too reduced a scale—to regard any thing save lines and the intervening spaces. A similar remark applies to the *art* of surveying; and in arithmetic numbers *alone* are considered, not the quality of the units that form the aggregate,—as, for example, the character, courage, and discipline of soldiers, are not considered by the arithmetician in working a sum where the number of soldiers happens to form part of the question. These sciences or arts are abstract, because their nature is so: but we consider it a useless, or it may be a mischievous, effort to endeavor to make that pure which is in its nature mixed, unless the teacher distinctly tell the pupil what he is about—unless he tell him, "This is mere hypothesis: what I am assuming never actually exists purely, or if it does it exists so obscurely that you cannot discover that state of existence: I am putting it to you in this hypothetical form, that you may more thoroughly exhaust the subject in every phase possible or impossible, to possess you more clearly with the science, to sharpen your perception, and to lessen your presumption." This, indeed, is

done by Mr. MILL; and he sees the reality of the thing as thoroughly, perhaps, as it is possible to be seen,—as when he exposes the nonsense about "the impossibility of a general glut:" but he is not sufficiently distinct in impressing it; and we think, as we have said already, that he would use hypothesis far too much and actuality too little in the exposition of principles.

The literary merit of this book consists in its lucid arrangement and its perfect clearness; for though non-economical readers may sometimes be unable to follow the author, that arises from the abstruseness of the subjects, or from their own deficiency, not his. The scientific value of the essays follows from this very abstruseness: they are engaged in discussing essential truths, which, once established, can be clearly enough presented, but whose establishment is a work of exceeding toil and complexity; just as pure gold is plainly visible, though it cannot be detected by the vulgar, in the ore or the process of refining. But perhaps the most striking quality of the work is the love of truth, for its own sake, displayed by the author. This truth may not, as we think, be always attained; but it is always pursued without fear or favor, and, what is perhaps harder, without deference to great authority or learning towards preconceived opinion.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.—A barrow on the top of an eminence called Rolling Hill, not far from Bakewell, Derbyshire, was opened a few days since, and two rude unbaked urns found, containing ashes and fragments of human bones. The account adds: One of the urns was obtained entire, but the other unfortunately fell in pieces on being removed. On proceeding further into the tumulus, three human skeletons were discovered, deposited in separate cells or coffins, formed of oblong stones. One of the skeletons was of great dimensions, evidently the remains of a person of gigantic stature. The position of this skeleton was unusual, it having been placed in the cell or coffin in a sitting posture. A piece of metal resembling silver, and a large antler of a deer, were also found in or near the cell of the large skeleton. This locality is studded with ancient barrows, many of which are unexplored.—*Lit. Gaz.*

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—The Paris papers mention that a first trial of M. Andrau's new locomotive power, by means of compressed air, was made on Monday, on the Versailles railroad (left bank), in the presence of Messrs. Bineau and Baude, Commissioners appointed by the Government, of the engineers of the railroad, and a great number of spectators. Although the locomotive was charged upon the low pressure system, because there was not a sufficient power to compress the air to a greater extent, the experiment perfectly succeeded. In expending two or three atmospheres, the locomotive ran a quarter of a league with great rapidity and regularity. The trial is to be repeated in the course of the next month.—*Athenæum.*





### JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

See Plate.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.

### THE LIBELLED BENEFACTOR.

BY HORACE SMITH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THEY warn'd me by all that affection could urge,  
To repel his advances and fly from his sight;  
They call'd him a fiend, a destroyer, a scourge,  
And whisper'd his name with a shudder of fright.

They said that disease went as herald before,  
While sorrow and severance follow'd his track,  
They besought me, if ever I came to his door,  
Not a moment to pause, but turn instantly back.

"His breath," they exclaimed—"is a pestilence  
foul,  
His aspect more hateful than language can tell,  
His touch is pollution—no Gorgon or Ghoul,  
In appearance and deeds, is more loathsome  
and fell."

Such stern prohibitions, descriptions so dire,  
By which the most dauntless might well be  
dismay'd,  
In me only waken'd a deeper desire  
To gaze on the monster so darkly portray'd.

I sought him—I saw him—he stood by a marsh,  
Where henbane and hemlock with poppies en-  
twined—  
He was pale, he was grave, but no feature was  
harsh,  
His eye was serene, his expression was kind.

"This stigmatized being," I cried in surprise,  
"Wears a face most benignant; but looks are  
not facts;  
Physiognomy often abuses our eyes,  
I'll follow his footsteps and judge by his acts."

There came from a cottage a cry of alarm,  
An infant was writhing in agonies sore,  
His hand rock'd the cradle, its touch was a charm,  
The babe fell asleep, all its anguish was o'er.

He reach'd a proud mansion where, worn by the  
woe  
Of consumption, a beauty lay wither'd in bed;  
Her pulse he compress'd with his fingers, and lo!  
The complaint of long years in a moment had  
fled!

He paused where he heard the disconsolate moan  
Of a widow with manifold miseries crush'd;—  
Where a pauper was left in his sickness to groan,  
Both were heal'd at his sight, and their sorrows  
were hush'd.

He sped where a king, sorely smitten with age,  
In vain sought relief from the pangs he en-  
dured;  
"I come," said the stranger, "your woes to as-  
suage :"  
He spoke, and the monarch was instantly  
cured.

Astondd by deeds which appeared to bespeak  
In the fiend a benevolent friend of mankind,  
From himself I resolved a solution to seek  
Of the strange contradiction that puzzled my  
mind.

"Chase, mystical being!" I cried, "this suspense;  
How comes it thou'rt blacken'd by every  
tongue,  
When in truth thou'rt the champion, the hope,  
the defence,  
Of the king and the beggar, the old and the  
young?"

"Thou hast witness'd," he answered (his voice  
and his face  
Were all that is musical, bland, and benign,)  
"Not a tithe of the blessings I shed on the race,  
Who my form and my attributes daily malign.

"All distinctions of fortune, of birth, of degree,  
Disappear where my levelling banner I wave;  
From his desolate dungeon the captive I free,  
His fetters I strike from the suffering slave.

"And when from their stormy probation on earth,  
The just and the righteous in peace I dismiss,

I give them a new and more glorious birth  
In regions of pure and perennial bliss."

"Let me bless thee," I cried, "for thy missions  
of love ;

Oh! say to what name shall I fashion my  
breath?"

"THE ANGEL OF LIFE, is my title above,  
But short-sighted mortals have christen'd me  
DEATH!"

### THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

From the Literary Gazette.

WHERE sleep the dead, whose living tones fill'd  
earth with dreams of heaven—  
Where to their loved and precious dust has dust  
at last been given—  
Where do they rest whose honor'd names breath'd  
ever of renown,  
They of the burning heart and mind, they of the  
laurel crown?

Some lie beneath the sculptured tombs, beneath  
the holy shade  
Of England's old cathedral-walls, wherein our  
fathers pray'd,  
And marble statues stand around, and o'er them  
banners wave,  
And chisell'd flowers in beauty bend above each  
hallow'd grave.

And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their  
childhood's home,  
And only by their place of rest the stranger's step  
may roam,  
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the  
spot  
Where one may sleep whose blessed tones can  
never be forgot.

And many lie beneath the sod, the village-church  
around,  
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds  
may be found;  
Neglected and alone they seem, and yet it is not  
so,  
Though seldom to their quiet graves earth's wan-  
derers may go.

Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts  
are not by death laid low?  
Where are the tombs of genius seen?—what mat-  
ters it to know.  
Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead  
must find,  
And shrines that never may decay, in every  
thoughtful mind.

### THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

From the Literary Gazette.

A GOLDSMITH stood within his stall  
Mid pearls and jewels fine;  
"The rarest treasure of them all  
I prize in thee, Helena,  
Beloved daughter mine!"

In came a gallant cavalier,  
"Good day, fair maid," he cried:  
"Good day to thee, my goldsmith dear,  
Make me a costly diadem  
To deck my lovely bride."

And when the diadem complete  
Its blaze of richness flung,  
Then mournfully Helena sweet  
Upon her arm, when all alone,  
The glittering circlet hung.

"How wondrous blest the bride will be  
Who binds this on her brow!  
Ah! had that cavalier sent me  
A simple wreath of roses,  
How happy were I now!"

Ere long in came the cavalier,  
The garland view'd, and cried,  
"Now make to me, thou goldsmith dear,  
A little ring of diamonds  
To deck my lovely bride."

And when the ring was all complete,  
With precious diamonds graced,  
Then mournfully Helena sweet  
Upon her finger, when alone,  
The sparkling hoop half placed.

"How wondrous blest the bride will be  
On whom this ring shall glow:  
Ah! had that cavalier on me  
One lock of his dark hair bestow'd,  
How happy were I now."

Ere long in came the cavalier,  
Survey'd the ring, and cried,  
"Thou hast for me, thou goldsmith dear,  
Wrought all these gifts right skilfully  
To deck my lovely bride."

"Yet that I may their fitness test,  
Draw nigh, fair maid, to me;  
On thy form be the proof express'd  
Of my love's bridal ornaments—  
She is as bright as thee."

'Twas on a Sunday morning fair,  
And thus the beauteous maid  
Was tastefully with skill and care,  
That she might to the church proceed,  
In her best robes array'd.

With modest glowing blushes graced  
Did she before him stand;  
On her the golden wreath he placed,  
On her the ring of diamonds,  
Then took her by the hand:

"Helena sweet! Helena dear!  
The jest aside I fling—  
In thee does that rare bride appear,  
For whom I sought the diadem,  
For whom I sought the ring."

Where gold, and pearls, and jewels shine,  
Thy childhood here has fled—  
Be that to thee prophetic sign,  
That thou to loftiest honors  
Must now by me be led."

Llangollen.

JANET W. WILKINSON.



IRISH SONG.  
SWEET BALLINATRAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

BRIGHT isle of my heart! we must sever;  
The ship is afloat on its way  
That bears me, alas! and for ever,  
From thee and sweet Ballinatray.  
In the moonlight, as lovely before me  
The land of my boyhood is spread,  
Wild visions of fancy come o'er me,  
And bring back the years that are fled.

I inhale the sweet breeze from the mountain,  
O'er which in my childhood I stray'd;  
I drink once again at the fountain,  
Round which with my brothers I play'd;  
They sleep, by their green laurels shaded;  
They live not, like me, to deplore  
The home by the stranger invaded,—  
The land I shall visit no more.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

From the Metropolitan.

By day, I never have a thought  
But thou art present there,  
At night, no dream by fancy wrought  
But thou that dream doth share.

I never touch another's hand  
But wish it thine could be,  
And when STRANGE lips speak kind and bland  
Mine eyes weep INWARDLY.

The gentle stock-doves on their nests  
Thy memory reveres,  
Yea, all on which thine eye now rests  
Is hallowed by my tears.

Thou canst behold the peach-trees bloom,  
Inhale the fragrant rose,  
And kneel beside the precious tomb  
Where dearest ones repose.

Young lilies in the valley's shade  
Can woo thy steps to stray,  
Amid the oft-frequented glade  
To muse on those away;

The violets' intense perfume  
For thee like incense rise,  
And harebells burst to sudden bloom  
To glad thy pensive eyes.

But I am banish'd far from all,  
A lonely exile here,  
With none to pity in its fall  
The ever-flowing tear.

Oh! I, who cannot see one thing  
Familiar to the eye,  
May o'er my breast fold Sorrow's wing,  
And 'neath its shadow die.

Yet, thou would'st mourn—and thou would'st  
weep  
Th' inevitable doom,  
And sacred still the anguish keep  
That sped me to the tomb.

Then fancy not—O! fancy not  
The hardest fate is thine,  
Thou art at HOME in the blest spot  
Remembrance makes divine.

No!—MINE is far the hardest part,  
The hardest far to bear,  
This absence wringing my fond heart  
With absolute despair!

DEAR SCENES OF MY BOYHOOD; OR,  
MAC CARTHY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

DEAR scenes of my boyhood! how sweetly  
Ye smile round my desolate way!  
Bright moments of childhood! how fleetly  
Ye passed with my fortunes away!  
Yon walls, that fond mem'ry has haunted,  
The steps of the stranger invade,  
And the beautiful tree that I planted  
Can yield me nor shelter nor shade.

Yet, though fallen, and stript of my glory,  
Green Erin, thou still art my joy,  
And with pride I remember each story  
That flushed my young cheek when a boy;  
I remember the days when, delighting  
To roam o'er the scenes of my youth,  
Thy fields were all gay and inviting,  
And love wore the aspect of truth.

I have come, as an outcast and stranger,  
To visit the home of my heart;  
I have come—amid peril and danger,  
And oh! how it pains me to part!  
With the earliest dawn of to-morrow,  
I sail for a far-distant shore;  
I quit thee in sadness and sorrow,—  
Mac Carthy\* shall see thee no more.

\* "The existing proprietor of the forfeited estates of this family" (the Mac Carthys) "observed one evening in his demesne an aged man stretched at the foot of a tree, sobbing as if his heart would break. On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive grief, he received this answer:—'I am Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle and these broad lands. This tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors.'"

## CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.\*

BY HORACE SMITH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

'Tis well to see these accidental Great,  
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,  
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state  
To the more noble eminence of mind,  
And doing homage to a bard,  
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd,  
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,  
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.  
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd  
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.  
Tho' Homer's tomb was never known,  
A mausoleum of his own,  
Long as the world endures, his greatness shall pro-  
claim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?  
'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.  
What monumental bronze or adamant,  
Like his own deathless Lays can hand him down?  
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust  
And statue soon revert to dust;  
The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,  
Form'd to await the final day of doom;  
The cluster'd shafts, and arch-supported roof,  
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,  
Become a ruin'd shatter'd fane,  
May fall and bury him again,  
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still  
shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies  
Of elder poets that were group'd around,  
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,  
To peer into the excavated ground,  
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,  
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,  
Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking  
sound.<sup>†</sup>

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd  
Of Poets' Corner. O, misnomer strange!  
The poet's confine is the amplitude  
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,  
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,  
Shedding an intellectual light,  
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no  
change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,  
As if to form a halo o'er his head,  
Not few of England's master spirits stood,  
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led  
To wave each separating plea  
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,  
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me the humblest of the mourning band,  
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,  
It was a proud sad privilege to stand  
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.

\* He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, his  
pall being supported by six noblemen.

† "And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."—Campbell.

Seven lustres had he been my friend.  
Be that my plea when I suspend  
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

## THE POSTHUMOUS WORK.

BY MRS. ABBY.

From the Metropolitan.

THE work has come forth—and sage, genius, and  
dunce,  
All eagerly strive to peruse it at once;  
O'er long lists of names the librarian sighs,  
And plottings and strivings in book-clubs arise;  
All mourn for the writer cut off in his prime,  
All vow he surpassed every wit of his time,—  
Nay, doubt whether Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Burke,  
Could, united, have equalled his Posthumous Work.

At eve, the blue coterie pour forth their praise:—  
"What talent, what judgment the story displays!"  
"Such volumes the archives of England enrich;"  
"Surely Westminster Abbey should grant him a  
niche;"  
"Did you read his first work?" "Yes, and hailed  
the young ray,  
Of the morning that promised a glorious day;  
He has fairly, since then, by himself been surpassed,  
And of all his productions, the best is the last!"

Not far from the scene, in a dimly-lit room,  
Uncherished, unheeded, apart in her gloom,  
Behold yon pale widow—she droops her sad head,  
And weeps for the gifted one silent and dead:  
Small intercourse now with the world can she claim,  
Yet she hears in her chamber the echo of Fame  
Giving honor to him most lamented, most dear,  
Oh! why is the melody harsh to her ear?

She thinks on the hours when exhausted, oppress'd,  
He toiled through the season allotted for rest,  
And wrote with that mixture of hope and of dread,  
Only known by the sad ones who write for their  
bread:

The world to the spell of his genius was cold,  
It was sparing of praise, and more sparing of gold,  
Long slights he endured, long unkindness he bore,  
Till the suffering spirit could brook them no more.

She knows that the work now extolled and admired,  
Was penned when the mind, languid, wasted, and  
tired,

Gave forth, in faint gleamings of shadowy light,  
Its former perceptions distinctive and bright;  
He died, with hopes wither'd, and energies check'd,  
The victim of chilling and careless neglect,—  
Oh! half of these honors, this homage, this praise,  
Would have gladden'd, perchance would have length-  
en'd his days.

Time's calm healing influence softens her pain,  
The widow returns to life's duties again,  
Oft speaks of his name whom she valued so well,  
And loves on his cherished effusions to dwell;  
Yet ever, while viewing these records with pride,  
She mournfully turns from one volume aside,—  
It wakes the sad thoughts in her bosom that lurk,  
'Tis her loved one's last effort—his POSTHUMOUS  
WORK!





## SCIENCE AND ART.

**ANOTHER PETRIFIED FOREST.**—At Peddagool, on the way from Madras to Bombay, I fell in with a natural peculiarity, which deserves a special notice, though I am not geologist enough to do the subject justice. Whilst outshooting in the immediate neighborhood of the bungalow, among some low underwood, where hares abound, I was much struck with the stony nature of the ground. An uneven bed of rock covered the surface of many acres, which was evidently formed of prostrate trees of a gigantic size, in a state of petrification. The origin of the rock was too clear to be mistaken; and what renders the case more remarkable is, that the country is quite devoid of trees to a considerable extent. Should this cursory notice ever catch the eye of any geologist travelling by that route, I hope his attention may be drawn to the spot, for I am satisfied if these petrifications were subjected to a scientific investigation, they would prove to be one of the most remarkable objects of interest in Southern India. —*Colonial Journal.*

**ENGLISH EDUCATION IN CHINA.**—The Bibliothèque Royale has just had transmitted to it from Canton a work, which, if we are not mistaken, bids fair to open China to us in a way far more efficacious than even the force of arms has done; and this by enabling the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to acquaint themselves, without any other assistance than that which itself affords, with the ideas and scientific attainments which prevail in Europe. The work alluded to is a Chinese and English vocabulary, published for the use of the Chinese. It is headed by a preface in Chinese, written in a moderate and conciliatory tone, which the Emperor must have read with no less interest than satisfaction, should it have been brought under his notice. This last-named circumstance is by no means improbable, as, according to the Hong-Kong Gazette of the 26th October, 1843, a considerable number of copies had been forwarded to the court of Peking, and as in-

formation has been received since their arrival of many of the high functionaries of that capital having read and having been delighted with that work. Hitherto, the almost exclusive object of sinologists has been to compile dictionaries for the service of Europeans; but the opening of four new ports has given birth to new wants, and, among its other consequences, has created a sort of necessity for the publication of the vocabulary which we have now the pleasure of announcing. It was an idea at once happy and bold, to aim at furnishing the Chinese with the opportunity of acquiring, through the medium of their own language, an acquaintance with that of England. But an immense difficulty had to be encountered in attempting to set forth to the eye the sounds of a foreign tongue, the pronunciation of which is so arbitrary, by employing for that purpose the signs of a language which has no alphabet. To triumph over this obstacle, and others which need not be enumerated, nothing less was required than the learning and experience of a man who has had his abode in China for the last ten years, and to whom the spoken language of the Chinese is as familiar as his vernacular tongue. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, whose abilities are well known throughout Europe; the gentleman who, in connection with the younger Morrison, acted as interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger during his negotiations with the Chinese plenipotentiaries; and this, not only in arranging the terms of the recent peace, but likewise in since discussing and settling the articles of that commercial treaty which now throws China open to European enterprise and activity. To him the public was previously indebted for his edition of *Æsop's Fables* in Chinese and English, and for an interesting tale translated from the Chinese.

The volume before us presents, first of all, a paradigm, or specimen sheet, on which each letter of the English alphabet, small and capital, written and printed, is accompanied by its pronunciation in Chinese phonetic signs, as well as in Mandchou letters. The author then instructs

the Chinese in all those principles which are necessary to be understood by them, in order to their finding, in the conventional signs which he employs, the pronunciation of the English words; a thing which he does almost as accurately as if he had availed himself of the sounds of the French language to give expression to them. In this publication, which is merely the first part of the work, all the words and all the phrases are arranged according to an order the most methodical. Each Chinese word is followed by Chinese phonetic signs, which give the pronunciation of an English synonyme placed opposite. The second part will contain the rules of English syntax. We may add, that Mr. Thom has published this work at his own expense, and that he has distributed copies gratuitously to foreigners who reside in China, as well as to the native merchants at the new ports, henceforward to be brought into constant intercourse with Europeans, and requiring the assistance which such a work affords.—*Asiatic Journal*.

**ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.**—Several medals and Roman coins have lately been discovered at Bavay, in France. There was also a statuette in bronze of Harpocrates, represented as a half-naked child, having a scarf falling from the right shoulder over a part of his body to the left side. On the head is the lotus, on the back a quiver, and on the shoulders wings. On the right arm is a small cruise suspended by the handle, while the forefinger is placed on the lips. With the left hand he leans on a knotted staff, round which a serpent entwines. Near him is a bird resembling a goose, at his feet a hare or rabbit, and on his left a hawk.—*Athenæum*.

**THE EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.**—Though not perfectly finished, it is stated by Sir J. South, in a letter to the Times, that this mighty engine was on Wednesday week directed heavenward for a view of the stars. The noble owner, whose labors in forming every part of it, cannot be too much eulogized, writes that the metal just polished, is of a pretty good figure; and that with a power of 500, the nebula known as No. 2 of Messier's Catalogue was even more magnificent than the nebula No. 13 of Messier when seen with his lordship's telescope of 3 feet diameter and 27 feet focus. Cloudy weather prevented farther observation. The diameter of this metal is 6 feet and the focus 54.—*Lit. Gaz.*

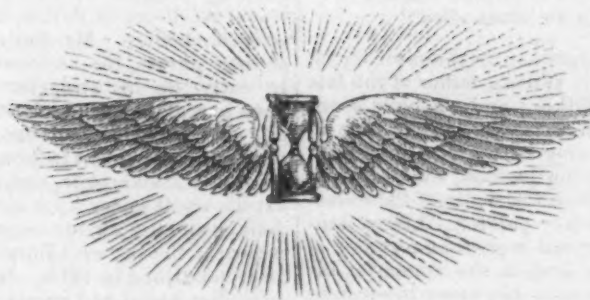
**POLISH FOR PLATED WARE.**—The means used for cleaning and polishing plated ware cannot probably be improved; but it is nevertheless certain that the most judicious cleaning only hastens the period when the under-surface, with its coppery hue, must be discovered; and then, the only resource hitherto, has been the expensive one of replating by the old method. A physician has obviated this. The powder which he prepares from pure silver, chemically combined with other substances, is called by him *Argyroseum*. After being moistened by water, it is applied to the surface requiring to be coated, and the result is a layer of pure silver in intimate adhesion, with an exceedingly high polish. In the trumpery imitations of this discovery quick-silver is employed, which not only affects the health of those who

use it, but substitutes a black hue for a coppery one, and invariably destroys the original covering. The invention is the fruit of two years' experiments on the part of Dr. Dods. The cost is stated to be only one-fortieth of that incurred for replating in the usual way: and to restore articles with the *Argyroseum* appears to be quite as easy as merely to clean them.—*Court Journal*.

**THE MOA, OR GIGANTIC BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.**—[From a Correspondent.]—In relation to this extraordinary creature, of which several species have been determined by Professor Owen, from the bones sent from New Zealand to Dr. Buckland, Professor Hitchcock (of Massachusetts) suggests, that the enormously large birds' nests discovered by Captains Cook and Flinders, on the coasts of New Holland, may have belonged to this gigantic biped. Capt. Cook's notice of these colossal nests, is as follows: "At two in the afternoon, there being no hope of clear weather, we set out from Lizard Island (on the N. E. coast of New Holland, and in about 15° S. lat.) to return to the ship, and in our way landed upon the low sandy island with trees upon it, which we had remarked in our going out. Upon this island we saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea-fowl, which we killed; and the nest of some other bird, we knew not what, of a most enormous size. It was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than 26 feet in circumference, and 32 inches high." Capt. Flinders found two similar nests on the south coast of New Holland, in King George's Bay. "They were built on the ground, from which they rose above two feet, and were of vast circumference and great interior capacity: the branches of trees and other materials of which each nest was composed, being enough to fill a cart." We have no known bird but the Moa that would require so enormous a nest; and it therefore appears possible, that if these gigantic birds are extinct in New Zealand, still they may be at the present time inhabitants of the warmer climate of New Holland. At all events, the facts above stated are too remarkable not to be worthy the attention of naturalists who may visit New Holland. In connexion with this statement, it may be well to mention that the gigantic birds' tracks on the new red sandstone of Connecticut, indicate that at a very remote period, species equally colossal existed; and we may add, that there has very recently been placed in the Gallery of Organic Remains in the British Museum, two large slabs with the imprints of numerous birds' tracks, obtained through the agency of Dr. Mantell, from Dr. Deane, of Massachusetts, by whom they were discovered in a quarry near Turner's Falls. These specimens are the finest examples of these extraordinary "footsteps on the sands of Time," hitherto observed.—*Athenæum*.

**STATUE OF LAPLACE.**—The statue of Laplace, for his native town of Caen, is to be of bronze, and placed in the *Collège des Arts*, now the seat of the Faculty of Sciences of that town, and the place in which the illustrious author of the *Mécanique Céleste* commenced his scientific studies. Government has promised a contribution to the amount of one-half the cost, estimated at 11,000 francs; and the municipal and academic councils are engaged in raising the rest.—*Athenæum*.





## OBITUARY.

**JOHN DALTON, D. C. L., F. R. S.**—*July 27.* At Manchester, in his 78th year, John Dalton, D. C. L. Oxon., F. R. S. London and Edinburgh, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

Dr. Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September, 1766, of respectable parents, members of the Society of Friends. He gave early indications of mathematical ability. In 1781 he became a mathematical teacher in Kendal, from whence he contributed largely upon mathematical, philosophical, and general subjects, to the two annual works called the "Gentleman's" and "Lady's Diary." In 1788 he commenced his meteorological observations, which he continued throughout his life. In 1793 he published an octavo volume of "Meteorological Observations and Essays." In the same year he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New College, Mosley-street, Manchester, and continued to hold his office until the college was finally removed to York.

In 1808, he published "A New System of Chemical Philosophy," and a Second Part in 1810. He also frequently contributed to Nicholson's Journal, the Annals of Philosophy, and the Philosophical Magazine, as well as to the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of which, for half a century, he was an active member, having, together with his friend Dr. Edward Holme, M. D., F. L. S., been elected on the 25th of April, 1794. Indeed they were the oldest surviving members of the society, with the sole exception of Sir George Phillips, Bart., who became a member in 1785. Dr. Dalton had been President of this society since 1817. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1821 or 1822, and was also a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of several foreign colleges. In 1826, he was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Society, for his scientific discoveries; and in 1833 the sum of £2000 was raised by his friends and townsmen for the erection of a statue to perpetuate his remembrance. The task was intrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey, who brought to the execution of his subject a warm admiration of the man, and a proportionate desire to do him justice; and the statue when completed, was deposited in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

The University of Oxford did itself high honor in conferring on the septuagenarian philosopher the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. During Dr. Dalton's visit to London, about 1833, it was thought by his friends that it would be proper (if

not inconsistent with his private feelings,) that he should be presented to the King, and in that case that the robes to which his academic degree entitled him would be the fittest costume for him at the levee. The Lord Chancellor (Brougham) being made acquainted with these feelings, not only immediately approved of them, but offered himself to present Dr. Dalton to the King. Dr. Dalton having been made acquainted with the usual forms, agreed in the propriety of the view taken by his friends, and attended the levee. King William received the philosopher very graciously, and kindly relieved the little embarrassments of such an unusual position, by addressing to him several questions respecting the interests of the town of Manchester.

The mortal remains of this highly-esteemed individual were interred on the 12th August in a vault in Ardwick Cemetery, about a mile and a half distant from Manchester. The body lay in state at the Town Hall, on Saturday, Aug. 10, and the public were allowed to pass through the room during the greater part of the day. At 11 o'clock on Monday, the procession moved from the Town Hall in the following order:—About 500 members of various societies, 22 carriages, 300 gentlemen, 10 carriages, 100 members of the various institutions, 36 carriages, the last of which contained the Mayor of Manchester. The hearse, drawn by six horses. Six mourning coaches, drawn by four horses each, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, followed by the members of the Philosophical Society. The procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and was joined near the cemetery by a large body of the Society of Friends. Most of the mills and workshops were closed, as were also the whole of the shops in the principal streets of the town. The vault in which the body was laid was allowed to remain open until five o'clock in the evening, during which period many thousand persons viewed the coffin.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

**REV. THOMAS GILLESPIE, L.L.D.** *Sept. 11.*—At Dunino, N. B., the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, L.L.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrew's; an individual well known to the literary world for his many beautiful contributions to the poetry of his country, and known also to the classical world as an author and a teacher.

Dr. Gillespie was formerly minister of Culter, in the Presbytery of Cupar, where, after the manner of the Spanish adventurer, he had the words of the Roman poet carved over the portal—

"Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valet;  
Sat me ludistis, ludite nunc alios."

His immediate predecessor in the ministry at Cults was the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, father of the late lamented Sir David Wilkie; and we have heard Dr. Gillespie condemn his own want of taste in having, upon his entering to the manse, unconsciously, in the cleansing process, washed away many rude drawings from the walls of the nursery, the work of the infant painter. Like a kindred spirit, the Doctor had a great admiration of the genius of Wilkie; and, in the course of his pilgrimage in Cults, he collected many interesting anecdotes of Sir D. Wilkie's juvenile efforts and encouragements, and which were communicated by him to Allan Cunningham, and hold a place in his last work, "The Life of Sir David Wilkie."

Dr. Gillespie having been appointed assistant and successor to his father-in-law—that distinguished classical scholar, the late Dr. John Hunter, Professor of Humanity in St. Andrew's—in the year 1828, vacated the living of Cults, and settled in the city of St. Andrew's.

Very few men had greater versatility of imagination or power of satire; and few indeed could commit their overflowing thoughts more easily to paper, ready for the eye of the printer and the critic. There is a vast amount of his writings, both in poetry and prose, extant in the magazines of the day, as well as in the newspaper press of Scotland, particularly in that of Fife and Dumfries.

Dr. Gillespie was twice married, his former wife being a daughter of Dr. Hunter, already mentioned; and his second, who survives to lament his loss, a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. George Campbell, of Cupar-Fife, and sister of the Right Hon. Lord Campbell.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CAPT. BASIL HALL, R. N.—With sincere sorrow we record the death of this accomplished and gallant officer, at Haslar, on the 11th, in his 56th year. At present we have not had an opportunity of writing such a notice as his naval character and literary celebrity demand. He was of an ancient Scottish family, and entered the service early in life. In 1818 he published his voyage to China in the *Lyra*; and his visit to Corea and Loo-Choo on his return from Lord Amherst's embassy, was full of the most novel and interesting matter. Since then his literary publications have been numerous and exceedingly popular. No writer ever excelled him in vivid description: and especially at sea. He was also a valued and liberal contributor to several of our best periodicals. Unfortunately his constitution gave way under excitement of mind, after being severely tried by foreign climates; and it is remarkable that he was the last person to bid farewell to Sir Walter Scott, when in a similar condition, his account of which was affecting in the extreme.—*Lit. Gaz.*

FRANCIS BAILY.—It is with regret that we announce the death, on the 30th ult., in the 71st year of his age, of Mr. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Baily, whose scientific attainments are well known, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, a Corre-

sponding Member of the French Institute, the Royal Academy at Berlin, and other learned and scientific bodies. Mr. Baily, we believe, was, in popular phrase, the architect of his own fortune. In early life his struggles were great, and we have heard that he emigrated to America. Be this as it may, we find him at the beginning of this century resident in London, employed in the office of a stockbroker, and for many years eking out his small salary by a series of useful publications, generally on insurance, annuities, and like subjects; the last an 'Epitome of Universal History,' published in 1813. Eventually his talents were discovered and appreciated, and he soon obtained what only he desired, a sufficient fortune to justify his retiring altogether from business, and devoting himself wholly to science; and nobly did he employ his leisure and his fortune, as the records of the Astronomical Society bear honorable testimony.—*Athenæum*.

GRANVILLE PENN, Esq., F. S. A., died last week at his seat, Stoke Park, Berks, at the patriarchal age of eighty-two, and for nearly half a century occupied a marked place in the literature of England, especially as connected with sacred subjects. Of a name and family of great note, both in the old and new world, his later years were passed in great retirement, amid some of the most lovely scenery in our isle. The following works are from his pen:—

1. Critical Remarks on Isaiah vii. 18. 4to. London. 1790.
2. Remarks on the Eastern Origination of Man-kind and of the Arts of Cultivated Life. 4to. Same year.
3. Three copies of his Greek Version of the Inscription on the Stone from Egypt, containing a Decree of the Priests in honor of Ptolemy the Fifth. 8vo. 1802.
4. A Christian Survey of all the Principal Events and Periods of the World. 2d edit. 8vo. 1812.
5. The Bioscope; or the Dial of Life explained. 8vo. 1812.
6. The Prophecy of Ezekiel concerning Gog, the last Tyrant of the Church; his Invasion of Ras, his Discomfiture, and Final Fall examined and in part illustrated. 8vo. 1814.
7. Original Lines and Translations. 8vo. London. 1814.

In a later work, Mr Penn opposed the rising science of Geology on somewhat similar religious grounds to those taken up by the Dean of York.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE REV. ROBERT TAYLOR, so notorious as the sacred ally of Carlile in the preaching of infidelity, and the contracted husband of the no less notorious Miss Richards of the Rotunda, now Mrs. Dorey, died last month at Tours, in France, whither he had gone to avoid paying damages for his breach of promise to the lady, and where he practised as a medical man. He was fifty-two years of age, and has left a widow and a lot of manuscripts. Taylor received a university education, and rather distinguished himself at college; he was dis-priested for his pestilent doctrines, and afterwards fell into that train of bold atheistical license which procured him the unenviable distinction of being called "The Devil's Chaplain."—*Lit. Gaz.*



## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## Great Britain.

*The Septuagint Version in English.* Translated by Sir Lancelot C. L. Brenton, Bart. Bagster.

Dr. Wall was the first who directed the attention of Biblical students to the important fact, that most of the discrepancies between the Septuagint version and the existing Hebrew text, have arisen from the efforts of the Rabbins to introduce a system of vocalization into their language, the want of which was of course felt when Hebrew ceased to be generally spoken. According to this theory, Hellenistic influence may be traced not merely in the Greek translation of the Bible, but even in the Hebrew text itself, as it is now preserved by the Jews; and the pointed Hebrew Bible must be regarded as a translation, not as an original record. The Septuagint and the pointed Hebrew are thus placed on the same level as rival versions. Dr. Wall's theory goes further, for it impugns the originality of even the unpointed text, for the attempt to vocalize it by the introduction of the letters *Ahevi* must, from the nature of the Hebrew language, have led to many perversions of the sense. It has been announced that Dr. Wall's work, minutely examining the internal evidence in support of this theory, will be published in the course of the present year. Sir Lancelot Brenton's translation suggests some historical inquiries which may throw light on the external aspect of the question, and we shall very briefly state the outlines of these investigations.

The great question to be decided is, the extent to which Hellenization was carried in Central and Western Asia under the Macedonian empire of Alexander and his successors. Egypt, under the Ptolemies, is the portion of that empire of which we have the most perfect account, and there can be little doubt that the language and literature of that kingdom became perfectly Greek. There is evidence that the Selucidæ endeavored to bring about the same change in their Syrian kingdom; and though they were not equally successful, we find, from the New Testament, that Greek was the common spoken language in Palestine itself; so that when Christ on the cross made an exclamation in Syrian (*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*), the bystanders did not understand his words (they said, "He calleth for Elias.") It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Paul on one occasion addressed a Jewish mob in the Hebrew tongue, and far the greater part, if not the whole of the New Testament was written in Greek. To this may be added, that the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, are taken from the Septuagint or some other Greek version, but not in any demonstrable case from the original Hebrew. It is not necessary to extend this inquiry further, else it would be easy to show that the Jews who settled in Alexandria exercised a very decided influence over their brethren in Palestine, and that this influence increased the tendency to Hellenism, which it was the policy of the Macedonian rulers to establish.

Nothing but a very minute and critical examination of the internal evidence would justify a decision in favor of the present Hebrew text or of the Septuagint in the passages where they differ, and Sir Lancelot Brenton has done good service to

the cause of Biblical Criticism, by rendering the Septuagint accessible to general readers; for, until public attention is directed to the issue, scholars are not likely to undertake the labors necessary to lead to a right decision.—*Athenæum*.

*Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, Mylodon robustus, &c.* By Richard Owen, F. R. S., &c.

The researches of geologists, or rather paleozoologists, have, within the last few years, brought to light the relics of a series of animals, of a size immensely beyond that of any previously known, and not confined to the class of reptiles. The gigantic bones recently brought from America by Mr. Koch, and exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, are now deposited in the British Museum, where they have been scientifically put together, and form (notwithstanding the somewhat diminished size compared to the fictitious height given to them by Mr. Koch) one of the most extraordinary subjects in our National Museum, being, moreover, unique in Europe. The immense bones of birds, lately sent from New Zealand, belong to a (or, in fact, to several) species far larger than the largest ostrich; whilst it is only during the past season that zoologists and geologists have been startled by the discovery of the bones of a tortoise which must have measured 18 or 20 feet in length. One of the bones of this creature is now placed in a case in the British Museum, and by its side the corresponding bone of the Indian tortoise, which latter animal measures about two feet in length, and the relative proportions of the bones are nearly similar to those of a wren and a turkey. The memoir before us contains a very elaborate description of another of these gigantic animals, belonging to the family of the sloths, but which, when living, was a perfect Titan compared to its present representatives. With a trunk shorter than that of the hippopotamus was combined a pelvis equalling in breadth, and exceeding in depth, that of an elephant! and a tail equalling the hind limbs in length, and proportionably as thick and strong, whilst its ribs were equal in breadth to those of the elephant, and its feet (especially of the anterior extremities) of enormous power. The bones of this creature were discovered in 1841, near Buenos Ayres on the fluvial deposits constituting the extensive plain intersected by the great Rio Plata. A memoir on such an object from the pen of Prof. Owen, needs no praise at our hands. The subject, as the title-page notices, is treated not only with reference to the precise determination of the abstract structure of the various portions of the skeleton, but also with especial reference to the various habits indicated by each bone; and the whole is illustrated by a series of plates of great precision and delicacy.—*Athenæum*.

*The Pencil of Nature.* By H. Fox Talbot, Esq., F. R. S. No. I. London. 1844. Longman and Co.

Under this elegant and appropriate title, we have before us "a series of plates, or pictures, wholly executed by the new art of Photogenic Drawing, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil,"—the first attempt at such a system

of transcription, and, unlike first attempts in general, almost attaining perfection. The plates have been obtained by the mere action of light upon sensitive paper, the representations of the objects being "impressed by Nature's own hand." Mr. Fox Talbot has the merit of having discovered, so long ago as 1833, the rudiments at least of this very curious and extraordinary art, which employs Nature herself in the capacity of an artist. In a "Brief Historical Sketch of the Invention of the Art," he has developed the successive stages of its progress, from a rude idea of the possibility of rendering permanent the images transmitted through the instrument absurdly called the *Camera Lucida*, to "the important epoch of the announcement of the Daguerreotype," at which period he had succeeded in fixing the images of objects upon sensitive paper.

The present number contains five plates, or pictures.—1 Part of Queen's College, Oxford; 2. The Boulevards at Paris; 3. Articles of China—that is, a view of the inside of a closet or cabinet of porcelain; 4. Articles of Glass; 5. Bust of Patroclus. These pictures possess all the beauty of tinted drawings or plates, in conjunction with a fidelity of outline and truthfulness of character which no human artist's hand could reach. The book is luxuriously printed.—*Asiatic Journal*.

#### Germany.

*Vollständige Grammatik der Englischen Sprache*, vorzüglich für jene bestimmt, welche nicht allem die Regeln derselben gründlich kennen lernen, sondern auch in ihren Geist eindringen ihre besten Klassiker kritisch würdigen, und sich einen natürlichen, genauen und eleganten Styl in dieser Sprache aneignen wollen. Von S. Hirst, Graduirtem Mitgliede der Universität zu Cambridge.

[This lengthy title-page declares that Mr. Hirst's Grammar is intended for those Germans who, not contented with a profound study of grammatical rules, wish also to penetrate into the spirit of the English language, attain a critical knowledge of its best classics, and acquire a natural, accurate, and elegant style. Title-pages of this kind are apt to remind one of the pictures outside of wild-beast caravans, raising expectations the interior cannot gratify. An examination of Mr. Hirst's quarto (!) has convinced us that in his case the suspicion was just. It is the substance of Lindley Murray and Walker broken up into analytical tables, in which the excessive subdivision and classification which is the besetting sin of one school of German writers is exaggerated beyond all bounds. It would require as long a time to master Mr. Hirst's distinctions and definitions as a foreigner usually requires to master our language; and after they were learned, the study of the language would still have to be begun. The work is commonplace in its matter, with an affectation of originality and scientific arrangement in its form, that renders it, if not unintelligible, at least useless as a grammar.]—*Spectator*.

#### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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